



VOLUME VII

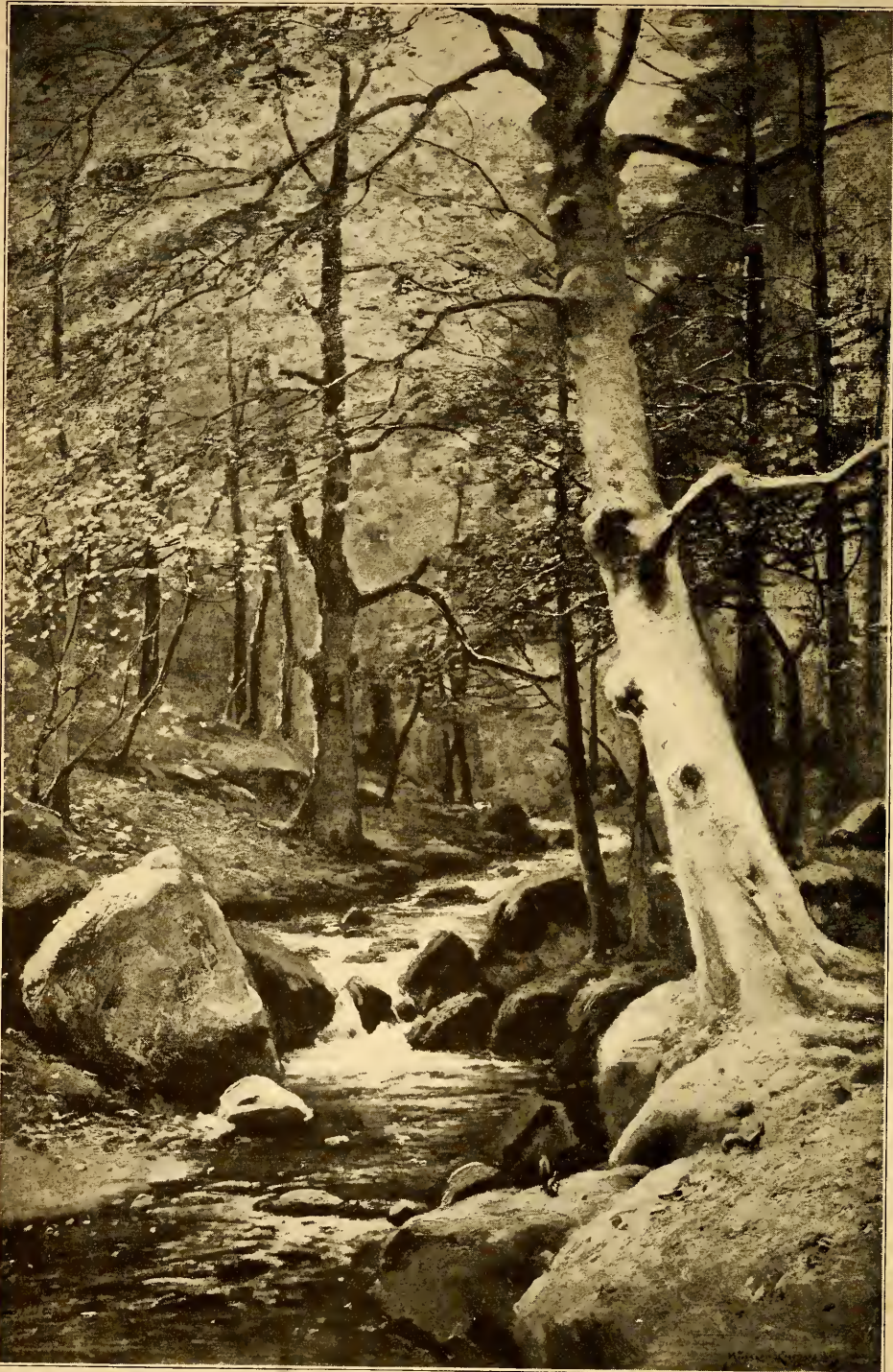
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The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 1.

A Hallowe'en of Old.

Come children, set the hearth aglow,
Bring forth the apples red:
Be merry, though the wind may blow
'Round Autumn's scarlet head.
I love to see you laugh and play,
When nights grow dark and cold;
It brings to mind a by-gone day,
A Hallowe'en of old.

I see in Jack, yon sturdy boy,
My youthful counterpart;
In Jane, that elfin sprite of joy
The maid that swayed my heart.
For every game of Hallow eve,
Each ghostly tale that's told,
Brings back to me, without my leave,
A Hallowe'en of old.

Then play the games right merrily,
No ancient custom miss.
My greatest triumph came to me
On such a night as this.
Forgive an old man's boastful pride,
My triumph soon is told;
I met, I wooed, I won my bride
One Hallowe'en of old.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

The Man With the Iron Finger.

ONE afternoon in the early spring of nineteen hundred and five, I was surprised to receive a message from my old friend Professor Eugene Leroy asking me to come to his apartments at three thousand six hundred and ten Olive Street near Grand Avenue, as soon as I received the message.

Eugene Leroy and myself had been classmates all through College, but after I had left College with nothing but my humble A. B. he had continued his studies, taking a postgraduate course in chemistry and medicine. After my own graduation I soon lost track of him, my duties as a reporter taking up so much of my time that I rarely visited my friends, and, as a consequence, I lost most of them.

About ten years after, in looking over a newspaper, I came upon the familiar name of Doctor Eugene Leroy in an article which stated, in connection with a brief biography, that he had discovered what seemed to be a cure for cancer. I immediately despatched a note of congratulation, but received no reply and in the press of professional duties, shortly forgot the incident. Is it any wonder, then, that I was surprised to receive such a message from one whom I had never seen nor heard from in the long space of thirty years?

After a brief deliberation, in which curiosity was the controlling impulse, I determined to answer his invitation at once. I felt that it must be a matter of importance which would cause him to send for me after so many years. Moreover, I had more leisure now since I had become chief editor of the Saint Louis "Recorder."

I dressed quickly and rushing from my room, had the good luck to catch an Olive Street car at the corner of Broadway. Once on the car, I tried to think what Leroy could possibly want of me, but after several wild guesses gave it up and buying a paper, was soon lost in the news of the world.

At Grand Avenue, I left the car and soon found number three thousand six hundred and ten Olive, the number he had given me in the message.

I went up the steps and rang the bell. The door was immediately opened by a negro butler, who, after silently taking my card

and disappearing, returned to usher me into the presence of the great scientist.

It was a large, bare looking apartment. The floor was covered with a Brussels carpet, stained in spots presumably by chemicals accidentally spilled in some experiment. In one corner was a dingy bookcase filled with works on chemistry and medicine in various languages. On the side of the room opposite the entrance was a table, covered with retorts, bottles and mixing vats. The walls were lined with shelves crowded with bottles. On the left side of the room was a door, partially concealed by dirty plush hangings. Near the only window in the room, seated in a Morris chair sadly out of place amid its dingy surroundings, reclined an aged and unkempt man, whom I recognized as my old college friend, Leroy.

Silently he motioned me to a chair and I seated myself with mingled emotions of wonder and commiseration. I expressed my sympathy for him in his illness, but he cut me short and bade me listen to him, adding that he had but a few hours to live and that every moment was precious.

He then requested me to fetch from the bookcase a certain work on alchemy which he pointed out. I did so, and after much fumbling of the pages he drew therefrom a large sealed envelope and held it toward me.

Then telling me that he was slowly dying and that the envelope contained a secret which would clear up a mystery after his death, he made me swear that the paper would neither be read nor published until after he was gone.

Filled with wonder, I did as he bade me and then he abruptly turned the conversation to the events of our half forgotten college days. Feeling that this exertion was a drain on his vital energy, I bade him farewell with some forced expressions of hope.

When I arrived home I locked the envelope in a safe, and tried to forget the mysterious incident until such time as I should be released from my oath.

Some ten days later, while looking over the "Recorder," my eyes fell upon the following notice:

EMINENT SCIENTIST DEAD.

Mystery Puzzles Physicians and Students.

An undertaker, while embalming the body of the late Professor Eugene Leroy, was amazed to discover that the upper half

of the middle finger on his right hand was actually a finger of iron. More astonishing than this, the finger seems to connect naturally with the joint and the fingernail is natural.

The finger has been examined by many local scientists who confess that they are at an utter loss for an explanation.

Then followed a brief sketch of the life of Eugene Leroy, but I did not read it. My only thought was of the envelope he had left me and which I was then at liberty to open.

Taking it from the safe I looked at it curiously. It was large and square and addressed in an awkward, scrawly hand to myself. I tore it open and drew out several sheets of closely written paper. The following is a copy of the contents:

"Dear Friend:—The hour of my death is rapidly drawing near, and as several facts which I have hitherto kept secret will become public, I wish to leave their explanation in the hands of a friend whom I know I can trust.

After leaving college, I devoted myself to the study of medicine and chemistry and after ten years of work I discovered a cure for cancer. The money which I realized from this gave me enough to allow me free vent to my desire for chemical experiment. From then on I lived the life of a recluse, my whole mind bent on finding a method of transmuting metals; I read books on alchemy, metallurgy and kindred sciences; I worked night and day; in fact, I gave my whole time to my experiments.

One day as I was alone in my laboratory, mixing some chemicals, I thoughtlessly stuck the middle of my right hand into the compound and upon taking it out I discovered that it had been turned to iron.

I immediately wrote out the formula of the mixture and locked it up in a safe in my room. Upon a closer examination I found that the change only affected the skin and that the finger was in a perfect condition.

Almost instantly I thought of the use to which my discovery could be put, the science of embalming, and I resolved that, if it were possible, I would obtain a corpse and conduct my experiments on a large scale.

At length I succeeded in bribing the caretaker of a cemetery near St. Louis, and one night I rented a large touring car and procuring a trunk I started for the cemetery at about ten o'clock. I

met the caretaker, a large stolid looking German, and he informed me that he had good news for me.

A young man who had committed suicide that morning by taking chloroform, had been buried that very evening and his body would be in almost perfect condition. We soon found the grave and began to dig. The coffin had hardly been in the ground six hours and the soil had not had time to settle, so our task was lighter than we expected. We finally reached the coffin and prying it open, we took out the corpse. I leaped out of the grave and the caretaker passed me the body which I laid on the grass. We then closed the coffin and filled up the grave.

With the assistance of the chauffeur and caretaker, we carried the body to the automobile and putting it in the trunk started for home, while the caretaker picked up the spades and returned to his office.

When but half way home a storm started and by the time we reached my home the rain was pouring down. However, this undoubtedly saved us from detection, as the streets through which we passed were practically deserted.

The chauffeur assisted me to carry the trunk upstairs, and then handing him an enormous bribe to ensure his silence, I dismissed him.

I soon stripped the body and laid it on the operating table. Next I applied the precious fluid with a large brush, taking unusual care to keep the least drop from my clothes and person. As I worked, I was filled with delight to see the soft white skin turn to dark iron beneath my hands. Absorbed in the satisfaction of my discovery, I had gone over the whole body when, to my intense horror, the eyeballs of the iron man turned and stared at me!

My heart stopped beating for one awful instant, and I fell to the floor unconscious with horror.

When I came to myself, I know not how long afterwards, the glazed eyes of the iron corpse showed me that he was now dead indeed.

Half crazed by the thought that I had taken the life of a human being I threw the formula of the compound into the fire and watched the result of almost twenty years of labor pass in vapor up the chimney. This was the act of a madman. Perhaps I was mad when I did it! At all events the formula is lost.

Then came days and days when I paced the floor, my brain whirling in an agony of recollection and remorse. I saw those eyes again, burning into my soul. I thought of that awful anguish; of every muscle bound in iron; of those lungs pressed down under that fearful weight; condemned to suffer in silence; unable to utter a groan. Is it any wonder that sleepless nights and days of unending anguish have brought me to the grave? I long for the end of torture and the quiet of unending sleep.

EUGENE LEROY.

Underneath the manuscript was written in a hand that looked as if the owner could hardly hold the pen: "Am dying, may publish thi—

That was all. I cannot vouch for the truth of the account but I can find no other explanation for the finger of iron or for the iron statue of a nude man which was afterwards found in the professor's closet.

SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12.



A Fairy Dilemma.

ONE of the best loved writers of fairy tales was Jacob Grimm. By his simple tales of fairyland adventures, he so endeared himself to the childish heart that he gained a loving remembrance for himself and his stories that will long endure.

A certain story of his, a fable of a wolf, was so extremely incredible that at the end were put the words, "Whoever refuses to believe this story owes me a dollar."

It happened that on a certain Christmas morning, soon after the publication of this fable, little Josephine Bard, on coming down to view her presents, was both surprised and delighted to see among them this book of Grimm's.

So eager was she to read this book that she started right in, and so enveloped in it did she become that she failed to hear the third and loudest call of all from her mother, summoning her to her turkey dinner.

Hour after hour she spent in the simple tale, and amid exclamations of sympathy and delight she was interrupted by a visit from her cousin. After supper she again took up the book and so continuously did she read that about eight o'clock she finished, and with tears in her eyes and a heart full of pity she read the words at the end, "Whoever refuses to believe this story owes me a dollar."

Sobbing and with a heavy heart she hurried to her mother, and, throwing her little arms around her, she showed her the cause of her sorrow. "So you must pay the dollar," said the mother; "well, run off to bed; perhaps you will believe it in the morning."

With a heavy heart the child went to bed, and, arising early next morning, she quickly dressed, took a dollar from the money she had received for Christmas, and, without a word to anyone, hurried to the house of Mr. Grimm.

When told he was not at home, she told her simple story to the servant and asked him to hand it to Mr. Grimm. The servant smiled and said he would do as she wished. Then with a light heart she bounded home, satisfied, at least, that no fairy revenge was hanging over her head.

The next morning Josephine's father received the following letter, from which dropped a crisp five-dollar bill:

"Please give this to your dear child as a token of the great love I have of her simple act. May her innocence always remain the same. Hoping to hear from her again, I am,

"Yours truly,

"Jacob Grimm."

THOMAS JOY, '11.

De Profundis.

From out the earth my soul has soared;
 How clear my sins come back to me!
 Yet, by Thy bitter sufferings, Lord,
 I beg Thee, cast me not from Thee.
 O Christ, my God, so far from me,
 I long for Thee; I long for Thee.

To purging flames I must be brought;
 O how severe the torments there!
 Were it not for that hopeful thought
 My soul would writhe in fierce despair.
 O Christ, my God, so far from me,
 I long for Thee; I long for Thee.

Come quick, sweet angel; from this place
 To God's great Kingdom carry me,
 That I may see Him face to face,
 And praise Him for eternity.
 O Christ, my God, so far from me,
 I long for Thee; I long for Thee.

DENNIS F. BURNS, '10.

Chums.

SIDNEY DOUGLAS and Arthur Perrin were chums. Rather a commonplace statement, no doubt you will observe to yourself, and commonplace as it may seem, to the friends of both parties it was nothing less than amazing. Douglas was a handsome, talented, careless fellow, the son of a millionaire, while Perrin was decidedly unprepossessing in appearance, and what the college men are wont to term a "grub," in addition to being so poor that he was forced to work his way through college by tutoring the lazier, wealthier students. But fate has a peculiar way of throwing apparently uncongenial souls together, and an acquaintance that resulted from an unexpected beating which Perrin's mongrel cur administered to Douglas' imported bull pup, gradually ripened into that warm attachment which gained for them the comprehensive title, chums.

In one respect, however, they were alike in their tastes. Both were passionately fond of literature, and the leisure moments of each were spent in the construction of sundry short stories for their College "Lit." But here again the luck of Douglas seemed to shine forth pre-eminent, for whereas Perrin's stories were usually returned, smothered in an avalanche of apologies, those of Douglas were featured in large type in almost every issue, and he was added as a valuable addition to the staff.

It would seem indeed strange to a casual observer, therefore, that, where one had all the luck and the other all the rebuffs, there was no jealousy existing between the two; but such was not the case. Indeed, the difference in their respective fortunes seemed to be an added bond to unite their friendship; and so, when the annual contest for the prize story was announced by the Lit., with the additional knowledge that fifty dollars in cash was to be the prize, the two friends sat together in Douglas' room and discussed the matter over their pipes.

With that studied air of carelessness, with which people are wont to lead up to a subject that is uppermost in their mind, Perrin had drifted from a criticism of the last number of the Lit. to the prospects for the next. Finally he said with an air of one to whom the idea was a new one:

"I suppose you are going to write for the prize story, Douglas?"

Douglas quickly acquiesced, and added a query of his own.

"And I suppose," he said, "you are going to write the prize story?"

Perrin smiled at the sally, for his proverbial ill success in having his stories accepted was well known to them both.

"I certainly intend to try," he said; "but I can't see where I stand much chance against you, you young Richard Harding Davis, you habitual prize winner! I'm glad you're going to write; for it will make my honor so much the greater when I beat you." Then for a moment he dropped his bantering tone. "Sid," he said; "I never wanted so much to win in my life. I simply have to get that fifty dollars by hook or crook to pull me through the next quarter. Brown and Hayes, my two best paying pupils, have decided to leave College, and at present I don't see anyone who needs and can pay a willing, hard-up young man to drill Latin and Greek into his lazy head. Now, Sid," he said, as Douglas impulsively started to speak; "I thought we had thoroughly thrashed out that question before. If I can't get through College without borrowing and sponging on my friends, I might as well never try to get on in the world. So we will let the matter drop, if you please." And the conversation drifted to other topics.

It was late in the week, after Douglas had got it into his generous head that the proper thing for him as a chum to do was to drop from the contest and leave the field free for Perrin, that he received a letter from his father, a portion of which read as follows:

"Your last letter in addition to mentioning your usual pressing need of money, devoted considerable space to the prize story contest for the Lit. Sid, if you can make anyone believe that something you write is worth fifty dollars, you can make me believe that it's worth that 75 H. P. Mercedes you have been bothering me about for the past two months. I rather guess that ought to make it worth your while to try to win. Inclosed you will find the last check I am going to send you this year, for you have to learn," etc.

Douglas sat at his desk and moodily pondered over the letter and the new phase it had given to the question. If there was one thing more than another that he wanted, that thing was that Mercedes. Yes, you've guessed it; a certain party in Cambridge had said she simply doted on a Mercedes, and so a Mercedes he simply

had to have. Then, too, he soliloquized, perhaps it would not be exactly fair to himself to give up without even trying to win, and besides,—well, Perrin wouldn't be satisfied if he knew that he, Douglas, had deliberately lain down. No, he must write a story, and write he would.

So in the respective rooms of Douglas and Perrin, respective stories grew little by little, and as they advanced toward completion the face of the former began to assume a satisfied look, while that of the latter grew more and more grave and unhappy.

The night before the day on which the contest closed, found the two chums again seated in Douglas' room, again smoking their pet pipes. Gradually the conversation veered around to the subject that lay uppermost in the mind of each, the story contest.

"Well," said Douglas, at last; "how goes it with the story? Of course you have it all ready for to-morrow."

Perrin slowly removed his pipe from his mouth; and with the air of a man who has just spent his last dollar, he knocked the blackened ashes from the bowl, and slowly refilled it. Then he nodded his head.

"Yes, Sid," he said; "it's all ready. And of all the utter rot, senseless dialogue, weak-kneed plot and weak characterization, this is the worst. I've tried, Sid, and I've failed miserably. There," and with a gesture of despair he threw a manuscript on the table; "read that horrible offense, and judge for yourself. I suppose I'm up against it for the next quarter, but—oh, I never was cut out for a story writer, that's sure."

In the silence that followed this outburst, with the smoke from their pipes blending into a soft blue-grey cloud over the lamp, Douglas read the manuscript of his friend. And as he read, the conviction grew deeper and deeper that what Perrin had said was true. The plot, if such it might be called, was weak and inconsequential, the dialogues were unnatural, in fact, the words of Perrin had rightly epitomized it as "utter rot."

When he had finished, Douglas laid the story on the table and began to silently study a pattern in the wall paper. It was a cowardly trick, but he hadn't the heart to agree with his friend in condemning the story, and he was too true a friend to lie to his chum about it. So he chose the medium and remained silent. Perrin, appreciating the position of his friend, picked up the manuscript and jammed it into his pocket.

"Of course I'm going to hand it in," he said, with a forced laugh; "for you can't tell but what this is really a work of art that is beyond our powers of appreciation."

For once in his life, Douglas found himself without an answer, and he could only grip his friend's hand in silence, as the latter opened the door and went down the stairs and out into the night.

As Perrin closed the street door behind him, a strange sense of relief swept over him. Instinctively he threw back his shoulders as if to throw off the weight of the cares that burdened him. For he alone knew how much the success of his story meant to him. No, not even his chum knew, that save for the five dollars which he had diligently hoarded, he had not a cent left to carry him through the next quarter. It meant work, and hard work now that there was no hope of winning that fifty dollars, if he expected to remain at college, but youth is proverbially optimistic, and the contact with the brisk air of night brushed aside the doubts and troubles of his mind, and his step was light and vigorous as he swung off toward home.

I wonder why it is that when one resolves to think no more about a subject, he seems to think most about it. Perhaps it was the fact that Perrin had resolved to forget all about his troubles, perhaps it was because he had determined to drive all thought of stories from his mind, perhaps it was—but why try to account for it? At any rate, as he swung across the campus in the direction that led toward his room, an idea flashed across his brain that for a moment almost paralyzed him. Why had he not thought of that before? he gasped! The idea was unlimited in its possibilities; the plot was almost startling in its originality. Could he write it out? Was it too late? No, he had the whole night in which to place it on paper, and he felt in his heart that it was the thing he had been blindly striving after for the past weeks. With it he could win; and with it he would win!

The lamp in the window of Arthur Perrin's room was seen by the policeman as he passed down the street at twelve o'clock, and at three o'clock this solitary guardian of the college town still saw the solitary flame shining into the night. At five o'clock, a tired, happy youth dropped his pen with a sigh of relief, threw himself on the bed, fully dressed as he was, and with a contented smile on his face fell fast asleep.

* * * * *

For half an hour after the departure of his chum, Sidney Douglas paced to and fro on the rug before his hearth. He appreciated, as well as a person who has never known want can appreciate, the position of his friend, and he cudged his brain for a way in which to help him in his need. He knew, now, that even were he to drop from the contest, Perrin's story could not capture the prize. What, then, could he do?

Suddenly he stopped in the middle of one of his journeys over the rug as a brilliant thought struck him. Why not enter his own story under Perrin's name? No one would know how it came about; even Perrin would never know that it was his, Douglas' story, for he could say that his had evidently not pleased the judges. Perrin would no doubt be surprised and when the story was published would be at a loss how to account for it, but all that would come too late to interfere with the decision of the judges. Yes, it certainly could be done, but, and here Douglas hesitated, it would probably cost him the Mercedes. No matter, and he indignantly put the idea aside as unworthy of him, for was a Mercedes to be prized above the opportunity to help a friend?

Douglas moved quickly across the room to where his desk stood, and took from one of the pigeon holes his own manuscript, "As the Arrow Flies," holding it tenderly for a moment in his hand. Slowly he blew a cloud of smoke into the air, and watched as it disappeared. Thus, he soliloquized, disappeared the Mercedes. He then drew from another pigeon hole the envelope in which his name and pseudonym had been placed, tore the envelope and placed inside a fresh card. But under the *nom de plume* was the name, not of Sidney Douglas, but that of Arthur Perrin.

It was a Wednesday afternoon of the following week, when Perrin burst into his chum's room.

"Congratulate me, Sid," he cried; "the unusual and marvelous has happened. I have won the fifty. The name of the prize winner was posted on the notice board less than an hour ago, and I am he!"

"He hasn't found out yet," thought Douglas, as he gripped his friend's hand. Then aloud: "I am mighty glad you've won it, old man; you certainly deserved to win after all your effort."

"Sid," said Perrin, after a few moments; "you never knew how much that fifty meant to me."

Douglas glowed with inward pride.

"It meant, perhaps, my stay at college. I'm so happy I simply can't think on anything else. The only thing that mars my pleasure is that it was you I had to beat."

Douglas raised his hand. "Why I'm tickled to death to think you did it," he said; "and besides, it's worth all sorts of a beating to have you stay at college."

"And isn't it strange how I came to write it?" continued Perrin, too full of his subject to contain himself.

"Eh?" ejaculated Douglas.

"I mean the manner in which the idea occurred to me," explained Perrin. "It was so strange that, after almost giving up hope, I should suddenly light upon an idea that would win the prize."

A peculiar sensation was beginning to creep up Douglas' spine.

"Why, didn't you hand in that story which I read?" he inquired.

"Heavens, no!" answered Perrin. "The story that won the prize is one I wrote after leaving you, the night before the contest closed. Why what is the matter, Sid?"

For Douglas with a wild whoop of joy had sprung from his chair, and was shaking his friend's hand up and down. When at length he had exhausted his own strength he sank into a chair and breathed:

"Well, if I'm not the conceited fool!"

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



Father Marquette.

WITHIN the battle-scarred walls of the little frontier town of Laon, France, was born Jacques Marquette, on the first day of June, 1637. The Marquette family was an illustrious one in the annals of France, and occupied a place of distinction in this frontier town. Jacques was the youngest of six children, and raised as became the son of an honored official. His mother intended him for the priesthood, and his early training had that end in view. Her desires were fulfilled, and Jacques entered the Jesuit College at Nancy as a novice, soon after his seventeenth birthday, on October 8, 1654. After some years of preparation he was regularly received into the Order, serving for several years as a teacher.

To go back a little, the Jesuit Fathers first reached New France (Canada) in the year 1611, but it was in 1632 that circumstances first permitted them to commence their attempt to convert the Indians. From 1632 until 1673 there was a volume published annually, called "The Relations," which contained an account of the Jesuit mission in Canada for the previous twelve months. This volume was widely read and no doubt influenced Marquette for this life. At any rate, he longed to go to this New France and enter upon a life of mission work there. His superiors, however, did not deem it wise to permit this until he was sufficiently prepared and it was twelve years before his desire was gratified. He was twenty-nine years of age when, in 1666, he received orders to go to Canada and commence his missionary life.

The voyage was long and tedious and beset with many perils, but at last he arrived in safety at Quebec on September 20, 1666. After the first greeting was over, the new novice at once set about acquiring the first essentials of his calling. But twenty days were given him to recover from his voyage and accustom himself to his new surroundings when, on the tenth of October, he set out for Three Rivers, a Jesuit mission seventy-seven miles up the St. Lawrence. Many were the difficulties in the path of the new missionary, especially the Indian language. This alone discouraged many, and the hard life in the open and in the Indian camps told heavily on their strength. Marquette, however, was made of stern stuff, and would not be discouraged.

Two years of preparation and he set out for Sault de Ste. Marie, the Jesuit post in the Ottawa country. We next hear of him at the La Pointe Mission on Lake Superior in 1669. He was not fated to remain there long, for an inroad of the warring Sioux drove his Hurons and Ottawas eastward, where they separated. Accompanying the Hurons, Marquette reached the island of Mackinac and the Mission of St. Ignace, established the year before.

While Marquette was at Mackinac events were so shaping themselves as to present to him the opportunity so long desired—that of penetrating the wilderness and bringing the Light of Faith to the savage tribes. After Marquette had left Quebec, Louis Joliet, an explorer and friend of Marquette, had been sent to explore Lake Superior. While there, he obtained all the true knowledge possible concerning the Mississippi and upon his return to Quebec aroused the interest of the king's intendant in its exploration. Count Frontenac, the governor, to whom the matter was referred, commissioned Joliet for the expedition. In November Joliet set out for the West, bearing orders from the Jesuit superior for Fr. Marquette to accompany him. It was December before Joliet reached Mackinac and owing to the rigorous winter the start was delayed until the following May. On May 17th, 1673, Joliet and Marquette set out upon their journey, accompanied by five French oarsmen.

Their route was via Green Bay, stopping on their way to visit the Menominee Indians, who in vain tried to dissuade them from their undertaking. Passing on through the bay they ascended the Fox River, and on June 17th entered the Mississippi. Descending the Mississippi with many adventures as far as the mouth of the Arkansas, they became fully convinced that the great waterway flowed to the Gulf. Satisfied with this, they commenced their return voyage on July 17th. This time they left the river at the mouth of the Illinois, ascending it and the Des Plaines River, entering Lake Michigan by the Chicago River. Stopping but twice on the way, once at Kaskaskia and at the village of the Peorias, they reached the De Pere (Wis.) Mission at the close of September, 1673.

Owing to a disease contracted through exposure, Fr. Marquette was compelled to spend the winter at De Pere and it was not until October 25, 1674, that he could again return to the Illinois. Accompanied by two French boatmen he entered Lake Michigan via the portage at Sturgeon Bay. Their voyage was so long and tedious and so interrupted that it was December 4th before the little party reached the mouth of the Chicago River. Ill on account

of the hardships he had passed through, Father Marquette was unable to proceed farther and spent the winter at the Portage, where the solitude was unbroken save for the occasional visits of friendly Indians. In February, Marquette's health began to improve, and the little party once more took courage. March came, with a warm south wind that opened up the ice-locked river. One night a sudden freshet rose that nearly swept away the little party encamped upon the bank. Barely escaping with their lives and a few possessions Marquette and his two companions sought shelter on a knoll, where they spent the night. In Marquette's own words: "The north wind delayed the thaw until the 25th of March, when it set in with a south wind. * * * On the 28th the ice broke up and stopped above us. On the 29th the waters rose so high that we had barely time to decamp as fast as possible, putting our goods in the trees and trying to sleep on a hillock. The water gained on us nearly all night, but there was a slight freeze and the water fell a little, while we were near our packages. The barrier has just broken, the ice has drifted away and because the water is already rising we are about to embark and continue on our journey."

Later on in the spring he visited some Indian villages on the Illinois River, but ill health soon obliged his return. Setting out for St. Ignace Mission, he failed to reach it, death overtaking him near what is now Ludington, Michigan, on May 18, 1675. The following year his bones were removed to the St. Ignace mission, where they were buried beneath the chapel floor.

Some years ago, so the story goes, some workmen, while excavating at the foot of Robey street and the river, dug up an old French iron cross and threw it into the river, thinking it of no value. This story aroused much interest, and finally, owing to the researches of Mr. Ossian Guthrie, a noted historian and geologist, the spot was fixed beyond reasonable doubt as the place where Marquette spent the winter in 1674. The place corresponded very closely to that described by Father Marquette in his journal and the supposed finding of the cross helped strengthen this idea. A movement was set on foot to honor Marquette and Joliet, the first two white men to set foot on the site of the future metropolis. On Saturday, September 28th, 1907, this design was accomplished and a mahogany cross, inscribed "Marquette and Joliet, 1673," was erected at the foot of Robey street, with becoming ceremonies. The spot now is situated in a wilderness of lumber yards and far from any dwelling. The river flows silently by in front, and not far away

is the entrance to the Drainage Canal, the first link in the great chain of "Lakes to Gulf" waterway, so long ago declared possible by the two explorers. During the ceremonies several addresses were made, among which was that of Father Cassilly, our esteemed vice-president, who represented the Jesuit order. His subject was "Father Marquette," and we take pleasure in quoting his closing words:

"Amongst the vine-clad hills of his native land, he heard the call of savage tribes. In spirit he heard them praying for light and help, and at the call he left home and country, and all that man holds dear, to go to the assistance of his fellow men. What mattered it to him that his path led across a perilous ocean, into dense forests, where his only companions were the wild beasts and the wilder savages; where his food was berries and pounded corn, his bed the damp grass and his canopy the branches of trees or the stars of heaven? This was the path that led to the wigwam of the Indian; and to succor the Indian, to humanize and console him, to teach him of God and duty, to comfort him with the hope of another life—this was now Marquette's sole aim in life."

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



Sinbad the Sailor in Collegeland.

A Satirical Extravaganza.

Dramatis Personae.

CHORUS.....A Singular Lady, who Gives away the Plot
 SINBAD, THE SAILOR.....A Tar, Far from his Spar
 THURSDAY.....His Companion in Rhyme
 HEFTE FULLBACK.....The Uncrowned King of Collegeland
 ALPHONSO MOOSE.....Of the Coaching Set
 GENERAL ROOT R. LOUD.....Commander-in-Chief of the Army
 Army of Rooters, Members of the Team, Body-Guard of
 King Fullback, Convoy of Co-eds, and other bits
 of local color.

Scene—The College Foot-ball Field.

Time—Any Thanksgiving Day.

PROLOGUE.

(Spoken by Chorus before the Curtain.)

'Twas Sinbad the tar, who was known near and far
 As a rollicking, frolicking knight of the spar,
 Who happened one day, in an unforeseen way,
 To stray off the seas and to wander afar.
 With Thursday his mate, who was quite out of date,
 He journeyed and journeyed from early till late.
 Until in surprise they beheld on the rise
 Of a mountain, a country whose praise they relate.
 'Twas fair as could be, so they hastened to see
 What this charming and beautiful country might be,
 Where the buildings were tall, and where high over all
 Towered a clump of fair elm trees in proud majesty.
 And they found to their joy 'twas the land of King Boy,
 A monarch whose motto was "Pleasure and Knowledge."
 And there they are now; Curtain rise! While they bow
 From the happy-go-lucky old Kingdom of College.

The curtain rises on the field on which the army of rooters have assembled. To the right are stacked their megaphones, on the left burn the bonfires of village shop-keeper's sign posts.

OPENING CHORUS OF ROOTERS.

A mighty band of rooters we,
 Who quite sustain the dignity
 Of Collegeland, the gayest land on earth.
 Our banners floating in the air
 Denote our hearts are free from care;
 Whenever there's a battle we
 Are in the bleachers merrily
 Uproaring for the champions who claim us.
 No matter if they win or lose
 The loudest echo we abuse,
 And give the cheer that made our College famous.
 We never fight with sword or gun,
 Or battleships that weigh a ton;
 And yet we soon suppress a rash attack.
 For when the enemy we see
 We summon our ferocity,
 And led by cheer-men quickly shout them back.
 With leather lungs and megaphones
 We bellow forth in Clarion tones
 The cheer that made our Alma Mater famous.

*Loud cheering and cries of "RAH, RAH!" as General Root
 R. Loud enters.*

General Root R. Loud.

Good morning, brave men of the army,
 Is everything right for the fray?
 Are megaphones polished and loaded?
 The foe we must conquer to-day.
 The mighty and troublesome forces
 Of Youthful the Ruler of School
 Prepare for a battle with College,
 And them we must soon overrule.

Song, "THE ROOTERS OF HISTORY."

We have heard of the heroes who fight in the field
 And who died for their land in a war;
 Those who gave up their life's blood before they would yield,
 Though the shot through their weakened ranks tore.
 And we marvel and praise them, as rightly we may,
 For their marvelous deeds never die;

But 'tis others, however, I sing of to-day,
And a scion of that clan am I.

CHORUS.

I sing of the rooters of history brave,
Of the unhonored heroes of war;
Of the mothers and sweethearts, who everything gave
To their country; they could not do more.
It was they who were cheering the men in the fight,
When the men in the field won the fray,
For the sweethearts' encouragement guided them right.
The Rooters of History were they.

When the Crusaders strove for the Christians' own right
There were monks to encourage them near:
When the Patriots fought up on Bunker Hill's height,
There were women in Boston to cheer.
When Ireland was fighting for justice and peace,
'Twas the women who cheered on the band:
And whatever the country, from Egypt to Greece,
The rooters were always at hand.

CHORUS.

Then hail to the rooters of history brave,
To the unwritten heroes of war!
For though they could fight not, their country to save,
A heavier burden they bore.
They sat all inactive, and saw loved ones die;
But they cheered on the men in the fray;
While the shouts on their lips gave their anguish the lie;
For the heroes of history were they.
A sailor's horn pipe is blown in the distance. The orchestra plays, "He was a Sailor," and, midst tumultuous cries of "Ship Ahoy," Sinbad and Thursday enter.

Sinbad.

Pray tell me, gallant soldier,
What this beauteous land may be,
For I'm a sailor, lost and strayed
From off the briny sea.
I've seen all sorts of lands and realms,

But never yet, I swear,
Have I beheld the match of this;
What is this country fair?

Thursday (aside).

He always says that very thing
In every land we see;
For as a clever pass-word
'Tis a wonder, you'll agree.
For when we praise the country and
The ladies of the land,
And call them both the fairest,
Then we get the happy hand.

Gen. Loud.

Thrice welcome, gentle stranger, to
The famous Collegeland.
Where mirth and play and knowledge
Go unceasing hand in hand.
Are you the man we've read about
In Oriental Stories?
Then tell us an adventure here;
Relate to us your glories.



Sinbad.

Is this a comic opera land?
Ah, then I quickly see
The line you just delivered
Calls a comic song from me.

Song, "THINGS I NEVER SAW."

I've traveled rather freely in my day you'll all agree,
I've been to many lands and climes both here and cross the sea.
And although I've seen all sorts of things allowable by law,
I could fill eleven volumes with the things I never saw.

CHORUS.

I've never seen a College that disliked its foot-ball stars,
Nor a wife who really threatened "to go home at once to
'mar's."
An uncrowded trolley or Chicago street that's clean,
May be mentioned in the weighty list of things I've never seen.

I have searched with ceaseless effort for a city without graft
 And I never saw why statesmanship is mentioned as a craft.
 I never saw a millionaire from advertising shrink,
 Nor a College funny paper that omitted jokes on drink.

CHORUS.

I have never seen a magazine that didn't carry ads,
 I have never seen a summer but it had its crop of fads.
 And a year when all Chicago fans were crazy 'bout McGraw,
 May be mentioned in the mighty list of things I never saw.

Thursday.

That is a most pathetic wail,
 But, gallant friend, I ween,
 A comic Comic Opera song's
 A thing I've never seen.

General Loud.

Bow down, my comrades, bow your heads,
 Your mighty king approaches,
 Followed by the foot-ball team
 The co-eds and the coaches.
 Sir Sinbad, now prepare to see
 A king's despotic power;
 For when he comes, his subjects all
 Salaam and lowly cower.



At this juncture the army, led by the general, fall flat on their faces, and the King together with Alphonso Moose, the team, and the co-eds enter over the necks of the prostrated rooters.

King Hefte Fullback.

In me you see His Majesty
 A prince of mighty dignity,
 As great as any king could be;
 King Fullback.
 I rule this broad and spacious land,
 All power is mine, my least command
 Can bring my rooters to my hand;
 King Fullback.

CHORUS.

For I'm the King of Collegeland,
 An uncrowned potentate;
 Who thinks the job of Highness is
 A task that's truly great.
 I know no art of statesmanship,
 And never learned its tricks;
 And though I don't complain, my forte
 Is kicks, kicks, kicks.

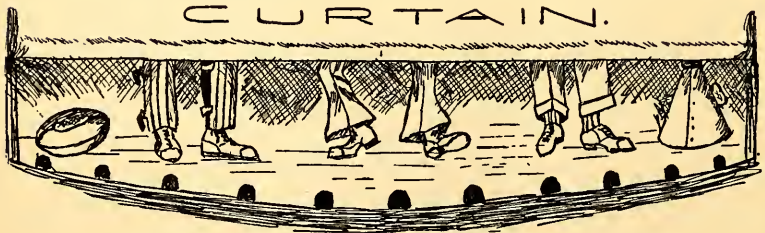
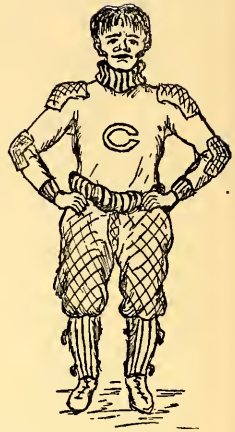
Who is it makes the line men fly,
 And plunges in to do or die;
 Who breaks the rib and jams the eye?
 King Fullback.

No king e'er loved as much as I
 To fight and see the foemen fly;
 For four years quite supreme am I;
 King Fullback.

CHORUS.

For I'm the king of Collegeland,
 The uncrowned potentate,
 Whose reign is never troubled with
 The dull affairs of state.
 My leisure moments all are spent
 In learning foot-ball tricks;
 The way I save my power is by
 My kicks, kicks, kicks.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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ATHLETICS JOHN T. HOWARD, '08 ILLUSTRATOR . . . ROBERT J. BREMNER, '10

ACADEMY EDWARD A. SCOTT, '11 AND SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12

Editorial.

The Staff.

ANOTHER year has opened before us, and with it is begun another volume of the "ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN." This journal, now in its seventh year, resumes publication with the most complete change of staff it has ever experienced. Of the ten members of last year's staff, only four returned to College; six having left their Alma Mater for other pursuits. Of the four who remained as the nucleus of the present staff, unfortunately, only one, the business manager, is a member of the senior class, which necessitated the selection of Daniel A. Lord, '09, late of the College Notes and the Academy Department for the Editorial chair. Fortunately for the existence of the paper, George J. Anderson, '08, returned to handle and guide the finances of the COLLEGIAN. During the past two years, Mr. Anderson, though one of the quietest members of the staff, has made his presence more and more a necessity, by his skillful handling of the business interests of the paper; for Mr. Anderson furnishes the sinews of war and the provisions wherewith we are supported. To succeed Mr. Lord in the position of Editor of the College Notes, Thomas Q. Beesley has been selected. This young gentleman has served his novitiate in the Academy Department, and has fully justified the high expectations which were placed in his literary skill. John F. Quinn, a member of the Junior Class, has been placed in charge of Music and Song, a department to which his own natural talent in that

line combined with the fluency of his style render him most fitted. The Athletic Department is in the hands of John P. Howard, '08, who, though a new-comer to the pages of the COLLEGIAN, is well known to the followers of S. I. C. athletics as the captain and second-baseman of last year's base ball team. A new-comer is also directing the Society Column, in the person of Lawrence J. Walsh, '10. This young gentleman coming to us with a record as an able student and a clever writer, gives every promise of becoming famous through the pages of the paper. The Academy Notes are jointly edited by Edward A. Scott and Sidney E. Glenn of fourth and third year High School, respectively, which is equivalent to saying that that department will be handled to the complete satisfaction of its many readers.

One important innovation has been made in the Staff in the addition of a regular staff illustrator. This new office is to be filled by Robert J. Bremner, '10, who has attracted considerable favorable attention in the art class, and whose work in one of the issues of last year's COLLEGIAN was a special feature.

To the members of last year's staff who have gone to other fields the present staff extends its heartiest wishes for success in their individual vocations. We cannot but feel a deep regret that the COLLEGIAN has been deprived of their services, but since it must be so, we wish them from the bottom of our hearts good luck and God-speed. To our readers the staff pledges itself to the best of its power to maintain the standard of former years, and begs in return that the kindnesses and good-will which they have ever shown in the past be continued during the coming year.

D. A. L.

Perseverance.

PERHAPS there are many students who have failed in the first competition of the year and feel as if their efforts, however great they may be, will not bring about the good results they had hoped for. True it is that failure retards our progress and multiplies our fears, but nevertheless a dismal set-back tends frequently to animate us with hope and cultivate our will. Therefore we must not adjudge ourselves unworthy to continue our college education or think that we will be a burden to the professor and to the class. On the contrary let us bear in mind that many of our greatest men in their early life, had to struggle under adverse circumstances to

gain the prominent position they now hold. This thought ought to spur us onward and make us persevere even if our efforts seem to be fruitless.

L. J. W.

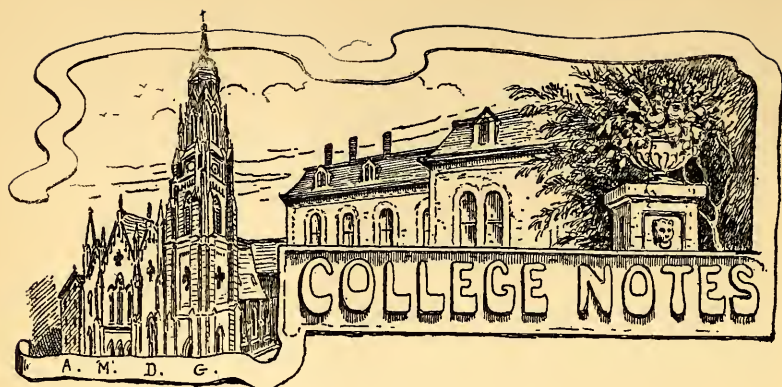
“Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.”

ATHLETICS have always been considered as an integral part in the system of education. Thus it has been from time immemorial, and yet it is doubtful if we have ever stopped to ask ourselves the reason why! The purpose of education is not to produce men who are mere store-houses of knowledge, sources of erudition and learning, but men who are men, worthy of the name of true citizens. Study that is not supplemented by exercise will inevitably ruin the health and on this account athletics were introduced into the college course. No one can deny that they are a good thing, forming, as they do, a refreshing break in a monotonous round of study. We all need exercise but too much of it—never, for an out-door life dulls our finer sensibilities.

Of late years an athletic craze seems to have gripped the country in a giant grasp, and has become an abuse which radical measures alone can stamp out. With the fall opening of school, the anxiety which our great universities exhibit as to whether their “star” athletes will return, is really amusing. Their anxiety is almost as great concerning prominent “Prep. School” men, and many are the inducements they offer. Think of young men attending college, wasting their time and money (!) for a mere trifle,—athletics and athletic renown! It is a standing joke when a prominent athlete graduates, to conjecture how the athletic board “fixed it up.” There was a time when this was a serious matter but that is past. Educators are coming to realize the importance of this point more and more, and are earnestly endeavoring to effect a happy medium, an equilibrium of study and recreation, which constitutes the ideal college course.

“A sound mind in a sound body,” is, and has ever been their motto, and to accomplish this end athletics were instituted. Study alone will not suffice, nor will mere bodily training. It is a sound mental and moral training, which, combined with proper physical development, produces the perfect man,—and that is the aim of true education.

T. Q. B.



On Tuesday, September 3, 1907, St. Ignatius College formally entered upon its thirty-eight year with an increased attendance over last year. While many of the classes have FALL OPENING. two and in some cases three divisions, one, that of first year "High," boasts five, consisting mainly of new boys. The total number of students by departments on October 1st is given below, as contrasted with the number in June, '07:

	1907	1906-07
Collegiate	86	86
Classical H. S.	312	306
Commercial H. S.	103	97
Grammar	80	96
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	581	585

In all probability the evening class of Philosophy will bring the total attendance well over six hundred.

* * *

On Wednesday, September 11th, in Holy Family Church, was celebrated the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost. The college students and those from the other schools in the parish MASS AND attended in a body. Fr. Wm. H. Trentman celebrated READING mass, assisted by Fr. Francis Reilly and Mr. Wm. OF RULES. Fitzgerald, S. J. Fr. Rosswinkel preached a very instructive sermon. Immediately after Mass the students assembled in the college hall to listen to the annual reading of the rules. Fr. Cassilly read the rules and, after a short address, rewarded the students with a half-holiday.

The period from October 2nd to October 8th was spent by all the classes in visiting the museums, each class being allotted an hour's time.

* * *

The evening class of Philosophy began its sixth year Monday, October 14, 1907, at 8 o'clock p. m., in the College Library. The subject for the ensuing term will be "General Ethics and Natural Right." Fr. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., is in charge of the class.

* * *

Sunday, October 13th, was visiting day at the college. The doors were open between the hours of two and five o'clock p. m., and within that time 623 visitors were admitted. The VISITING DAY. objects of interest were the house library, the two museums and the various exhibits in the science lecture rooms. In the Physics Department, Daniel Lord was explaining "Simple Harmonic Motion." Joseph Lynch was in charge of wireless telegraphy and Wm. Oink of optics. Mr. Wilczewski, S. J., the professor, demonstrated the X-ray, and it proved one of the most interesting exhibits of the afternoon.

In the chemistry department Francis McKenna lectured on "Atmosphere," ably assisted by Wm. Roberts. Nitrogen was expounded by Lawrence Walsh and Wm. McGah, while Messrs. Gaughan and Brosseau were in charge of water. Wm. Caverly and Thos. Furlong were the last on the program, with oxygen for their subject.

The music for the occasion was furnished by a large and self-assertive phonograph, entrusted to the tender mercies of Edmund Curda and Anthony Goyke.

The ushers in the museums were chosen from the Senior and Junior classes of the College and included the following gentlemen: Messrs. Anderson, Heeny, Chouinard and Dufficy in the Natural History Museum, and Messrs. Sinnott, Del Beccaro and Ignatius Doyle in the Mineralogy Museum.

* * *

The retreat for the college students will be held the first week in November, extending over the three days of ANNUAL RETREAT. November 4th, 5th and 6th. It will be conducted by Fr. Henry Moeller, S. J., former Provincial of the Missouri Province.

The College Faculty for the ensuing year consists of the following:— Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., President; Rev. Francis B. Cassilly, S. J., Vice President; Rev. John L. Mathery, S. J., Minister; Rev. Francis X. Breen, S. J., Asst. Vice President; Rev. Albert F. X. Esterman, S. J., Treasurer; Rev. Edward J. Gleeson, S. J., Professor of Philosophy; Rev. Augustine M. Effinger, S. J., Professor of English Literature and History; Rev. John B. Goesse, S. J., Professor of Physics and Mathematics; Mr. Jos. Wilczewski, S. J., Professor of Physics and Mathematics; Rev. John J. Riley, S. J., Professor of Junior Class; Rev. Arnold J. Garvy, S. J., Professor of Freshman A.; Rev. John A. Weiand, S. J., Professor of Freshman B.; Rev. Wm. H. Trentman, S. J., Professor of 4th Year High School A.; Rev. J. F. Synnott, Professor 4th Year High School B.; Mr. Patrick J. Phillips, S. J., Professor 4th Year High School C.; Rev. Wm. P. Lyons, S. J., Professor 3rd Year High School A.; Mr. Claude J. Pernin, Professor 3rd Year High School B.; Rev. Francis X. Reilly, S. J., Class of 2nd Year High School; Rev. John B. DeShryver, S. J., Class of First Year High School A.; Rev. F. George Dinneen, S. J., Class of First Year High School B.; Mr. Patrick J. Mahan, S. J., Class of First Year High School C.; Mr. Samuel H. Horine, S. J., Class of First Year High School D.; Mr. Wm. A. Fitzgerald, S. J., Class of First Year High School E.; Mr. Mark A. Cain, S. J., High School Mathematics and Science; Mr. Francis J. Tschan, Professor of Stenography; Messrs. Andrew W. Helgeth, Payton J. Tuohy, Thos. D. Nash, Professors of Commercial High School; Messrs. Michael J. Ahern, John M. Guest, Patrick J. Cronin, Professors of Grammar Department; Mr. Frederic Karr, Professor of Elocution; Mr. Fernando Staud y Ximinez, Professor of Spanish; Mr. Clemens Hutter, Professor of Piano and Voice; Mr. Joseph Pribyl, Professor of Violin; Mr. Vaclav Hajny, Drawing; Mr. Joseph A. Graber, Athletic Coach; Dr. Wm. O'Neil, Biology and Physiology.

Of last year's Faculty, seven members have gone. In the Collegiate department, Fr. Simon Ryan, Fr. Conroy and Fr. O'Connor are missing and in the Academic, Mr. Leahy, S. J., and Mr. Bankstahl, S. J., are gone as are also Mr. Graber and Mr. Caplice.

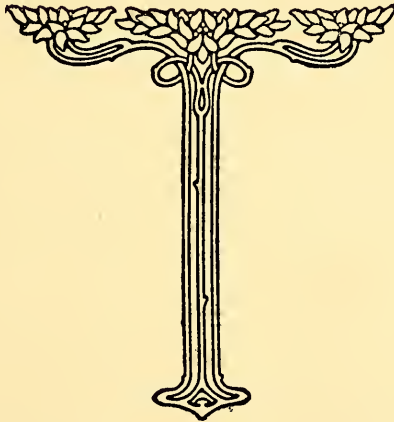
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The annual college play to be presented during the Christmas holidays, has been announced as "In the Fool's Bauble." It

THE
ANNUAL
PLAY.

is written by Rev. John D. McCarthy, S. J., the author of the "Last of the Gladiators," given so successfully two years ago. The title role, that of the "Court Fool" is to be played by Edmund Curda. The other leading parts are in the hands of Messrs. Roberts, Lord, Gaughan and Guinane. The play will be given at Powers' Theater, and the scene is laid during the reign of King Louis XI.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.





The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "M" being particularly prominent. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is also in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "S" being particularly prominent. The entire title is surrounded by intricate illustrations of musical instruments, including a cornet, a drum, and a stringed instrument, as well as various types of foliage and leaves. The background of the title is filled with fine, cross-hatched lines, creating a textured effect.

A. M. D. G.

With a flourish of cornets and a roll of drums, the students of Saint Ignatius College bade welcome to the musical season of 1907-8. After two months of extreme quietude and rest, the instruments have been uncased, carefully dusted and restored to their former positions in the hands of their owners. Many a string was found broken and many a note sadly wandering from its pitch, but this was easily remedied and the instruments now re-echo that sweet harmony that we heard some time ago. From the results of the first rehearsal of the Glee Club and Academic Choir, we might well suppose that the singers have been engaged in professional work during the summer vacation, so greatly have their voices increased in sweetness and volume. With newly acquired talent, lately added to their ranks, the galaxy of musicians await great honors during the coming year. We wish them unlimited success in their work.

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club has suffered the loss of about three-fourths of its former membership owing to last year's graduation, but when interviewed at their last rehearsal, the boys showed not the slightest sign of discouragement. The new members have proved themselves so efficient and equal to the occasion, that they hope to establish a new record for the society. The "try out" took place September 15th, when fifteen tenors and twenty basses were selected. The majority in the bass is a great help to the singing, lending a more solid foundation in the rendition of choruses. Prof. Hutter has resumed his position as Director of the Glee Club for the fifth year. His excellent work needs no commendation.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The College Orchestra, with its large number of excellent musicians, has once more assembled in the music room to issue dulcet strains.

“As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo’s lute, strung with his hair.”

The Society boasts of forty-five members including those who recently joined the ranks. This year the boys take upon themselves the task of interpreting the heavier works, under the careful guidance of Professor Pribyl. The excellent work of last year in the semi-classics, well insures their success in the more advanced numbers.

THE ACADEMIC CHOIR.

Twice a week the Academic Choir rivals the other musical organizations, with Melba-like trills and cadenzas. The youngsters of this society have become so enthused with the spirit of music, owing to their constant training, that they no longer sing like children but like real “grown ups.” Professor Hutter had abundant material to pick from this year owing to the large number of boys who entered the College as beginners. He has formed a choir both satisfactory to himself and to the students.

JOHN F. QUINN, '09.





PASSIM

If all were kings and sages grave,
Please whisper, sir, to me,
Where'd be our laughter and our song?
Where would our jesters be?

And so, into this little book,
To coax a smile I'll try;
My task is but to play the fool
And thus waylay a sigh.

Let others play their parts so sad
Upon this stage of life;
But let my part be comedy,
With joy instead of strife.

And thus doth a new jester enter upon a new year. Behind him, he sees the work of his predecessor at court, a mighty favorite of king and subject. Before him, he sees the same task that has greeted every jester since the art of jesting began, and exactly the same material upon which to work; the same frivolities and the same little weaknesses at which the world has ever laughed. So 'tis with a light heart that the new jester dons for the first time the proverbial "cap and bells," and with the same proverbial jingle "ting-a-ling," he makes his bow to the assembled court.

* * *

'Twas a dark and stormy night, as the story puts it. The jester looked about him at the forsaken room, and muttered disconsolately to himself. Alas, there was naught for him to do but sit and mope, and occasionally jingle the bells: there was no companion

to address save the painted figure on his sceptre; and to add to his misery, through the half opened door, came the sound of voices hushed and businesslike. For the King and Queen were entertaining at Bridge.

"'Tis hard to be a jester," he mutters with a pathetic ring in his voice; "once the right of a jester was undoubted; the court choked on his every joke, and expired with laughter at his every witticism. But now, alas! the King is always wondering how much he owes the Duchess of Someplace or Somewhere for their last bout at Bridge, and the Queen is continually planning some new system of play that will change her luck; in truth the joker hath supplanted the jester entirely."

"Why so sad?" came a gentle voice from the direction of the Globe-Wernicke Sectional; and turning, the jester beheld descending from the corner in which were preserved the untouched volumes of the classic poets, an antiquated maiden with a countenance so long, that the trite comparison of the fiddle would lengthen of its own accord into a cello at the sight of her.

"Alas!" replied the jester, allowing a tear to percolate through his eyelashes; "I am sad because I fear me muchly that I am now a candidate for the home for the aged and useless; that I, together with Joe Miller and other illustrious members of our clan, are naught but the discard to a hand of Bridge."

For a moment the countenance of the feminine relic became only so long as a guitar, and it seemed that her face was about to crack into a smile; but she restrained her mirth and said:

"You are so desolate that you make me inclined to forget that little verse I wrote this evening, entitled

THE ACME OF HUMAN DESOLATION.

I've stood where mighty Carthage stood
And never felt a quiver.

I've seen, unmoved, the wrecks of Rome
Beside the yellow river.

I've looked without a tremor
On the monuments of Greece,
And the sight of fallen Egypt
Has filled my soul with peace.

I've seen without a qualm, a ship
 While shot its mast-head, splinter,
 But I always have a shudder for
 A base ball park in winter.

"Good!" said the jester, with a patronizing wave of his hand. "'Tis almost as good as I could have done."

"It is probably a great deal better," said the female memory of the past; and her voice assumed a chilling coldness. "Understand, please, that I am the Muse of Poetry."

"Oh, I'm not cognizant;" replied the jester; which was the court way of saying, "I don't know." We are not unlike there, for

Said the Jester to the poets' Muse:
 Ah, much alike are we;
 For you a Muse are reckoned, and
 I, too amuse, you see."

"If that is your claim," said the Muse, "allow me to challenge you to a trial of poetic skill. I fear that I am rather rusty on my rhymes, for my verse, like your wit, has fallen from favor with a sickening thud."

"Proceed, then," quoth the jester, "age before beauty," which remark proves that he was, indeed, sadly out of practice.

"My life has been spent chiefly among books, so I will tell you

A NOVEL TALE.

Count *Rupert of Hentzau*, while riding one day
 From old *Castle Cranecrow*, over the way,
 Met on the *King's Highway* the *Three Musketeers*,
 Who greeted this *Man of the Hour* with three cheers.

They asked him to be the *White Company's* head.
 "Three *Soldiers of Fortune* are we," they then said;
 "*Ben Blair* and *J. Devlin*, *Boss*, and *Rob Roy*.
 Do we *Nedra* mark that our quest is for joy?"

They journeyed together (they had *Right of Way*),
 And stopped at the *House of the Wolf*, so they say.
 'Twas there they had quite *An Affair at the Inn*,
 All through *The Long Night*, 'though it caused a loud din.

Richard Carvel, The Christian, who chanced to be there,
Arranged for a trip to the *Vanity Fair*.

My Friend the Chauffeur was in charge of the wheel
Of the *Lightning Conductor's* best automobile.

As they passed the *House-boat on the Styx In the Fog*,
Three Men in a Boat, with *Black Beauty*, their dog,
Invited the pilgrims to *Rudder Grange* bright.
(*'Twas one of the good Ships that Pass in the Night.*)

Their host, *My Friend Prospero*, rich many times,
Had made quite a sum in *King Solomon's Mines*;
While old *Captain Kettle*, a man with a past,
Told many a tale of *Two Years 'Fore the Mast*.

He told them the *Tale of Two Cities* he knew;
How *Paris* was sacked by *The Gambler Don Q.*
He told how he'd seen the *Last Days of Pompeii*;
"I was there," quoth the Cap, "when the man passed away."

On the *Wings of the Morning* the guests go away.
"The Captain's *The Boss* story teller," they say.
And Rupert replies: "I am sure of one thing;
I'd make him court jester—*If I Were King.*"

"That," said the jester, when the Muse had finished, "is what
I would term a tale of tales. My verses, to please the court,
however, must be long; so this is a little ditty I struck off to please
His Majesty this morning:"

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
When home the lamp shade came at last,
Which I had bought that very day
In town, packed in a sort of hay—

Excelsior.

My brow was sad when I beheld
To what a size the shade had swelled;
For surely, if it were not such,

They'd never, never need so much
Excelsior.

I bore the package to my room,
For how could I foresee my doom?
I pushed the desk and table back,
And slowly started to unpack
Excelsior.

I burrowed deep, and downward dug
Until I'd covered all my rug.
I spread it then upon the floor,
But still I pulled out more and more
Excelsior.

"It cannot be," I said at last,
"That in my rush the shade I've passed.
But, though the lamp shade I may miss,
I know I never ordered this
Excelsior."

Then it began to fill the air,
The desk, the table—everywhere.
It reached the ceiling, blocked the door,
And yet there still remained some more
Excelsior.

Next morning I, of course, was missed,
And, with the shade clasped in my fist,
With hay below and hay above,
They found me in a mountain of
Excelsior.

Now, when I order anything,
A picture or a vase or ring,
I always tell them at the store
To please omit the ton or more
Excelsior.

At this moment a page rushed upon the scene.

"The King desires your presence in the card room," he gasped. And then he added: "And he is in an awful humor, for he has just lost this month's revenues to the Count of Antey. So you had better prepare your best jokes, if you desire to hold jestership."

There was a rush in the direction of the bookshelves, a rustling of skirts, and then silence. The jester slowly rose from his chair, and with all the solemnity befitting a comedian of fame, wended his way into the presence of the King.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





Why was there a football season instituted? As a means of giving overworked fanatics a chance to gather power for another baseball series. But cheer up. Our team is very light FOOTBALL. this year, and when we combine this with their excessive nerve and courage, something will surely happen. At the call of Coach Graber a large squad reported for try-outs, but by the undisputable "survival of the fittest" the squad was finally cut down until Mr. Graber finally made a good working machine out of the following men:

I. Doyle, full-back. He has played on the team for three years and has had a great deal of experience from prairie football. A better man could not have been chosen.

Frank Shea, right half-back. This man was a "sub" last year, but by dint of hard practice has finally developed into a good man for the back field.

J. Higgins, left half-back. He is a new member of the squad and was hardly known in athletics until he startled every one by suddenly springing into the field of football and easily making the team.

I. Kevin, quarter-back. Member of last year's squad; a very light man, not weighing more than one hundred and twenty pounds. However he makes up for this deficiency by his speed and trickery.

J. Rylands, left end. A member of last year's team. A very good, strong and reliable man.

L. Hermann, right end. He was a "sub" on last year's team, but by taking advantage of the coaching he received he easily made the team this year. He is the best tackler on the team and is full of ginger.



FOOTBALL TEAM—1907.

- | | | | | | | |
|-------|---------|-------|--------------|------------------|-----------|---------|
| MAJOR | HIGGINS | DOLAN | GRABER—COACH | ANDERSON—MANAGER | LYNCH | CAVERLY |
| | RYLANDS | DOYLE | SHEA | FLANAGAN | KOZLOWSKI | HEENEY |
| | | | UPVIN | HERMAN | | CLANCY |

Taken by
 R. G. O'Connell
 of O'Connell

J. Lynch, right tackle. Member of '06 team; very big and strong and an excellent lineman.

J. Dolan, left tackle. Also of last year's team, but at that time he played a star game at center.

J. Kozlowski, right guard. Of last year, also; he is a great, big, husky player, but tackles too hard for the health of the opposing players.

J. Heeney, left guard. He has a hard job ahead of him to live up to the reputation he made last year. He holds his man well and is an excellent defensive player.

B. McNamara, center. He is a new man, but plays well for one having so little experience. He passes the ball well and then rips a hole in the opposing line for center rush.

Mr. George Anderson, '08, is manager of the team and J. P. Doyle, '09, captain.

The following are the substitutes. They would have made the team easily but for lack of experience. W. Flannagan, left half; W. Caverly, half or end; can play either very well; W. Clancy, plays tackle or guard and is good at both.

It was a great shock and weakened the team considerably when Brown, end, Major, end, and Ludwig, all-round player, were forced to quit on account of parental objection.

To give the team practice some "postgraduates" very cheerfully allowed themselves to be walked over by the regulars to the tune of 35 to 0. A great deal of interest was shown in this game by the smaller boys who remained in a body, with the expectation of seeing "teacher" get "mauled" by the first team, but they left sadly disappointed before the first half was over.

On October 5th the first real game of the season was played on the Campus with the Hamilton high school team as our opponents. They were too weak on the defense for our plungers, Doyle, Higgins and Shea, who starred in the back field. The outcome—

21 to 0. Line-up:

Rylands L. E.	Caverhart
Dolan L. T.	Griffith
Heeney L. G.	Merrill
McNamara C.	Walbridge
Kozloski R. G.	Fairbanks
Lynch R. T.	Evans
Major, Hermann R. E.	Rombthaler

Kevin	Q. B.....	Faulkner
Higgins	L. H.....	Frary
Shea	R. H.....	Hackett
Doyle	F. B.....	Brewer

Touchdowns—Doyle (2), Higgins, Shea. Goal from touch-down—Doyle. Referee—Graber. Umpire—Houghton. Time of halves—20 minutes.

On October 16th we were to have Lake View high school on our campus, but the game had to be called off, as they could not get enough eligible players to give us a game.

The Athletic Association went to the expense of purchasing about two or three dozen new football suits for the high school squads, but they are worth it. With a little more weight and coaching the heavy high school team would make the first team work hard to hold its supremacy.

Football is certainly booming at college this year. Even the Minims are out in suits and on every Thursday morning they can be seen trying to make a touchdown to uphold the honor of their class.

The greatest indoor baseball honors are in store for St. Ignatius during this coming season. Nearly all of our last year's team have returned and it is our good fortune to have scientific players to fill the places of the few who have left us. Of last year's team the following will again be seen wearing the gray: Kevin, the clever catcher, who was a factor in establishing Robert's reputation as a pitcher. "Chick" O'Connor is back and his one desire is to throw around the soft ball after a season of the smaller sphere. Lambeau and Howard, the fast shorts, will play their old positions. Roberts, captain, manager and star twirler, has returned and has been working hard and diligently to secure talent to strengthen his team for the coming battles.

Mr. Cain is doing much to aid the team this year. He has already chosen the team and secured a hall for the boys to get the necessary practice. Mr. Cain showed his superior judgment by choosing Chouinard for first, Fox and Amberg for left and right field respectively and Croke for second.

Manager Roberts has many good games scheduled and all that is necessary now is sufficient practice to put the team in good working order before the season begins.

Oak Park Y. M. C. A., the Joliet Standards, Central Y. M. C. A. and Northwestern Military Academy of Highland Park are already on our schedule.

Judging from appearances a great many indoor stars are being developed at noon on the Campus. The main attraction, however, is the Junior League, which is composed of class teams from First Year High to First Grammar. The race in this league is very close, on account of the intense interest taken by the members of the leading teams.

The first team indulged in a practice game with a picked team of stars on Wednesday night, in which they won handily by the score of 7 to 4. Batteries—Roberts and Kevin, Furlong and Hermann. It is apparent, however, that much practice is needed to make it the team it was last year.

The regular season for 1907 starts about November 1st. Our first game will be against the Hull House team in their gymnasium. Above all, we need a financially successful team this year.

A new instructor, by name Mohanna Malaik, has been engaged to make men of the students in the gym. A large class is in attendance. A basketball team will be started in THE GYMNASIUM. about three weeks, so all that can play the game should hand in their names and get the benefit of the learned instructor's experience.

An exhibition will be held in March. It was a grand success last year and should be so this year, as all the participants are back at college.



The COLLEGIAN takes great pleasure in congratulating Rev. Charles A. O'Hern on his appointment as Vice-President of the American College in Rome.

Mr. William J. Mayer, Commercial 1880, brought his little son, Frank, back to College after the holidays. Mr. Mayer is engaged in no commercial pursuit, but his time is well employed in looking after his property and other investments.

A number of old St. Ignatius students have lately been promoted from the position of assistant pastor to that of pastor. Rev. David J. Conway is pastor of St. Patrick's Parish, Rochelle; Rev. J. A. Quinn is pastor of the churches at Plano and Bristol, and Rev. T. J. McDevitt is forming a new parish in South Oak Park.

Rumors have floated into the Sanctum that William J. Anderson, James Cummings and Thomas Jordan of last year's Commercial graduating class are stenographers. William A. O'Meara is studying pharmacy. Timothy Keady is in the post-office.

Mr. Joseph A. Graber who has been an instructor at the College for the last four years has taken up the practice of law, his business partner being Arnold D. McMahon, '00. These two gentlemen had splendid records at St. Ignatius, both as students and instructors, and the COLLEGIAN ventures to predict a successful law career for them. The name of the firm is McMahon and Graber, and their suite of offices is in the Reaper Block.

In addition to the two members of last year's graduating class, several other students have entered seminaries. John Stoesser and Thomas F. Friel have gone to Rome, where they will have Francis Wagner, Humanities, 1905, as a companion. James O'Brien of Rhetoric Class is now at Niagara University, Garnett Stafford, Poetry, '06, is in Kenrick Seminary, Joseph T. Lannon of Poetry Class and Nicholas Liston have entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Floris-

sant, and so has Dave Guthrie, the famous foot-ball star of former days.

Mr. Joseph H. Henricks of Poetry, '77, has his son Charles in the first year of High School. Mr. Henricks, who is with the Illinois Stone Co., was in the same class at college with Rev. Stewart McDonnell, and Fathers Fanning and Treacy. In passing, we may remark that Fr. Treacy, who is stationed at the Jesuit College in Detroit, expects soon to bring out a book on the mathematics of electricity.

Of last year's graduating class, Michael J. Ahern, John M. Guest and Patrick J. Cronin are teaching at the College. Thomas A. McNicholas is in the American College at Rome, and Patrick J. Mulhern is at the Jesuit Novitiate in Florissant. Harry Thometz is at the Rush Medical, and Clarence Dargan is also studying medicine. So far as we have heard, the rest of the class, Michael J. Bransfield, Clement J. Demes, Michael Manning, Eugene McHugh, William Noonan, Anthony Simeca, John Slama, have gone into various business pursuits.

Amongst the old students who have brothers at the College is Mr. Al. Berghoff who has three fine representatives of the name in the High School. Mr. Joseph Bidwill, Clerk of the Circuit Court, has a brother in the Grammar Department, and so has Henry La Voie, who used to be so prominent in the gymnasium exhibitions. We may also mention the following whose brothers are now at College: Richard Gavin, '95; Mr. Thomas A. McCourt, S. J., Professor of Chemistry in Marquette University; Jack and Richard Ward, the Dooley boys of St. Agatha's Parish, James and Joseph Morrison, George and Walter McCarthy, and William Conley.

We regret to chronicle the death of Thomas Leahy, a member of the 3rd Commercial in 1905-'06. He was drowned while swimming at a summer resort during his vacation. Thomas was a good boy, and deservedly popular amongst his acquaintances. Another death that occurred during vacation was that of Edward J. Hoy, who last year was a member of Mr. Mahan's Second Academic Class. Edward had returned to College after an absence of one or two years, and his work during the past year was so successful that in the final examinations he stood almost at the head of his class. Just before school reopened and when he was preparing to return he suffered an attack of appendicitis, which carried him off in three or four days. Edward was a boy of sturdy and

manly character, and his class-mates have sadly missed him. The COLLEGIAN extends its sympathy to the bereaved parents of these two young men.

The greatest loss sustained for some time by the Alumni Association was the death of Dr. John J. Thometz, '78. Dr. Thometz was one of the earliest graduates of the College, for many years he had been College physician, often calling two and three times a day, and he had always taken a keen interest in everything pertaining to the College. He had a keen mind, and the true instincts of a physician. He was a man of hard work and few words. As a physician he stood at the head of his profession, as a man he was faithful to every duty, and as a Christian he practiced his religion himself and gave good example to others. What he did in charity will probably never be known. The world needs good physicians, men who are not only skillful in their profession, but who are also honorable and upright. And the death of Dr. Thometz is in this respect a calamity, for he was a true Christian adviser, a man of honor and integrity, across whose life the shadow of reproach never fell. His three sons attended College, and two of them, like their father, received their bachelor's degree from St. Ignatius. Last June the College Faculty, as a mark of special honor, conferred upon Dr. Thometz the degree of Doctor of Laws. Death found Dr. Thometz faithful to his post. On the morning of the day he died he watched by the bedside of Mr. Cook, the father of Edgar Cook, '02, and closed his eyes in death. After this visit he returned home about eleven o'clock. Again in the afternoon he went on sick calls in company with his son, Frank, and while returning home, he felt a recurrence of his old malady. He reached home with difficulty, and in a few hours was dead. May his life be an inspiration to others, and may the esteem in which he was held, be a cherished heritage of his afflicted family.

Society Notes.

The re-opening of the scholastic year found the various societies of the college ready for active work. With the enrollment of new members finished, the directors are working diligently to make their bands as large as possible. With this object in view, they have accordingly tendered their invitations to the student body, through the columns of this journal. Therefore, my dear reader, it is important that you lend your aid by word and example to make the societies real student organizations.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The regular meetings of the Senior debating society did not begin until the school year was well under way. The officers for the first half year are: President, Rev. J. F. Synnot; Vice President, Mr. Edward P. O'Connor; Rec. Sec'y, Mr. Ralph C. Sullivan; Corresponding Sec'y, Mr. Ignatius P. Doyle; Treasurer, Mr. J. Ambrose Murray; Censors, Messrs. Luke H. Lyons and Peter T. Priestly. The membership has been greatly increased by the admission of new candidates and the society gives promise of showing the interest and loyalty of the past. The jury system of deciding debates, used by the junior society last year, was adopted in the course of the new year's business.

The trumpet for hostilities was sounded on Wednesday evening, Oct. 10, when Mr. Lord essayed to defend the tiger's part of that old question: "Was it the tiger or the lady that came from the door at the right." After the set speech the question was given to the house. Many and varied were the opinions; and polygamy, divorce and the marriage laws of the ancients underwent due consideration. At times, the remarks of the house seemed to foretell the presence of the tiger behind the closed door and then again argument seemed to favor a more terrible fate. The tiger's sponsor, Mr. Lord, was ever ready to answer the objections brought against his side of the question, but the decision was deferred until more light could be had on certain important points.

At the following meeting an interesting time was had. The question "Resolved: that in oratory and drama, art is more potent than feeling," was upheld by Messrs. del Beccaro and Kavanaugh

and opposed by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Lyons. The arguments were hurled back and forth with uniform rapidity, until the members of the house were given the opportunity to express their opinions. Mr. Kettles displayed his knowledge and activity by stating his views clearly and substantiating his claims by reliable authorities. When the votes were cast, the affirmative speakers were declared the victors, but with only a few points to spare. By the good work just shown, the doings of the society take a prominent place in the annals of college life.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting for the purpose of electing officers was held by the junior debaters on October 2. The officers for the first semester are: Pres., Rev. William Lyons, S. J.; Vice Pres., Edward Scott; Rec. Sec'y, George A. R. Kelly; Corresp. Sec'y, James McGowan; Treas., Nathaniel Hill. Messrs. Paul Amberg and Louis Rockett will preserve order and decorum. The first discussion carded for the society is, when the debaters will strive to right the difficulties of private and municipal ownership of the tangled traction system.

SENIOR SODALITY.

On Sept. 27 the first regular meeting of the senior sodality was held, at which the officers elected began their respective duties. The following are the officers: Director, Rev. John A. Weiland, S. J.; First Prefect, Daniel E. Murphy; First Assistant, Joseph Heeney; Second Assistant, Arthur Kettles; Sec'y, Luke Lyons; Treas., John Casey; Sacristans, Thomas Couron, Ambrose Murray, James Gaughan and Lawrence Walsh; Consultors, Thomas Guinane, Ralph Sullivan, Alfred Lambeau, Paul Roederer, Edmund Curda and Dennis Burns. The short instructions given at the end of the devotions are of great help to the student who wishes to triumph over the difficulties that confront him.

JUNIOR SODALITY.

The junior sodalists on October 1 held their first regular meeting of the year and the good attendance up to date is an earnest for a successful year. It is hoped by Fr. Francis Riley that they will surpass by their ardor and devotion the work of the senior sodalists.

STUDENT'S LIBRARY.

The Library opened its doors shortly after the beginning of school, and is crowded every day with students eager for books. It is under the able direction of Mr. Patrick J. Phillips. Dennis F. Burns is back at his old position of secretary and Lawrence Biggio is his assistant. The librarians are: Joseph Roubik; Frank Anglim, Edward Dankowski, Gorge Kelly, Joseph Karabasz, Walter Campbell, Paul Amberg, Thomas Clennon and Edmund Laughlin. Through the beneficence of outside friends, new volumes have been added to the books and periodicals on hand:

LAWRENCE J. WALSH, '10.

Academy Notes.

Once more we hear the welcome calls
Which Learning sends, both far and wide;
Once more we seek our College walls,
And enter in with hope and pride.

It is all ahead of you now, boys; make the best of it.

Leo Foley is acknowledged by the high school boys to be their best indoor twirler.

This tragic event is cited as a warning by W. C. :
A young man named Walter P. Carroll,
Laid aside his wearing apparel
To go swimming one day;
A tramp came that way,
And Walter went home in a barrel.

Home work—The study you do between 12 and 1 p. m.

Bookkeeping—When you forget to return your book to the library.

Most boys' college spirit is found in the jug.

A WORD TO NEWCOMERS.

Don't get the wrong idea of college spirit at the start. It doesn't mean to wear a college cap and shout, "Mob the umpire,"

when you're losing the game. No. It means not to be ashamed to stand up for your college before outsiders and to take a lively personal interest in everything that goes on within its walls.

You cannot better show that you have this spirit than by subscribing to your college paper.

The academic choir shows all the signs of being a howling success.

The smaller boys seem to be taking a great interest in their class teams. Let us hope they put as much muscle into their class work and push on to the goal of perfection. Excelsior.

During the translation of Caesar, Berghoff was heard to mutter, "O Brutus and Cassius, why did you not do your work sooner!"

Because Twelfth street is a straight line does not prove that the Twelfth street car is the shortest distance between your home and the College.

Was it by Chance that when the boys were allowed into the museum they went first to see the cubs?

A word of advice to the small boy.—Don't go home and tell your mamma that you played hand-ball in the alley. She might not be pleased.

If suit cases are cases for suits the college boys may be said to carry book cases.

Our fellow academician, John Sbarbaro, has gone to study at the Chicago University. He hopes to become one day a prominent surgeon. We wish him all success in his studies.

Mike Killgallon claims that there is not a college boy who has not to look up to him.

Homesick—The way a boy feels when he is called on and doesn't know his lesson.

There was a young man named McCue,
Who hollered for "oyster stew,"
But when the stew came
He said 'twas a shame,
And refused to pay what was due.

Fond Mamma—"John, dear, you oughtn't to spend so much time at your exercises but take more exercise."

John dear—"Yes, mamma, I will; I have just bought a pony."

Lyons—"Everything went off fine at the banquet last evening."

Sullivan—"Off what?"

Lyons—"Off the table."

Q.—What is harder than scaling a fish?

A.—Scaling the fence when the Prefect's back is turned.

Professor—"Whom did George Washington marry and who was his son?"

First Grammarian—"He wedded the cause of liberty and became the father of his country."

New Boy (during vacation)—"Say, Pa, when is college going to open?"

Same Boy (first half-day, while teacher reads a story)—"My, but this is a cinch."

Idem Puer (nearing the first comp.)—"Will this never end?"

SOME FICTION REVISED.

"The Crisis," or the First "Comps."

"Twice Told Tales," or Found in a College Journal.

"Beyond the Lines," or Twelfth Street at Noon.

Before we had attained to the dignity of long trousers some wag told us to put sugar on our toes "to coax them down." Devitt must be carrying sugar in his pockets.

Said Daniel to David: "It naturally follows

Folks come to hard words if they meddle with Greek."

Frank Anglim has reported the following news items of some of his friends:

"Tim Brosnan, who shook hands with one of the Seniors a week ago, is reported to be sitting up and feeling better.

"Ladislaus Herman has entered the prize ring, to tack down the matting.

"Bert O'Grady was arrested three times last week for 'scorching' in the basement at lunch time."

EDWARD A. SCOTT, '11.

SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12.



Just a word of apology and explanation is due to our readers and exchanges for the omission of an Exchange Department from this number. As any Exchange Editor can tell, there is, perhaps, no department which is more difficult to prepare for the first issue than the Exchange Column. Up to the time of our going to press, many, we may say, most of our exchanges have not issued their first number; indeed, the exchanges have been unusually slow in reaching the Sanctum this year. In addition to this, in the absence of our last year's Exchange Editor, there has scarcely been sufficient time for the new Editor to become sufficiently familiar with the exchanges to do them justice. For these and several other reasons, it has been thought advisable to omit the Exchange Column from the November number, and to begin its year with the next issue of the COLLEGIAN, when we, together with our contemporaries, will have advanced farther into the work of the year, and when the student publications will have had time to recover from the slothfulness of vacations to the extent of publishing other than graduation essays and other articles of similar interest.

To our esteemed contemporaries, the new Editor extends his heartiest wishes for success during the coming year, and assures them that the principles of good-will and honesty which have ever actuated the Exchange Editor of the COLLEGIAN in the past will be continued during the present regime.

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Chicago, January 1908

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The St. Ignatius Collegian

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No. 2.

Castles in the Air.

HOW great they are! How brilliant and how fair
They seem to me, my castles in the air!
And sweet within their brightly gilded walls
The voice of silence kind and cheerful calls.

They say in silence reigns a deep despair;
But soft within my castles in the air
The melody of silence bursts and swells
And kindly tales of dreams triumphant tells.

'Tis said, in marble halls men realize
The wondrous visions that entrance my eyes;
But gold, and sapphire, e'en the diamond's hue
That fill their castles, could not paint mine true.

Mine are the beauties and the pleasures real,—
That were not so were I to taste or feel;
Mine are the beauties that one sees afar:
Mine are the gleamings of Hope's bright star.

Augustine J. Bove, '10.

Blix, The Match-maker.

(*Story Contest: First Prize.*)

WHEN Arthur Langdon was summoned to the office of the senior partner on the morning of December the twenty-fourth, he left the designing table with the solid conviction that something unusual was in the air. When the senior partner of Seton, Davis & Co., architects, slated any of his many subordinates for a private conference, it was a true sign that the unwonted was to happen. So it came about that with no little trepidation Langdon stepped into the consulting room.

"Langdon, your Christmas will be out of town."

The quick words smote him; his countenance fell. He dared not phrase his balked hopes. Christmas was the one day in the year which he and his sister devoted exclusively to mother and father. But Langdon knew that the senior partner's word was law, and his only move was to submit silently. While vexation was tenaning Langdon's mind Mr. Seton's eyes seemed inch-near to his own and Arthur felt that his chagrin was not his own secret.

"Langdon, when I was your age I should have been highly complimented on receiving a commission from my firm such as I had intended to entrust to you. However—"

Langdon's answer flashed: "Your will is mine. What am I to do?"

The senior partner smiled.

"That's the way to talk, Langdon. I'm always glad to see a young fellow that loves his own home on a holiday, but I'm better pleased with a young man that sacrifices pleasure for work."

This was unprecedented flattery.

"There was an oddity of an old chap in here yesterday to see about a bid for the construction and designing of a mansion—that's the word he used, and that's what it will be. He and his daughter—just finished school, by the way, she did—have been living on his estate about forty miles out on the Burlington. But the old fellow has decided on putting up a handsome new home—two hundred thousand in it—on that property of his. Girl's through school, and he's going to lodge her according to cost just mentioned. Murray and Thompson have a bid on it, and he offers us one, as an

afterthought. Now, look here, Langy, he wants us to send a representative to his estate as soon as we can, and you may be sure he asked the same favor of our rivals. We must get there first; you're our representative."

"All right, Mr. Seton! When shall I start?"

"Today."

The senior partner abandoned his easy narrative manner to utter that "today" with tremendous decisiveness.

Langdon left the office and boarded a car in the direction of his home, with gratification and disappointment striving in him for the mastery. This was his first large commission; but then—and here was the fly in the ointment—Mr. Seton had assured him that there was no train leaving Maplehurst, his destination, until the following morning. In other words, Langdon was fated to spend his Christmas eve and a great part of Christmas itself in a chair car and a country inn.

Once home, it did not take him long to thrust a few things into his suit-case and bid his mother good-by. At the station he clutched a time-table, ran his finger down the column until it came to 2:35, the stop at Maplehurst. He had no time to lose; the train started just as he swung onto the last car.

He stood on the back platform to catch his breath, and his eyes caught sight of a figure scurrying down the steps of the depot to the tracks. The train's speed was increasing; hope left the belated passenger faster than that train ever went. He hurled his valise at an iron settle and then started to kick it out of the train-shed. Harvey Montague, the cleverest representative of Murray & Thompson, was certainly too late.

"Score one for Seton, Davis & Co.," thought Langdon, as he entered the car, packed with garrulous shoppers, package-burdened suburbanites, college students home-bound, and a round dozen of women with irritable babies. He forged his way towards the middle of the coach, and was plainly the only hero that dared to squeeze himself into a seat more than two-thirds freighted by a very apoplectic yeoman.

Two seats ahead of him he beheld his journey's comfort. Her tailor-made coat fitted to perfection, and when she chanced to turn around Langdon saw his dream of loveliness realized. An untutored voice announcing Maplehurst as the next stop shocked him back to his prosiest thoughts. He picked up his suit-case, and simultaneously the witching vision adjusted the furs about her

neck, straightened the smartest of hats, and—well, you hardened sceptic, were you ever twenty-two years old?

Once on the little station platform, Langdon became again the man of business. Accosting the gaunt agent, he asked the direction and the distance to the Hutchinson estate. It was three miles southward, and Langdon was tired.

"Yes, there is one rig in town," the agent answered him, "but it's the only one, and it was ordered by telegraph to meet the next local. I guess it's a walk for you."

"Harvey's wire!" muttered Langdon, pacing to the edge of the platform and measuring the gray sky.

"It won't snow too hard before you get there," was the agent's prophetic assurance, as Langdon crossed the track to the smooth, hard road. At its first bend, he looked back at the station just in time to see his fairy of the train seize the reins and whip-tap an impatient roan. When she had passed Langdon, the girl turned ever so slightly, and he, vain youth, thought she smiled at him. He plodded on, looking at the sylph vanishing into the thread of the road, and thinking of Harvey, the bad angel in his wake.

The Hutchinson estate was heavily fenced in, and Langdon swung back the ponderous gate. He stepped briskly along the pathway in a grove of bare maples. With commensurate velocity, a white bull-pup, with Langdon's leg for an objective point, scattered the snow, now falling densely. Langdon liked dogs; in fact, he had often declared that he loved to have some sort of canine constantly about him. If he had spied the bull-pup two minutes later, his wish would have been granted. The gate was too far off; the trees were his salvation, and he promptly, but achingly, scaled one. The dog was in no way disappointed. If it is a man's privilege to climb a tree, it is equally a dog's to bide his time at the foot of it. Here the brute squatted, contentedly and expectantly.

"Fido! Fido!"

Langdon wanted to whistle amicably, but his teeth chattered, for the raw wind was scornful, and his perch too perilous.

"Towser!"

Again an ominous growl from the dog.

"Most odd circumstance, this!" Langdon's sense of humor was always instant. "Here's a dog whose name is neither Fido, nor Towser. Rex!—No!—Prince!—No go, either!"

Dog, tree and man retained their respective positions until twilight had deepened. Langdon was forced to strike a match to see what time it was, and then he groaned.

"Good Lord! if Harvey takes that next train he'll be here at any moment."

Harvey meanwhile was being jolted along the grove road in the rustic gig.

"Sic him, Tige; sic him!"

Clever idea! That would get the dog away from the tree. But it didn't. The dog relished one man in a tree more than two in a buggy.

"Harvey! oh, Harvey!"

"Well, who's that?"

"Langdon. I'm up a tree here, and there's a beastly dog—"

"There is, eh? Well, that's convenient. I'm sorry I must leave you up there, but it's all in the game, you know. Bye-bye! I *did* worry a lot over that contract. Oh dear! Oh dear!"

For another hour, the tree man swore—yes, he did—and the dog remained hopeful. The village vehicle creaked again, and, "Good-bye," sang out Harvey. "Good luck and merry Christmas."

Langdon was physically stiff, but mentally boiling. A short, sharp whistle! The dog ran housewards, barking friendship, but presently returned, growling desperation.

A lithe, graceful figure, distinct in the snow-air, made Langdon's heart throb furiously, for it was she, the girl from the train.

"Why, Blix, what is it—a 'possum?"

"An architect, madame. I saw you on the train—you passed me on the road."

Langdon spoke as a human being in distress.

"Dear me, has naughty Blix kept you there ever since?"

Blix was forthwith pettishly chastised and put in leash, and during this coincident process, Langdon, staggering, limp and exhausted, was thanking his stars that the branch was not too high to fall from. Again his strong business instinct whisked aside courtesy and thankfulness.

"He got the bid, didn't he?"

"You are Arthur Langdon, aren't you?"

The business instinct now retreated. The bull-pup was no longer a reality to him.

"Arthur Langdon, *redivivus*."

"I know your sister. Are you twins?"

"She's two years' younger. I'll wager that you haven't a twin brother."

The contract was now entirely out of his head, and it failed to return until they had reached the spacious veranda.

"I'm very thankful, Miss Hutchinson. There's no use seeing your father. Montague got the bid."

Again he yielded to her witchery, but, on grasping her father's, hand, repeated to him his forlorn hope. But the girl told the tree story, with her heart prompting her.

"You're right!" Hutchinson's voice thundered. "He did get a bid, the brazen puppy. I told him not to open the letter until he got back to the village. He's read it by this time: 'You can build the barn, if you want to.' Jessie, go and stop that dog's infernal barking."

This all came about five years ago. The old man's voice is silent now, but Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Langdon live on his estate.

DANIEL A. LORD, '08.

Christmas Bells

NO golden rays
Of summer days
Beam on this wintry morn;
No warbling notes
From feathered throats
Proclaim the Saviour born.

But clear and sweet
The sounds that greet!
What joy their music tells!
No tone more rare
E'er stirred the air
Than joyous Christmas Bells.

FRANCIS A. FURLONG, '10.

The College Play.

It is indeed a pretty picture with equally pretty settings that Mr. McCarthy, S. J., has painted for us, of a pleasure-loving king and of another king who would deprive him of his throne by treachery. How he planned elaborately for the kingdom's treacherous delivery and was thwarted by his own Jester, is told us in the Christmas play, "In the Fool's Bauble." The play is of the same period as that presented last year, occurring during the reign of the odious, cruel and cunning Louis XI of France. The action occurs mainly in the kingdom of Provènce, ruled over by Renè of Anjou.

Renè is a pleasure seeker and Louis looks with covetous eye upon his domain. How to seize it is his mastering purpose and to attain this end he approaches the knights of Renè's court to purchase their allegiance. Among these courtiers are Count Tartarin de Moripont, the leader of the king's army, and Count Henri de Soury, his dissolute friend. They are to meet him at a castle on the borders of Provènce which, unknown to them, Count Armand D'Angoulord, Renè's Prime Minister had purchased as a cloister for his own use. News of the intended visit and plans is brought Armand by Le Feignant, Renè's Jester, formerly of Louis' court. D'Angoulord surprises the conspirators and in the end Louis spends the night at the castle. Le Feignant takes advantage of this to impersonate Louis and force De Moripont to sign a contract for Provènce's delivery, written on the back of D'Angoulord's resignation from court. De Moripont discovering the deceit too late, next accuses D'Angoulord of treachery and attempts to deliver up Renè's kingdom. Renè is about to banish D'Angoulord from his court when he, Le Feignant, the Jester, appears, and produces the paper with De Moripont's contract upon it, from the mouth of his bauble, where he had concealed it, thus thwarting the conspiracy, exonerating D'Angoulord and saving the kingdom of Provènce.

To Mr. Felix Chouinard is allotted the difficult character role of Louis XI, of France. Through the medium of last year's play, this part is too familiar to need description.

Renè of Anjou, the contemporary sovereign of Louis, is depicted as an old, pious, pleasure-loving king, to whom the chase is almost as absorbing as his throne. Mr. Guinane takes this part, playing it with dignity and skill.

Count Armand D'Angoulord, Renè's Prime Minister, is one of the dominant figures in the play. He is a true, brave and religious knight who, disgusted with the frivolities of court, retires from it to give himself to meditation and prayer. Daniel A. Lord will be seen in this role and his ability as an actor and elocutionist renders further comment unnecessary.

The "heavy" role of the play is that of Count Tartarin de Moripont, leader of Renè's forces. De Moripont is one of the principal figures, and the part calls for intelligent and careful reading. Mr. William J. Roberts takes this part admirably, playing the clever, courageous, villain with great force, skill and depth of tone.

Le Feignant, the pivot on whom the drama hinges, is the court fool, first for Louis, then for Renè. He is a witty, cunning, frolicsome jester, but with the true soul of a man behind his painted mask. This part is well interpreted by Edmund A. Curda.

Count Henri de Soury, Moripont's boon companion and mentor, is played by James Gaughan, who is alike a courtier, a conspirator and a member of the defeated enterprise.

The comedy is furnished by Mr. J. Francis Quinn with the clever characterization of a French boy under the role of Florimond de Bellefontaine.

Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald portrays Vincent de Perivaux, D'Angoulord's true friend.

Of the minor parts Edward Del Beccaro will be seen as Maurice Lavergne, a French knight. John Graham will play Jaspar, the Innkeeper, and Ralph Hoberg will be seen as Francois, a waiter. Masters Brosseau and C. Kelly will appear as two peasants, Antoine and Perrinet. Thomas Reedy will be Montoir, tool of De Moripont, and Chas. E. Sullivan as Randolph a soldier. The mute, martyr-roles of the mob will be sustained by the Glee Club and Academic Choir. The dancers in the king's court are the boys of the select choir and the orchestra will render the incidental music.

The entire production is under the direction of Prof. Frederick V. Karr, who presented last year's play—"If I Were King." The interposed songs are drilled by Mr. Clemens A. Hutter, the

dancers by Mr. Perrin, and the orchestra is led by Mr. Joseph F. Pribyl.

Two performances of "In the Fool's Bauble" will be presented by the students, at Power's Theatre, Chicago, on the afternoons of December 26th and 27th, 1907.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

The Tale the Yule-Log Tells.



WHEN shadows softly steal about,
 And when the hearth grows red;
 When blustering Boreas shakes his locks
 Up in the chimney head,
 I love to sit, my pipe in mouth,
 'Neath twilight silent spells,
 And listen, wrapped in wonder, to
 The tale the Yule-log tells.

It speaks of those whose memories burn
 Like sparks within my breast;
 It tells of friends of youthful days,
 Of those I loved the best.
 And when the crackling grows more loud,
 And warmth and comfort brings,
 I rest my eyes and listen to
 The song the Yule-log sings.

And when I look into its depths,
 I see within the flames
 A fair, sweet face whose youthful charm
 The molten glory frames.
 And then I look where near my side
 Of old she sat and sewed;
 And dream I see in life again
 The face the Yule-log showed.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09,

The Christmas Gift of the Old Clock.

(Story Contest Second Prize.)

O BUT it was a nasty night. The rain was coming down in torrents outside and the only light was the flickering glare of the huge wood fire in the hearth as I sat in the library of the Chateau Pierreville on Christmas Eve, 18—. It was the night before Christmas, but Christmas would make little difference to me. Two years before, my uncle had died, as he had lived—alone, with but one servant, old Louis, whom I had retained and who served me even then when he knew I could not pay him.

My uncle left me the Chateau Pierreville, but, by the terms of the will, I could neither sell, rent nor mortgage it, nor, in point of fact, could I get any money on it by any means at all.

All his precautions, however, would be of no service unless I obtained five thousand francs by New Year's eve, for the government would then seize the Chateau.

I had gone bail, to this amount, for a friend of mine, whom we will call Henry Bourronais, as I cannot in honor disclose his true name. He disappeared that morning; and, as I had no money, the Chateau would go to the government in payment.

As I sat there watching the pictures in the fire, the great clock at the other end of the hall struck nine. This aroused me from my stupor, and I began to pluck up heart a bit. Why worry over that which was done? My faith, no! Therefore I forgot it.

What a queer old clock that was. Another of my uncle's fads. It had one peculiarity, however, that is worthy of notice. It never struck eleven. As certain as the finest watch, it struck every other hour strictly, but eleven it always skipped.

As I sat there, idly, half dreaming, I wondered if there could be any reason for this, and with my curiosity on edge, I rose to examine the clock.

While crossing the room, I noticed, on a little shelf next to one of the bookcases, a candle which I had told Louis to remove, at the very least, two hundred times since I had taken possession of the Chateau.

I called him and reprimanded him sharply about it, but his reply rather startled me.

"It was the late master's will that every Christmas Eve, when you were at home, you should light the candle before ten o'clock, leaving it lit on that shelf, and that after it was lit you should sit in the big armchair, which you now occupy, placed directly in front of the main window of the library."

Although I questioned him closely, I could not obtain any reason for all this; so I set about to find it out for myself.

It was then ten minutes to ten. I hurriedly arranged everything as Louis had advised me, and sat in the arm chair to note results.

No sooner had I seated myself than I noticed one thing. The candle was in the northeast corner of the room. The clock was in the center of the southern wall and placed at such an angle that the light from the candle, striking the mirror in the clock, reflected the light back to an empty shelf of a bookcase in the northwest corner of the room.

But was the shelf empty entirely? I looked closer; there was nothing there, except one, old, paper-covered novel. I was about to throw it away, when I happened to glance at the title—"At the Eleventh Hour."

Struck by the caption, for that was the hour the big clock never struck, I thought to myself, "Can this be more than a mere coincidence?"

I therefore picked up the book, which I had dropped, and examined it curiously. One thing I soon discovered—a page was turned down and a book-mark placed at the same spot. This was, then, my uncle's work, for one of his many eccentricities was thus to doubly mark a passage he wished to refer to.

My uncle was a scholar, a very learned man; what would he be doing with such a book? I, for one, did not know, so I opened the book at the concluding chapter, where it was marked.

The chapter opened, something like this: "The eleventh hour. Watch the clock"; and these six words were checked off, while underneath was written, in my uncle's hand: "Notice this. Then press—press—explore."

That was all, and the worst of it was that it left me no wiser than before I saw it. "The eleventh hour. Watch the clock." Well, it was ten to eleven now. In ten minutes I would probably discover something, or I would remain ignorant of my uncle's purpose for the rest of my life.

Five to eleven! Three! Two! One! Eleven! No change

in the clock! But what is that black spot under the hour-hand? A button! It wasn't there a minute ago. I pressed it.

Immediately a sort of arrow-headed pivot shot from the side of the clock-case and pointed at a keyhole in one of a row of bookshelves next to the clock. Then both button and pivot disappeared.

I pressed the keyhole, but nothing happened. Then I passed my hand over the woodwork and moulding of the shelf for a hidden spring, but no spring could I find.

Again I pressed the keyhole, but no results. Then becoming angry, I threw my whole weight on it, and the entire row of shelves flew back with a crash, breaking every pane of glass in the row, and scattering books and all over the floor.

But I paid little attention to this. There before me was a staircase, leading I knew not whither. I mounted nine or ten steps and finally reached a room, or, rather, a closet, for the place was not more than three feet high and about nine feet square. In the middle of the room was a large box and on the outside was printed in big black letters, "A Merry Christmas."

I dragged the box down into the library and, after closing up my means of entrance and clearing some of the debris from the floor, started to open the box. In another moment, Louis entered and looking at the library as if it were the most natural thing in the world for it to be in such a state, calmly announced, "A gentleman to see you, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Wouldn't say, sir. Said he had important business with you."

"Well, all right," I replied. "Tell him to wait just a minute." I went and washed before going to the reception room.

My visitor was no other than Henry Bourronais. As I entered he said, "A merry Christmas! you look rather perplexed at seeing me here."

"You would look perplexed, too," I retorted, "if a man for whom you had risked your whole property only to lose it through his fault, were to appear before you when you least expected him."

"But, Frank," he said, "here is the bail and now I'll tell you why I ran away. I am not guilty, but my brother is, and he has a wife and child while I have no one. If I went on trial, I would be questioned under oath and I would have to reveal my brother's

guilt; so I left, as a sort of Christmas gift to him. They will consider me guilty and will never think of accusing anyone else."

Then, before I could stop him, he was gone, leaving his bail in my hands. And I had lost a true friend.

Well, anyhow, I went back to the library and noticing the box, sent for Louis and told him to fetch a chisel and hammer. Finally I pried open the lid of the chest. Inside was a smaller box which opened easily enough, disclosing to my curious, and now happy eyes, hundreds of golden franc pieces.

When they were afterwards counted, there were five hundred thousand francs, a pretty neat fortune. Thus on Christmas morning I received my uncle's wealth which Louis still calls, "The Christmas Gift of the Old Clock."

SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12.



English Public Schools.

THE national, educational system of every nation, is modelled on distinctive lines; the purpose of all is the same—to educate the future generation. Americans are thoroughly familiar with their own public school system, and to mention it is but to recall the free schools of the cities where co-education of the sexes is the rule. In England conditions are different. Rank and birth mean much, and the sons of the common people are educated in the national or “board” schools. The term “Public Schools,” however, designates ten ancient and endowed foundations, Winchester, Eton, Westminster, Harrow, Charterhouse, Rugby, Shrewsbury, St. Paul’s, Christ Hospital and Merchant Taylor’s! There are many schools of lesser note, as in this country, kept by private individuals, and of varying excellence or none at all. It is with public schools, however, that we are to deal.

Why they are called “public,” is hard to understand, and though they are in a certain sense open to all, yet usually only sons of the upper middle class and the gentry are in attendance. Furthermore they require an entrance examination and fee, while the tuition alone amounts to a handsome sum. The students are either scholars or “commoners,” scholars who have earned their position in competitive examinations, and “commoners” or ordinary pupils. One important item is the school government. It constitutes two bodies, the head and house-masters, and the prefects or monitors. It is this monitorial system which we wish to emphasize. The prefects or monitors, are really the governing body, only graver cases being referred to the master. Taken from the highest or sixth form of the school, the boy prefects are at once a part of and yet in a certain sense rulers of, the student body. To them is entrusted the maintenance of discipline. They may punish at discretion but not until the offender has the opportunity of appeal. At first boys were inclined to abuse the privileges given them, and though there has been much criticism and much commendation of the system, for good or ill, the self government of the student body is the great feature of the English public schools. The fagging system is a time-honored custom, the grosser side of which is familiar to every reader of “Tom Brown’s School Days.” Its duties nowadays are

light, the "fags" themselves being the last to complain. Life in English public schools is peculiar to England, and England's public schools have no exact counterpart in this country. Efforts to transplant hither English school methods have met with but indifferent success, and England's public schools will ever remain an exclusively British institution. In the following sketch we shall treat of the most important schools in their chronological sequence or their foundation—Winchester, Eton, Westminster, Rugby, Harrow and Charterhouse.

WINCHESTER.

In the picturesque little city of Winchester, near the banks of the river Itchen, stands England's oldest public school,—Winchester. Though completed in 1394 by William of Wykeham, a famous builder, the buildings at the present day, with but few improvements, are of the same fabric as that first reared by William of Wykeham at the dawn of the English educational system in the 14th century. The very material itself seems changed but little through the lapse of centuries and England's oldest public school still stands, as picturesque and time-hallowed as of yore. Its very motto "Manners Makyth Man," Wykeham's own, seems reflected in the character of its students, who are not demonstrative and dislike anything that savors of display.

Contrary to the usual custom the boys are called "Wykehamists," not after the school, but its founder. At first the statutes provided for a warden, a head-master and several under-officials, but since then the warden and head-master have exchanged their importance until now the head-master is the real head of the school. Times have changed and those early students who attended Winchester in its infancy, certainly underwent rigorous training, and a course of study little calculated to give them time for holidays. They arose early and took breakfast late. Fagging was onerous, the meals were plentiful, but the Juniors who constituted the "fags" had little time to eat. For all of that, Winchester thrived and with its present, more modern equipment, can look back complacently on a long period of prominence among English public schools.

The school itself at first seemed aimed to supply the church and state. Time went on and the Great Plague came and went, leaving its grewsome mark on Winchester. There was the great Civil War with Winchester holding neutral as it had friends on both sides. The eighteenth century saw the College in trouble for supposed

Jacobite tendencies. Later in the century there was a school rebellion, concluded by a treaty. Other rebellions occurred, only to end in the expulsion of the rebels. All these years had seen the growth of the number of "commoners," until in 1860 it became necessary to separate them into smaller communities in charge of a master. This change was needful and instituted with a view to better government. In 1866, Dr. Moberly resigned his head-mastership after a long service of thirty-one years. From that time on, Winchester has changed but little, beyond a few improvements in the buildings and slight reforms in the management and comfort of the students.

In the original course of study, Latin occupied a position of prominence, Greek being introduced a century or so later. As in the other schools, so in Winchester, the classics have ever taken first place, science, mathematics and modern languages being all represented. The course is arranged so as to give the student a liberal education. There is a set plan of studies and hours of study, varying for the winter, summer and "common-time," arranged according to the seasons. In other respects the whole scheme of studies corresponds very much to the ordinary, familiar course of classical education. Then, too, there are prizes given, most of them being annual and consisting of books, or money to be spent in books, with the exception of the two Queen's medals. These are of gold and given for Latin verse or English essay, alternating each year. There are also scholarships to the Universities, in short all the well-known institutions of public schools.

But we cannot dwell on English public schools without mentioning athletics. They are a venerable institution, even proscribed in the college statutes, for in Wykeham's day they entered not into the scheme of learning. The only exercise consisted in a three or four mile walk out into the country, but now—every sport known and dear to the English boy's heart, is represented. Cricket of course, fives, racquets, football, a little boating,—all are flourishing. Cricket is of course predominant, the Eton-Winchester match occupying the place of honor on the card. It seems strange to us to speak of athletics as compulsory but they really have a purpose, for they secure for the boy the exercise needed to support the strain of study.

It would not do to close this sketch without a brief notice of the time-honored customs and "notions" of Winchester. English public school boys cling most tenaciously to their "customs" and the abolition of an old usage has caused more than one rebellion. Every



THE EXCOMMUNICATION.



THE BANISHMENT OF THE FOOL.



"STRIKE, TRAITOR, STRIKE."

public school possesses a complete and private vocabulary of its own which outsiders cannot hope to fathom. Some of the words are possessed in common, and boys of one school can sometimes even understand the dialect of another. It would be hard to define what a "notion" is, the best example being the painful but somewhat amusing practical joke of "toe-fitting." It consisted in selecting some victim in the dormitory who is fast asleep, rolling back the bed clothes sufficiently to attach a string to his big toe and then by a concerted pull, haul the astonished youth struggling out of bed. There are numerous other practices and customs, but the school "dialect" is the most unique. It is a curious assortment of abbreviations, old Latin words and modern English combined. It is hopeless to attempt to fathom it. An outsider, for instance, would scarcely interpret a "thick" as a dunce, or a "jig" a bright boy. Furthermore he would be surprised to learn that "Lords" is the cricket eleven which once played at Lord's cricket ground, London. These "notions" and customs, strange as they may seem, still possess a real meaning for the boys and add a spice and flavor to the thronging events of life in an English public school!

ETON.

Near the banks of the placid Thames, and across from Windsor Castle, stands one of England's most famous public schools—Eton. The buildings, some of which date from the school's foundation, are picturesque in their way, the new buildings lending to, rather than detracting from, the beauties of the old.

Eton is itself a direct product of Winchester, modelled much upon the lines of Wykeham's, the older school. Henry VI., to whom the school owes its origin, intended it to be more complete and on a larger scale, desiring it to be near his palace, hence its location so near to Windsor Castle. Previous to the foundation of Eton, Henry made brief visits to Winchester to enlarge his knowledge and gain new ideas on the subject of public school foundations. While there, he conceived a liking for William of Waynflete the head-master, and when Henry's own school was at last begun in 1440, Waynflete departed from Winchester for Eton. Henry took much interest in his foundation but his stormy reign saw changes in the college and the next period of its history was dark and obscure, until Henry's memory became almost forgotten. The eighteenth century dawned, producing in the school many famous men. There was a rebellion of the upper "forms," and later the first school

paper "The Microcosm" appeared. The nineteenth century produced the famous John Keate, who enjoyed the longest period of head mastership recorded,—twenty-five years. He believed in the "birch" as an efficacious instrument for moral training, proof of which is seen in the rather amusing incident of his putting down an incipient rebellion by flogging nearly ninety boys in one evening. Keate resigned in 1834, being succeeded by Dr. Hawtry. A reformation was instituted but not as sweeping as the school needed, the real reforms occurring under Goodford, his successor. A Royal Commission was finally appointed to make inquiries, their report and suggestions filling several volumes. Since then, the school has undergone a process of change, many old customs being abolished, new courses of study and text-books were adopted, in short Eton was gradually evolving into the Eton of the present day with its enrollment of over a thousand students.

Eton occupies a position of prominence among the royal schools and there are many boys of noble birth in attendance. The number of scholars is limited to seventy, the remainder being "oppidans." The two divisions mingle as harmoniously as can be expected, the scholars having somewhat the better of it in living conditions and a decided advantage in expenses. Dress deserves mention as consisting of the famous Eton jacket or "tails" according to one's size, and a top-hat. At Eton, the tutorial system is in vogue,—the tutors acting as a sort of mentor and teacher combined, correcting exercises before they are handed in, making reports each term of the boys' progress and so on, throughout their term at school. The classics, as usual, occupy first place on the list of studies assigned each week, mathematics and the sciences are duly represented. However famous Eton may be for its learned men, it is far-famed for its athletes and athletics.

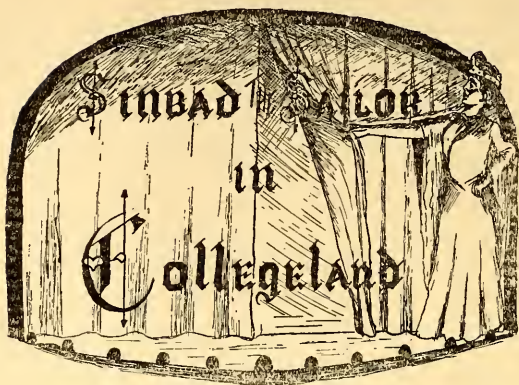
Athletics—the whole subject is so broad one can scarcely choose a definite starting point. Rowing is and has been for a century, Eton's chief pastime. Through its influence the captain of the boats is a greater individual than the captain of the school. Cricket needs hardly to be mentioned. Football, both field and wall games, the latter exclusively peculiar to Eton, is played. The "wall" game deserves mention as it is played under peculiar circumstances and in armor more complete than American gladiators are wont to don. The field, whose length in proportion to its width is about fifteen to one, is bounded on one side by a stone wall, along which most of the game is played. The game and the rules are almost unintelligible

to an outsider, but fascinating to all engaged. Fives or handball is more or less an Eton product, and is extensively played.

Eton has been pictured much in song and story, blamed or praised according to the author's views, but for all of that it is a typical English school. It is an Englishman's greatest pride that he has been a public school boy and the fact gives him a great prestige. Most of England's famous men were public school boys, each school producing its quota, Eton as well as the rest. It may be safely stated, however, that Eton has carved a name for itself on the annals of Great Britain, for among its famous men we read the name of the Duke of Wellington, conqueror of Napoleon and victor of Waterloo.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.





A Satirical Extravaganza.

Scene—A Stage in the College Auditorium.

Time—During the Dress Rehearsal.

ARGUMENT.

The committee on entertainment in Collegeland invited Sinbad the Sailor, a visitor in their land, to attend the dress rehearsal of the annual Christmas play given under the auspices of the Collegeland Dramatic Club. Sinbad accepted, and, accompanied by his faithful companion, Thursday, viewed the rehearsal from a seat in the College Auditorium.

(The curtain rises on a stage set to represent a college hall. It is perfectly bare, save for a table and several chairs, which have been thrown around in careless abandon.)

(Enter Mr. Carter, the Stage Director. He gazes hopelessly about the empty stage and peers into the body of the theater, like a marooned sailor on the lookout for a ship. When he sees that he is alone, he throws up his hands in disgust and apostrophizes his absent cast.)

Mr. Carter.—Well, I must say I am getting thoroughly disgusted with this sort of thing. Rehearsal was set for two o'clock, and here it is quarter after and not a single member of the cast has arrived yet. This is beginning to get on my nerves. If they are as late in getting down to breakfast as they are in getting down to rehearsals they must have to take their breakfast and dinner at the same time. Heigh-ho! Those are woes of a manager's life.

. Song, "THE WOES OF A MANAGER'S LIFE."

I am getting disgusted with life, I confess,
 And I grow more despondent each day.
 For the hardest of tasks which the world ever asks
 Is the problem of staging a play.
 There are always a dozen or more who believe
 They drive Sothern or Drew off the stage,
 And at least half a score who will sorrow and grieve
 That, instead of the lead, they're a page.

CHORUS.

Those are some of the woes of a manager's life;
 There are others too many to mention.
 'Tis a fervid existence of labor and strife,
 With the nerves always strained to a tension.
 Just imagine a hero who knows not his lines,
 Or a villain who laughs at the serious times,
 And a boastful young comic who coaching declines.
 Those are woes of a manager's life.

If I call a rehearsal at prompt eight o'clock,
 Then the cast will appear about ten;
 And the lead has a cold, and the heavy was told
 We could all use our prompt books again.
 The villain's accomplice was called out of town;
 Would I please to excuse him today?
 And the mob in the battle scene stand just as calm
 As a yacht on a breezeless June day.

CHORUS.

Those are some of the woes of a manager's life;
 There are others too many to mention,
 For I talk myself hoarse in the effort, of course,
 To obtain for a time their attention;
 For the pages are stiff, and 'tis equally clear
 If the mob isn't mobbed by the cast 'twill be queer.
 I am happy that Christmas time comes once a year,
 With woes of a manager's life.

(He executes a few steps, while the orchestra draws and quarters a dance. Suddenly he pauses as he sees the villain approach-

ing. The villain enters with all the speed of a funeral cortege, reading a LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Slowly he moves down stage, while the manager gazes upon him with a chilling look. Presently some of the icy waves reach him, and he instinctively turns up his coat collar. Then he looks up from his reading and see Mr. Carter.)

Villain (*in a tone betokening great surprise*).—Why, Mr. Carter, you are on time!

Mr. Carter.—That is a statement which cannot be applied to you.

Villain.—I'm sorry I have kept you waiting, but I was so interested in "My Welcome in the Churches" that I simply couldn't lay it aside. (*Confidentially.*) And, by the way, now that we are alone, would you tell me if you think that I look fierce enough when I say: "Out of my way, you dog."

Mr. C. (*reassuringly*).—Don't worry about that; you certainly look fierce. Now hurry and get into your costume. You'll find it in the third room to your right.

(The heavy smiles with conscious pride, carefully marks the place in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL with a holy picture and departs for the dressing room. Suddenly he reappears.)

VI.—Where are the rest of the cast?

Mr. C.—The other castors are still absent.

VI. (*with a look of supreme disappointment*).—Oh, pshaw! I'm sorry I hustled to get here. (*Exit in righteous indignation.*)

(Several members of the cast now appear at frequent intervals and are rushed into the dressing room, from which comes a babble of voices.)

Voices in the Dressing Room.—Oh, I tell you, fellows, these clothes certainly set off my figure! * * * Oh, my, but you look funny! * * * Who took my boots? * * * See here, you are sitting on my wig! * * * That's my sword. * * * No, it's mine!

(Enter the hero, effervescing rage, with a newspaper in his hand. He sees the manager, rushes forward, brandishing the paper wildly.)

Hero (*in tones of great wrath*).—Will you look at this notice? Everyone connected with the play is mentioned except me. Isn't that enough to drive a fellow off the stage? There, in broad, bold type, are the names of all the principals (*scathing use of the word "principals"*), but not a single letter of mine. And they have pub-

lished pictures of the heavy and the comedian, while mine, which everyone said looked like Hackett, is a minus x. I'm—

Mr. C. (*with an air of great resignation*).—In view of the fact that I have nothing to do with the notice or the pictures, I'm afraid you've come to the wrong complaint department. Besides, you are half an hour late for the rehearsal, and if you don't begin to move in the direction of the dressing room you will be omitted not only from the paper but also from the play.

(*Hero slings away the paper, and departs in high dudgeon.*)

(*Enter orchestra leader, with the score in his hand.*)

Leader.—Can you give me the cue lines for these numbers now?

Mr. C. (*smiling in the consciousness of an easy task*). Certainly. I want a march, something stirring and animated, when the herald says—

(*Re-enter villain, carrying a doublet between his thumb and first finger, as if he was afraid of it. He is clad in a pair of knee trousers and one boot. Wildly he approaches the manager.*)

Villain.—For heaven's sake, how am I to get into this doublet? It doesn't fit me, and I don't believe it ever was intended for me. (*Shoving one arm wildly into a sleeve.*) Why the dickens do you suppose didn't the costumer send me the one I tried on down at the shop?

Mr. C. (*trying vainly to restrain his mirth at the spectacle*).—Possibly if you were to put it on the way the costumer intended it to be worn, it might fit. (*Slips it swiftly on the villain, who gasps in amazement.*) When will you learn that these are buttoned down the back?

Villain (*disgustedly*).—Pshaw! That's just like a girl's shirt-waist. I'll need a couple of fellows to button it for me. I'm no contortionist. (*Scowls disgustedly and departs.*)

Orchestra Leader (*mildly*).—Now, if you please, I should—

Mr. C.—Oh, yes. As I was saying, when the herald cries—

(*Enter villain's accomplice, fully garbed save for a long robe, resembling a table cloth, which he brandishes with the air of a Spanish matador. Seeing Mr. Carter, he rushes upon him with the speed of a hungry boy answering a dinner bell.*)

Villain's Accomplice.—Will you kindly tell me how to put on this confounded blanket?

(*Mr. Carter calls for pins and skillfully fastens the robe on the shoulders of the villain's accomplice. When the task is finished, the V. A. stands off and exclaims*):

V. A.—Do you think these clothes are becoming? You see, there is going to be some one in the audience—that is, I want to look well, because—Oh, bother it, how do I look?

Mr. C. (*enthusiastically and meaningly*). Great, out of sight! (*The last remark had a veiled significance, which the V. A. hastened to obey.*)

Orchestra Leader (*sweetly and patiently*).—Now, if you are not busy, I should like—

Mr. C.—Oh, yes. And when the hero exclaims, “Never, I’ll—”

O. L. (*hastily*).—But would you mind telling me what the herald says?

Mr. C.—I had quite forgotten that. The herald says, “His majesty, the king.”

(*The duo enter into a deep conversation concerning music mysterioso, military, etc., and one by one the company file onto the stage. Enter the juvenile comedy, who touches the villain’s accomplice on the arm and then stands off at some distance.*)

Juvenile Comedy (*proudly*).—How do I look in tights?

V. A. (*scathingly*).—You look as if you were saying, “My, but I wish I had gone in for athletics.”

First Right Citizen to Second Left Ditto (*wistfully*).—I wish they had let me play the lead. I know I could have acted the hero to perfection. But no one ever seems to appreciate my—

Villain (*boastfully*).—You can just wager that I am going to play to the gallery.

Hero (*ditto*).—Well, when one has my appearance he always makes his hit in the boxes.

Hero’s Friend to Villain’s Accomplice.—Say, Jack, will you help me draw this sword, please? I don’t see how under the sun they expect me to kill you with a sword I can’t even pull. That’s it; you take the end of the scabbard and I’ll take the hilt. Now, together; one—two—three—pull.

(*Great exertion by both, ending in a sudden separation of sword from scabbard, and a consequent connection of the stage with the villain’s accomplice and the hero’s friend.*)

Mr. Carter (*rapping on the stage*).—Attention, everyone (*Gradual calm ensues.*) We will now begin the rehearsal with act one. Everyone off the stage except those in this act. All ready? Let her go.

(*The play progresses smoothly until the villain says to the accomplice in a conspirator’s whisper:*

Villain.—But who could have discovered it?

Villain's Accomplice.—His majesty, the king—

(*Loud, martial strains issue forth from the orchestra pit. The stage manager rushes wildly to the footlights, and screams above the clarion notes of "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes"*):

Mr. C.—That is not the place for that march.

Orchestra Leader.—But you said when the herald said, "His majesty, the king—

Mr. C.—I know I did; but he is not the herald; he's the tribune of the people.

O. L. (*grumblingly*).—Well, I knew he was a newspaper man of some sort.

(*The plays again pursues the even tenor of its ways, save for the fact that the hero forgets the "papers," the hero misses his entrance cue, and the comedian tears his costume on a projecting nail. Presently the tavern scene occurs, and the Glee Club, who constitute the mobbers, begin their song, accompanied by the orchestra. After a few moments the manager pounds for silence.*)

Mr. C. (*in sarcastic tones*).—Splendid! Magnificent! You are each doing beautifully, and the only thing you need is the same key for the singers and the instruments. Try it again, and please be a little more sociable; try how getting together would sound.

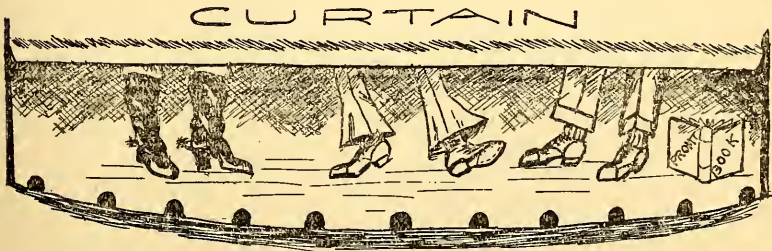
(*They sing again, and this time with considerable success.*)

(*At last the play ends.*)

Mr. Carter (*rather hopelessly*).—Well, if a poor rehearsal foretells a good performance, we are going to have a splendid play. But if it doesn't, the Lord help us—

Sinbad the Sailor (*finishing the sentence*).—And your audience.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.



The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

Christmas.

ANOTHER year is drawing to a close midst the joy and splendor of the Yuletide. Once again Christmas approaches, and we stretch forth our arms to welcome the new-born Saviour. Christmas—what happiness, what holiness is wrapped up in that word. Christmas—in the utterance of that name is contained all that we love and revere in our religion, all that we hold dear in our home, all that we prize in friendship and in companionship with our fellow men. Christmas—the very mention of that word conjures before our minds the holiest, the gladdest and the happiest moments of our lives. For one day the entire Christian world gives itself over to the celebration of the glorious birth of the Saviour; from every quarter of the globe, in one triumphant paean, come the voices of all men, acclaiming the mercy and the mildness of the humble King. In accord with the sentiments of the season, therefore, the staff of the COLLEGIAN extend to their subscribers, to their advertisers and to all their friends to whom they owe so much, their heartiest wishes that all the graces and joys of a holy, happy Christmas may be their lot.

D. A. L.

Just a Word.

THE FOOTBALL season has come and gone; the followers of Maroon and Gold can undoubtedly be proud of their team, which brought so much glory upon themselves and upon the institution

which it represents. The glory of victory does not belong to the members of the team alone, but to the students whose enthusiasm cheered them on to success. In our football contests this year, when our opponents were nearing our goal, our line was weakening and our backs were giving in, with defeat staring us in the face, it was the cheers of encouragement from the student body that inspired our players to put forth their best efforts and win.

Our paper, the COLLEGIAN, especially needs our support. It is the advertisers that make the publication possible; then let us be as loyal to them as they are to us.

Hunting "ads" is the hard feature in journalism, for the ire of some men is aroused when asked, "May I see the advertising manager?" Experience has taught the writer to wear a pleasant smile and when they open the door, gratefully to make his escape. I do not mention this to discourage anyone from soliciting "ads," but to show the hard proposition we face unless our readers lend their support by subscribing and patronizing those who ask your trade.

The baseball season will soon be at hand and the team will expect your support; then show the same loyalty to the diamond artists as you did to the gridiron warriors and we may rest assured that the members of this team will possess the same spirit of "always on top—never to stop."

G. J. A.

College Emblems.

It is surprising how few students have College Emblems. The new boys cannot be blamed but those who have attended College for three or four years and have not even asked if there was such a thing as an Emblem of their College, have no one but themselves to blame.

Many College students are adorned with the insignia of other clubs and societies. Who ever saw a boy ashamed to wear a political button; why then be ashamed to wear the Emblem of your College?

The Emblem itself is a simple gold button bearing the coat of arms of the Loyolas and the College colors, Maroon and Gold.

Let us hope that the number of loyal students of St. Ignatius, who are not ashamed to wear the outward sign of true College Spirit, will increase.

E. A. S.

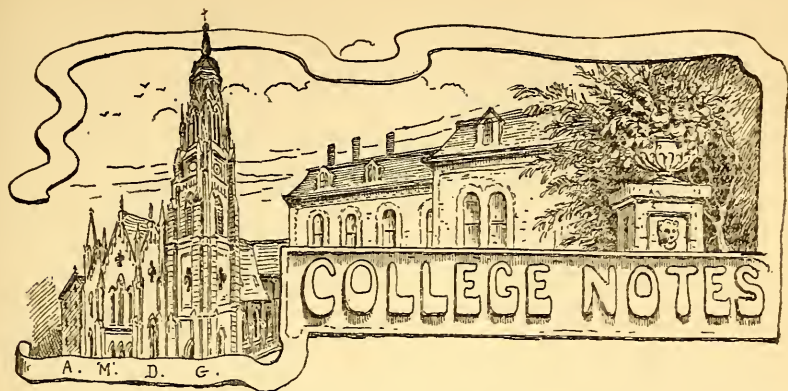
Knockers.

IN the days of our fore-fathers, mechanical and electrical door-bells were unknown and unheard-of luxuries. The handsome, oak, front-doors were guarded by huge, bronze, knockers, very ponderous affairs and capable of obtaining an immediate answer. Very comfortable, self-complacent affairs they were too, their bronze heads catching and reflecting the glow of the afternoon sun. And do you remember how you had to tip-toe to reach them? Knockers have not perished; they still exist, but oh! of a very different sort, called critics in the flesh! They form a class by themselves with whom we come into daily contact. They exist in all walks of life but we shall deal exclusively with the kind that infest College. They usually have a grievance, and their grievances, fancied or otherwise, often arise from trivial causes. Very often it is a disgruntled and unsuccessful "team-candidate." Again, it is a student whose name decorates the "failure" list. But whosoever they be, their object is one and the same,—nothing but knock, knock, knock! They can see little good in most things, only the shortcomings. College societies are a bore, tickets for athletic contests or college dramatics an insufferable nuisance, anything in which they are not immediately concerned—unworthy of notice. Their interest in the school's welfare is but lukewarm and whatever college spirit they ever possessed is dulled by their constant—knock, knock, knock!

They are a burden to their classmates and to everyone else, and yet they cannot see why "everyone is down on them!" Criticism and sarcasm, spelled in capitals, are their main forte, and how lavishly they bestow them. It at last becomes intolerable and someone brings them sharply to their senses, when they possibly reform.

T. Q. B.





Christmas is supposedly the time when we are all supremely happy, and jolly good-cheer is warming every heart. Good old Santa is chuckling with anticipation of his coming visit to roguish little elves, who fall asleep watching for his coming. It is Christmas time again and we can almost fancy hearing in the pealing bells the sweet refrain, "Peace on earth, good will towards men." Christmas vacation is close at hand and college boys are eagerly looking forward to good times to come. It is therefore with kindness in its heart and good-will towards its readers that THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN wishes you one and all "A Merry Christmas."

School life, the second quarter, has been fruitful of many interesting events. There was the Jubilee celebration, the Retreat, the Thanksgiving concert, and especially the football game, the coming play and a number of equally interesting events. Half of the school year, approximately, is over, and there is another half yet to come. But the present is "sufficient unto the day," and in the madness and gladness of Christmas time, we think but of the present, letting the future provide for itself.

Perhaps the first event of the quarter was the annual Retreat, held during the first week of November. The Retreat for the college and high-school classes was conducted by THE RETREAT. Father Henry Moeller, S. J., former provincial of the Missouri province. That for the grammar classes was given by Father Breen, S. J. Father Moeller has the reputation of being a gifted and talented orator, and during the Retreat assuredly sustained his reputation. Father Moeller labored earnestly to bring home the real meaning and spirit of the retreat. His talks were simple and straightforward, and the general conduct of the students was very gratifying to all concerned. That the

Retreat was a success seemed proven when, at the mass which closed it, almost the whole school approached Holy Communion in a body.

Though the June issue was, strictly speaking, the "COLLEGIAN'S" Jubilee number, it may not be amiss in passing to say a few words about the Jubilee itself. Most of the students are familiar with the history of the Jesuits in Chicago, THE JUBILEE. as published in our pages for the last two years. Though the Jesuit parish is a half-century old and was founded in 1857, St. Ignatius College was not erected until 1869. It will be twelve years before, in 1919, we can celebrate our own Golden Jubilee, before St. Ignatius College can look back upon fifty years of existence. What changes time will make cannot be prophesied for certain, but if Catholic educators accomplish their desire there will then be a Catholic university in Chicago, gracing the site on the lake shore, purchased two years ago.

From statistics recently gathered and compiled, old St. Ignatius is to the fore in the number of students enrolled. The numbers were taken up to the first of October, 1907.

LARGE ATTENDANCE. Every school in the Missouri province is on the list, and the attendance for the same period in 1906 is also given, St. Ignatius being ahead both years, as is shown by the following tables:

	October, 1907,	1906.
St. Ignatius	581	566
St. Xavier	424	386
St. Mary's	398	358
St. Louis	397	382
Creighton	334	316
Marquette	327	299
St. Ignatius (Cleveland).....	320	
Detroit	233	237
St. John's	217	
S. Heart	114	

The above figures include only attendance in the undergraduate departments. Post-graduate students at Creighton, Marquette and St. Louis Universities are not enumerated.

A literary feature of the past quarter was a rendition of Shakespear's tragedy of "Hamlet." This drama was interpreted on Mon-

day, Nov. 11th, in the students' library, by Mr. SHAKESPEARE C. E. W. Griffith. The audience was composed of READING. the students of the college classes. Mr. Griffith is a Shakespeare reader of national fame. In the "heavy" passages, Mr. Griffith was accompanied on the violin by Mr. Frank Winter, this feature enhancing the rendition greatly.

Mr. Griffith prefaced his rendition with a few remarks on Shakespeare's plays, declaring they must be seen to be appreciated and were intended, not to be read, but acted. He further declared that a reader could but partially reproduce them, and that an actor was required to expand their beauties. The reading was excellent and the portrayal vivid, the rendition meeting with earnest and enthusiastic applause. In the intermission before the last two acts, the audience was favored by several well rendered and heartily applauded solos on the violin by Mr. Winter. Mr. Griffith then resumed his reading, at its conclusion being greeted by a storm of applause. He smilingly responded with a short address, expressive of his pleasure in reading at the college. Turning to the subject of great poets he eulogized Shakespeare for his masterpieces and also spoke of Homer. His remarks on the latter were quite relevant and much appreciated. In conclusion Mr. Griffith indirectly and modestly disclaimed the excellency of his own reading, declaring that no man could read and do justice to any of Shakespeare's immortal masterpieces.

On Tuesday morning, November 19, at 9 o'clock, in Holy Family Church, was celebrated the annual requiem high-mass for the deceased professors and students of St. Ignatius College. All the college students attended in a body. Fr. John A. Weiland celebrated mass, assisted by Fr. Wm. H. Trentman and Mr. S. H. Horine, S. J. Fr. Cassilly preached the sermon.

We will not encroach upon the columns of the society and music editors further than to announce two college events occurring on November 20 and December 7, respectively. One was the annual Thanksgiving concert and the other a reception of new members into the Junior Sodality.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 19th, after dismissal, the students were invited to attend a stereopticon lecture on Kingston and the Jamaica earthquake. The lecture was given in the college hall under the auspices of the Chrysostomian De-

EARTHQUAKE LECTURE.

bating Society. Fr. Synnott, its director, in a few well chosen words introduced the lecturer, Fr. Patrick Mulry, S. J. Fr. Mulry, a Jesuit missionary, was stationed at Kingston at the time of the quake and so was enabled to describe it graphically. The first part was devoted mainly to a verbal description and scenic reproduction of Jamaica, and the city of Kingston especially, while the latter part of the lecture consisted mainly of views of the city after the calamity. Fr. Mulry also shed some light on the "American sailors" incident, stating it occurred through a misunderstanding. The lecture was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience assembled.

The first part of the quarter has been spent looking forward to, and the latter part in looking back upon those bugbears of the college year—the specimens! Verily it hath been a time of trepidation and preparation, and now that it is all over a sigh of thankful relief has gone up, for "we have met the enemy and they are ours."

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10



The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is on the left, with a large, ornate initial "M" that incorporates a treble clef and a violin. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is on the right, with a large, ornate initial "S" that incorporates a lyre. The entire title is embellished with detailed illustrations of musical instruments, including a trumpet, a saxophone, and a drum set, as well as various types of foliage and leaves. Below the word "Song", the initials "A. M. D. G." are printed in a small, simple font.

Music and Song

A. M. D. G.

Roast turkey, steaming plum pudding and pumpkin pie all have their significant meaning and enjoy considerable popularity towards the latter part of November, but an event that is of greater import to the college boy than any of these festival delicacies is the annual Thanksgiving Concert. This event marks the opening of the music season and hence is awaited with much interest. The Glee Club, Orchestra and Choir make their appearance in brilliant song and lilting strains, and, needless to say, clever jests. We are delighted to chronicle that the entertainment this year was a brilliant success, thanks to our diligent genii. The Orchestra, as usual, fittingly opened the programme with a descriptive fantasia on the time-worn drinking song called "The Night's Frolic." The clock strike, the flying dance and the rooster's crow were all interpreted in lilting, harmonic strains and demanded an encore. Professor Hutter, capable instructor, played the beautiful theme from Verdi's "Lucia de Lammermoor" with excellent technique and expression. His interpretation of the opera themes are pleasing, but this proved the best of his repertoire. The capable young soprano, Master E. Spiegel, who is ever given to the "Ave Marias" and "Starry Nights" that have difficult trills, sang Luzzi's song in praise of the Virgin, and showed us, in a delightful manner, that his voice has not lost any of its old time warmth and sympathy. He responded with the unsurpassed "Last Rose of Summer" à la Patti. We hope Master Spiegel, like the gifted "queen of song," will sing many farewells to us with the Moore classic.

Luckily the stage of the college hall is large and spacious, for if it were not so we fear the Academic Choir would be forced to issue their unctuous tones from the floor of the Auditorium. Even as it was the boys with difficulty arranged themselves on the platform to sing McDonnell's "Merry Sound." The ever popular "Shannon Waltzes," from the pen of W. C. Powell, was next played by

the Orchestra and then we received a very welcome surprise in the person of Master W. Doody, a new "find" in the soprano ranks. Investigation has shown us that Master Doody possesses an enviable reputation in Chicago musical circles, but we were not aware that he attended our college. The young gentleman possesses a voice of remarkable flexibility and strength. The high notes ring true and clear; the lower ones possess an abundance of feeling and expression. Teresa del Riego's "Slave Song" and "Oh Dry Those Tears" received an excellent rendition in his hands. After a portion of the choir labeled "select" told us of the joy spring holds, that irresistible crowd of "song birds," the Glee Club, amidst the thunderous applause of the student body, mounted the stage and, in their gallant style, gave a programme of about ten minutes that comprehended songs, jokes and jests. We need have no fear of the capability of our Glee Club this year. Although the members are almost all new recruits to the ranks, they have caught the dash and spirit that makes a singing body successful and are therefore doing some really excellent work. "The Sword of Uncle Sam" and "Ba! Ba! Black Sheep" were sung and "Our College Cheer," by request. "The Eagle's Nest," a dramatic overture by Adam Geibel, was played as a fitting finale to the excellent programme, and, as the boys poured out of the hall, we heard some of the smaller ones remark that they enjoyed the concert much better than a holiday, and this is saying a great deal.

The annual election of officers of the College Orchestra was held a few weeks ago. Bernard P. Wertz was elected president and Harry Fuelgraf was made treasurer.

J. FRANCIS QUINN, '09.



PASSIM

*All hail to the season of mirth and of laughter,
When the mistletoe hangs from the door and the rafter,
When a jest goes before and a shout follows after,
And everyone's glad that he's living and here.
When loudly the toasts to our friendship are ringing,
And the old and the young lend a voice in the singing;
When presents and toys to our loved ones we're bringing,
All hail to the merriest time of the year.*

Once more have we entered upon the glad and happy time of Christmas, and therefore let us be most grateful. Christmas always appealed to me as a time of laughter, festivity and rings. Rings? Haven't you noticed that? Of course you have; look about you. The churches, in adoration, ring their bells; the jester, in laughter, rings his bells; the lover, in rapture, rings his belle; and as a climax, the father, in sorrow, wrings his hands, at the sight of the bills. Christmas is, moreover, an oasis in the desert of the school-year; it is, to change the figure, a bright and pleasant island, set in an ocean of holidays. It is especially the time when it is more blessed to give than to receive, but when he who fails to receive wishes he had his presents back. It is the season which puts the proverbial crimp in the family exchequer, and which pays for the golden rule in "gold certificates." It is the time of mistletoe, of holly, of lights, of pomp, of festivity; it is, in fine, the season of holiness and joy. And therefore, let us be grateful.

The Editor ran his fingers wildly through that portion of his hair which hangs, as some one has said, curtain like, over his right eye, and a deep sigh beginning in the region of his inner-soles percolated through his system and out on the ink-laden air,

If ever in the history of College journalism, an editor had been utterly devoid of ideas, that was the case of this distracted scribbler. Every avenue to which he turned his eyes seemed to be guarded by some sturdy predecessor or contemporary who held up his hand in menace and exclaimed: "Stand back; 'tis mine!" So the Editor ran his hand through his hair, not once, but many times, and besought the muse of literature, whoever that fickle maiden may be, to look with favor on his humble effort, and to help him by furnishing an idea.

Suddenly, ah helpful thought! an idea popped into his head; popped, and like a pop-corn flake, expanded.

"Why," said the Editor to himself, "since every by-way and high-way of verse, fiction or history, is being trodden by a vigilant artillery-man of the typewriter, shall I not try something which lies off the beaten path, or in other words, why not open a new street? We will take a page from the Editor's note book."

He sat again at the table, and with much clipping and pasting compiled

A PAGE FROM AN EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

If Authors Told the Truth.

Have you ever, tired and tiresome reader, pictured to yourself what a most peculiar world the world of literature would be if authors told the truth? Have you ever thought, as the hero rushes, unharmed, through an inferno of flames or plunges into the heat of a pitched battle only to come forth unscathed, how different the tale would have been, had the author not been, to a certain extent, the follower of Munchausen? It has often occurred to me, especially when I have read of the wonderful deeds of the hero of the College, who without any previous experience leaps into the field and wins the game for the team. It was owing to the consideration of this fact, that I decided to write something which, as far as I can see, might really have happened. With this little explanation and apology, I beg to introduce

STEPHEN HARRISON, SCRUB.

Stephen Harrison was what the fellows termed a weakling. He was tall, perhaps too tall, large boned, and loose limbed, but through lack of exercise his muscles were almost wholly undeveloped. When Harrison entered Forker University, as a freshman, the football coach saw him in the distance, and thinking him

a possibility at End, inspected him from head to foot, felt his muscles, sounded his chest, and finally shook his head and strolled off with the one expressive monosyllable, "Weak."

That freshman year was the most awful year of Harrison's life. For some reason, trivial, no doubt, but nevertheless present, his classmates took a supreme dislike to him, omitted him from all their games and even from their annual "Rush" with the Sophs., and designated him by the scathing epithet, "The Babe."

But that year was not without its effect on Harrison, and beneath the apparently submissive manner in which he took the slights and insults, was a deep-set, firm determination to remove that appellation, to become strong, and to prove himself a man. So when school was dismissed in the spring, Harrison packed his belongings, wrote a long letter to his mother in New York, and set out for the lumber camps of Michigan.

Stephen Harrison, bred in the lap of refinement and luxury, spent that summer in the laborious work of a Michigan lumberman. For three long months he toiled with the giant logs, till he could feel his muscles swelling, not much, it is true, but swelling nevertheless. And at night, he would lie in his bunk, too tired to sleep, and picture himself back at college, and (Oh, marvelous hope of youth!) on the foot-ball team.

When the fall term opened, Harrison returned to College, bronzed by the suns and the winds, a trifle broader than before, and a trifle less stooped; and to the surprise of everyone, he presented himself as a candidate for the foot-ball team. For three months he played on the scrubs, which is a name applied to eleven men who are pounded and battered that the varsity team may be strengthened. For three months he was rushed and thrown, bucked and kicked, until it seemed to him that not a bone was left intact in his frame. But he was learning the game, learning it not from books, but from the bitter school of experience.

When the foot-ball season was over, every day saw him in the gymnasium lifting weights, pulling the ropes, punching the bag, and performing the most tiresome and monotonous feats. But all the while the muscles were expanding, and "The Babe" was content.

At the close of the spring term, Harrison again sallied forth into the wilds of Michigan, and for another three months, he wrestled with the mighty trees, tackled the giant timbers and downed huge logs in their tracks. But ever in his brain was the

ceaseless urging, "Work means strength, so work harder, work harder."

The first two months of his Junior year were but a repetition of the former year. He saw men who had played on the scrubs by his side advanced to the varsity, and these took up the work of pounding, mauling and falling on Harrison and his patient team mates. But all this while the coach was watching, and he saw the grim determination of "The Babe," and he saw moreover, that he was gradually mastering the plays. So one day in a scrimmage with the varsity, Harrison broke through the line for a touchdown. When the practice was over, the coach came up to Harrison, laid his hand on his arm and said:

"You are going to get a place on the varsity team next year, Babe."

And Harrison was happy.

The following summer, Harrison went again to the lumber camp, and worked with redoubled energy to strengthen himself, and to fit himself for the varsity. He toiled unceasingly, and when the summer was over, he felt that he was at last worthy for a place on the team.

There was a general air of gloom hanging over the campus of Forker University and Harrison felt it as he walked from the train. Several students nodded to him from a distance, but none offered to shake his hand, or inquire after his health. His steps, almost unconsciously, led him in the direction of the gymnasium, and he mounted the stone steps and entered the familiar hall. In one end of the corridor hung the Athletic Bulletin Board, and toward it Harrison instinctively wended his way, and began reading the different notices placed upon it.

Suddenly he turned pale, and his face took on the look of a man who has suddenly been confronted with a ghost. He gasped, stretched forth his hand to steady himself against the wall, and half choked, half sobbed:

"And so, my three years' struggle to acquire a college education is gone!"

Slowly he raised his head, and unsteadily re-read the notice which had so upset him.

"Foot-ball will be permanently discontinued in Forker University, by the agreement of the board of control."

MRS. SHERLOCK HOLMES' SURMISES.

He had often remarked he was fond of his wife,
 So he bought her a diamond ring;
 And said: "I will give her the gift of her life,"
 When he bought her a diamond ring.
 He had joined a new club he had always desired,
 And had purchased the trotter he'd always admired;
 He had played quarter poker until he was tired,
 So he bought her a diamond ring.

He told her on Christmas, with pride in his voice
 That he'd bought her a diamond ring.
 And it pleased her to think that a gem was his choice,
 That he'd bought her a diamond ring.
 But his wife was astute, and she whispered; "Oh, dear!
 There is something he's done that is wicked I fear;
 'Tis a bribe he is giving, that surely is clear,
 When he bought me a diamond ring."

SOME VERY OLD STORIES, WITH NEW ENDINGS.

STUNG.

He was a guide old and grim, and he eyed the "tender-foot" with considerable disdain.

"So you've come out west to hunt?" he inquired.

"I have," replied the tender-foot.

"Well, I'll guide you, if that's what you want," he said, and looked the new-comer over from head to foot, taking in at a glance the fashionable hunting clothes, his natty gun-case, and the camera strapped on his back. "I guess I might as well take a chance on getting shot now as any time."

It was on the second day out that they spied their first deer. The guide pointed out the wary animal and hastened to the shelter of a neighboring tree. The hunter took aim, and his gun began slowly to describe a semi-circle until to the guide's horror it was almost on a level with the tree behind which he had hidden. There was a sharp report, and almost at the same instant the guide felt a stinging sensation in the calf of his left leg. There was a wild yell from both the hunter and the guide, and the former tore up the hill in the direction in which he had fired, while the former rolled over and over on the ground.

Yes, inquisitive reader, he had shot the deer, but the guide was writhing in agony with a hornet's sting in his leg.

A SUMMER IDYL.

They stood side by side on the banks of the stream. The man was a typical city fisherman, equipped with all that was new and improved in the line of fishing apparatus. The boy, on the other hand, was a typical country lad of some twelve summers, and an even dozen of each of the other seasons, and balanced in his hand a long slender branch of a willow to which was attached a piece of pack-thread and a bent pin. They had been fishing some time in silence when the man turned to the boy and said:

"That's a fine outfit you have there, Isaac."

"My name is William," corrected the boy.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," laughed the man; "I thought it was Issac Walton. Honestly, sonny, do you expect to catch anything with that arrangement?"

"Well, I usually gets something," answered the boy confidently.

There was another deep silence which was broken by the flapping of a perch which the boy pulled from the water, much to the surprise of the fisherman. 'Twas late in the afternoon, when the ill-mated pair pulled their lines out of the water for the last time, and when they started for home the boy—please don't interrupt, impatient reader,—had twenty-five less than the man.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE YELLOW PERIL.

"I am sorry, sir," said the Japanese shop-keeper, and his eye lighted with a curious gleam; "but I cannot sell you that dagger."

"But," persisted the curio hunter, turning the ivory handled dagger over in his hand, "I want it very much; more than I care to say, and I am willing to pay you proportionally."

"I cannot sell it," repeated the Jap.

"Then, why can't you?" inquired the hunter with some impatience. "There must be something besides a mere monetary value attached to it."

"There is," replied the Jap; "and since you have shown such an interest in the dagger, I will tell you. That is the dagger which I found buried deep in the body of my brother, when we lay encamped on the shores of the Yula." And forthwith he proceeded to pour into the curious ear of the curio hunter a tale which had the dagger for its central object, so weird, so fantastic, and

so filled with Oriental superstition that at its close, the hunter sat bound in silence. Presently he said:

"Your tale has added to my desire for the dagger. I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

"I cannot sell it," said the Jap.

"I'll give you fifty." The Jap shook his head.

"Seventy-five?" The shop-keeper remained obdurate.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, but not a cent more."

The Jap's narrow eyes grew even narrower than before, and he said:

"Sir, you have been my patron; take it; the dagger of my fathers is yours."

As the door of the shop closed behind the curio hunter, the Jap called to his assistant:

"John, order another dozen of those ivory handled daggers, when the agent calls again; I just sold the last one for one hundred dollars."

LOST—A GAME.

I thought one day
To while away
The hours, I'd play
The game of love.

My partner rare
I chose with care;
Ah, she was fair
As turtle dove.

With diamond ring
Her heart I'd bring;
I'd be her king,
My queen so fair.

But, lack-a-day!
She turns away.
I find I play
At solitaire.

TAKE A WALK.

When you're feeling mighty blue,
Take a walk.

When you're angry through and through,
Take a walk.

When the world all seems to be
Cheating, robbing openly,
Grit your teeth, and hurriedly,
Take a walk.

When the umpire cries, "Four balls!"
Take a walk.

"Out on first!" When thus he calls,
Take a walk.

When he says; "That's all from you;
Stop your kicking; that will do;
Off the diamond, hurry, too!"
Take a walk.

When a fellow calls you names,
Take a walk.

When you bear another's blames,
Take a walk.

When you feel inclined to do
Anything you oughtn't to,
Shut your eyes; it's best for you.
Take a walk.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





The pig-skin is placed on the shelf for another year now after nobly performing its duty to St. Ignatius College. The team of 1907 has been disbanded with all the honor and glory due FOOTBALL to conquering heroes. This year's team will, in after years, be referred to as "*The team*" or "nought seven's great team," and this will be rightly done. We humbly apologize for a statement made in the last issue of this paper to the effect that "as it is a very light team this year we cannot expect overmuch of it." Indeed in all our wildest dreams we could not even dare hope for such victories or football laurels as have been showered upon S. I. C. by such a machine of individual and collective stars. In the following list of games we will skip over those games which were in our class because we defeated them so easily and we give special mention to those teams which outweighed us because they bring into prominence the dogged determination and staying qualities of our representatives.

On October 5th Calumet High School was defeated on the Campus by the score of 21 to 0 with Doyle, Higgins and Shea of the backfield starring.

THE CRANE GAME

On Saturday, October 26th, the Crane Manual Training School game took place at Lawndale Park. For weeks before this game our players were confidentially told what a terrible drubbing was in store for them. It takes nerve to tackle anything when the best that is offered to you is ignominious defeat, but we tackled Crane and the eyes of the spectators were opened wide at the playing of the team. At best we were conceded an even break and no one, not even the coach, would grant the poor fellows the possibility of

victory; but of course this was in the early part of the season, and no one knew the team at that time. Hundreds of loyal students turned out to see this game, for it was the first big game of the season. Crane outweighed us considerably, in fact, their line was so heavy that we resorted to the forward pass, and the manner in which this play was worked was nothing short of phenomenal. During the second half straight football was used, and the way our men tore up that line, nonplussed the backs and broke up plays even before they were started was amazing. The best Crane could get from us was a field goal, and they resorted to this only when they realized, though reluctantly, that it was useless to try to break up our defense. Kevin must be specially mentioned here for his superior tackling. The final count was 16 to 4. The line-up:

Herman	R. E.	Massek, Lilfer
Heeney	R. T.	Glic
Kozlowski	R. G.	Butyon
McNamara	C.	Mack
Clancy	L. G.	Marback
Dolan	L. T.	Lane
Rylands	L. E.	Bleck
Kevin	O. B.	Sawyer
Shea	R. H. B.	Lipski
Lynch	L. H. B.	Cowan, Mattmiller
Doyle	F. B.	Lively

Referee—Finnegan. Umpire—Olson. Headlinesman—Dunn. Goals—Doyle (1). Touchdowns—Doyle (2), Kozlowski. Twenty-minute halves.

THE LAKE FOREST GAME.

Flushed with this victory, we next traveled to Lake Forest to play that team. We had a very pleasant time—going to the village. After seeing the train depart, a young man remarked that their team was far too heavy for us, and that we were due for a drubbing, but we haughtily waved such remarks aside, having heard them before the Crane game; but we forgot to make allowance for our being in strange territory. We reached the grounds and there caught a glimpse of our enemies. They were about the best set-up crowd of young men it has been our pleasure to meet this season. All were well built, tall and husky, all bone and muscle, without a bit of unnecessary flesh on them, and it was like bucking

a stone wall to try to plunge through them. But our fellows like to buck stone walls, so they kept at them for thirty minutes. Time and time again our boys would be held when they needed but a yard more to make the necessary ten. But although the score doesn't show it, the team played one of its best games against Lake Forest. It took an excessive supply of nerve to stand up and try to stop those beefy rushes. It wasn't that we didn't play our usual game or that we played poorly, but we were merely outclassed, and our fate was evident from the start. Although it was discouraging to see all our plays broken up, especially our pet forward pass, which was so effective against Crane, yet the boys stuck to it and never for a moment gave up hope of at least scoring. During the first five minutes of play we rushed them off of their feet, but after that every man of our team was injured in some way or other. Kevin, who played a star game and whose great tackling astounded the home crowd, was injured in the first half, while Herman went to quarter for the second half. We used every man on the team, substitutes and all, but to no avail. They trimmed us to the tune of 66 to 4. A student standing near remarked: "If these young gentlemen (they don't say "fellows" or "kids" in Lake Forest, even though they are great football players) can't beat us in football they can certainly defeat us in baseball." No doubt he had in mind the 13 to 1 score of last season. The line-up:

Herman	R. E.	Monier
Heeny	R. T.	Vale
Kozlowski	R. G.	North
McNamara	C.	DeBronkard
Clancy	L. G.	Cargill
Dolan	L. T.	Smith
Rylands	L. E.	Haines
Kevin	Q. B.	Crosby
Lynch	R. H. B.	Miller
Shea	L. H. B.	Bishop
Doyle (Capt.)	F. B.	Hotchkins (Capt.)

Touchdowns—Hotchkins (4), Miller (4), Bishop (3). Goals—DeBronkard (11). Goal from field—Doyle. Referee—Scott. Umpire—Graber. Halves, 25 minutes.

On Saturday, Nov. 23d, Central Y. M. C. A. visited us, and then departed with 31 to 0 chalked up against them. Herman starred in this game.

MARQUETTE ACADEMY GAME.

On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, a mass-meeting was called, at which great enthusiasm was shown by the entire student body. It was held in the large hall, and songs and yells were practiced for the Thanksgiving Day game. The songs were all composed by students, who wrote words to the popular airs. Speeches were made by all the members of the team, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Immense college spirit was aroused by Doyle's speech, which closed the meeting.

Finally Thanksgiving Day arrived, and with it the famous eleven from Milwaukee, Wis. This was the banner game of the year. All the others simply prepared the team for this game. It was a glorious day in two senses. A shiver passed down our back when we saw the champions from Milwaukee on the field, for they slightly outweighed us. But what cared our representatives? Was it not Thanksgiving? It would be wrong for us to say anything which would lead to the idea that Marquette was easy. Far be it from us to say that we had the game beforehand. On the contrary, if Marquette had asked us for the game beforehand, we would have told them that they could have it, but with as low a score as possible. And then to win in such a handy fashion! Yes, it *was* Thanksgiving! Kevin, the bright star of a crowd of particularly bright stars, was the hero of the game. Time and time again we were held and time and time again we held, although they only had a few yards to gain. Once our star little quarter, that one-hundred-and-twenty-pound man, broke away and made a thirty-yard run for a touch-down, and Capt. Doyle promptly kicked goal. Again the same young man broke away and ran eighty-five yards through a broken field for another touch-down, and Doyle added one more with his trusty boot. Every man on the team starred and this the 12-0 score easily shows. Doyle's kicking was a feature.

On the kick-offs, especially after he had warmed up, Doyle booted the ball the whole length of the field once, even sending it beyond the Marquette goal line. His punts also were phenomenal and sufficient praise cannot be given to the team for the manner in which they went down the field for these punts, many times downing the man in his tracks.

The St. Ignatius line-up to this time had made an enviable record, but in this game it surpassed itself. It was a stone wall.

The Marquette team had a peculiar formation, which completely bewildered our team for the first five minutes of play. Then the line solved it and every time they would let the interference through and then close up and get the man with the ball without the gain of a foot. It was a game which made those who think that Catholic colleges quarrel more on an athletic field than do other schools feel sort of down-hearted. Mr. Hugo Bezdek, coach of the Chicago University team, referee of the game, and an impartial observer, spoke in the highest praise of both teams, their great playing, their gentlemanly behavior and excellent team work. The line-up:

St. I. C.—		Marquette—
Herman	R. E.....	Kinney
Lynch	R. T.....	Mullaney
Koslowski	R. G.....	Newman (Capt.)
Dolan	C.	Steglebauer
Clancy	L. G.....	Snyder
Heeney	L. T.....	DeVitt
Brown	L. E.....	McGreal
Kevin	Q.	Smith
Rylands	R. H. B.....	Linden
Higgins	L. H. B.....	Caldwell
Doyle	F. B.....	Morgenrauth

Touch-downs — Kevin (2). Goals — Doyle (2). Referee — Bezdek, Chicago University. Umpire—Jennings, Marquette University. Headlinesman—Finnegan. Time of halves—Thirty and twenty-five minutes.

In such a blaze of glory ended the 1907 football season, and a profitable one it was. Enough praise cannot be given to Coach Graber, who turned out such a machine to represent us, although in the beginning of the season it was feared he had rather poor material. We only hope he will do as well with the baseball team next season.

In a former issue of this paper we exhorted the students to get out and support their team. They have nobly done their duty. At the Crane game about three hundred turned out and at the Marquette game the whole six hundred were present. The total attendance at that game exceeded any that ever attended a college game here. It numbered three thousand people.

Now that this football spasm is over we can turn our whole attention to the annual gymnasium exhibition, which will be held during the last part of February or the first part of MARCH. It promises to be a very good exhibition, as there is an abundance of talent to pick the participants from. All who can do anything in the gymnastic line should hand in their names as soon as possible, as practice will start in a few days. Mr. Mohanna Malaik, the capable instructor, has issued a call for all students gymnastically inclined and will start his classes as soon as possible. Anyone with the intention of trying for the baseball team in the spring should accept this chance to put himself in good physical condition for the spring try-out.

Mr. Mahan, with the closing of the football season, diligently set to work to organize a basket-ball team worthy of representing St. Ignatius. It was a surprise to see the number of stars who turned out, for this is only the second year basket-ball has been played in the college. In order to give everyone a chance to show his ability, Mr. Mahan formed two leagues—a major and minor league. The major league has four teams, under Captains Amberg, Byrne, McCullough and Maroney. The minor league has six teams contesting for the championship, under Captains Laughlin, Nolan, McCue, Leiback, McNulty and McDonough. The league games take place every noon hour and on three evenings of the week. The best players from these leagues will be picked as the college team.

JOHN P. HOWARD, '08.





The annual banquet of the Alumni is usually held in the Fall. This year the Executive Committee decided to postpone it. The date will be seasonably announced.

The annual business meeting and election of officers will take place in January.

The Alumni Editor will be pleased to receive items of interest concerning old students.

The following clipping from the New World will be read with interest by the many friends of William A. Kannally, Philosophy, 1902, who still resides in his old home at Sterling, Illinois:

"William A. Kannally, Grand Knight of Sterling Council, K. of C., recently delivered a lecture in Morrison for the benefit of St. Mary's Church. His topic was 'The Beautiful,' and the treatment of that broad subject was a revelation to the favored many who heard him. The beauties of nature with which he began, were but stepping stones to that higher spiritual beauty, with which the world, though all unmindful of it, abounds. Through the great panorama of quiet nature, the pleasant fields and deep forests and majestic mountains, on to the ever widening plains of history, strewn with the unfading pearls of man's heroic deeds for his fellow-man, he passed, his theme leading ever upward till it stood forth completed in the vision of that supernal beauty immolated on Calvary. It was an epic poem, rather than a lecture; rich in imagery, forceful in illustration, filled with the fire of action, and delivered with that intense earnestness that could come only from one who felt deeply. All in all, it was the most charming lecture ever delivered in this city, and the applause which greeted the speaker at its conclusion, told more clearly than words, that a new star had arisen to take its place among the bright galaxy of platform orators."

We have received a card announcing the marriage of Mr. James Gregory Henaghan, '01, to Miss Mabel Ellen Nicholson.

Mr. Michael Caplice, '03, who taught for four years at the College, has returned to the city after a six months' trip to the far west.

The Chicago Evening Post of October 24th, has quite an enthusiastic notice of "The Poems of Sappho" translated and published privately by John Myers O'Hara, Rhetoric, '88. The book is said to have "stirred the staid old English reviews and won the praise of Arthur Symons, Bliss Perry and other critics. Mr. O'Hara is 36 years old and resided until lately with his parents at 2458 Prairie avenue. After leaving St. Ignatius he studied law, which he practiced up to three years ago, when he went to New York to become a trader on the Stock Exchange. As a sample of Mr. O'Hara's verse, we choose the following:

"All around through the apple-boughs in blossom
Murmur cool the breezes of early summer,
And from leaves that quiver above gently Slumber is shaken.
Glades of poppies swoon in the drowsy languor,
Dreaming roses bend, and the oleanders
Bask and nod to drone of bees in the silent fervour of noontide."

The following fragment, "The moon has set, and the Pleiades: it is midnight, the time is going by, and I sleep alone," is thus expanded:

Ah, my tears are falling,
Yet in my despairing
Mood, I lie and listen
For thy furtive step;

For the slightest rustle
Of thy flowing garments,
For thy sweet and panting
Whisper at the door.

Now the moon has vanished
With the golden Pleiades;
It is after midnight
And I sleep alone."

Society Notes.

The work of the societies for the present session shows great interest and labor on the part of the students. Of course, at the beginning of the year many of the students and especially the newcomers did not fully realize the nature and the advantages held out by each organization, but by inquiry the interest in the societies has been increased and their numbers augmented.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

The senior debaters, by the activity of their weekly meetings, seem to be the main factors in the busy whirl of college incidents. An increased attendance has resulted from changing the meetings to Tuesday evening, so as not to clash with the rehearsals for the coming play.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 29, the question, "Resolved: That the study of medicine is nobler in its nature than the study of law," took its annual place on the program. Messrs. Sullivan and Lynch were intrenched behind the walls of the affirmative, while Messrs. Murray and Priestly manned the batteries of the negative. The judges experienced little difficulty in reaching a decision, and the negative speakers were recorded as the victors.

"Resolved: That the murder of Duncan is to be imputed chiefly to Macbeth," was discussed at the first meeting after the retreat. The contending parties were Messrs. O'Connor and Carroll for the negative vs. Messrs. Conron and Quinn for the affirmative. The main element of the debate was the brevity of the set speeches, and each side tried to surpass the other by quoting more graphic passages to determine or offset the weakness of the Scottish king. The casting of the ballots showed the negative side to be the winner.

A very select audience listened to the arguments delivered for and against the question that political parties are of great benefit to the nation. Messrs. Kettles and Sinnott endeavored by a number of forcible arguments to offset the prevailing opinions concerning the advantages of independent vote. They reviewed the history of our country from the election of Washington to the present day and showed that the nation's greatness is established on the fundamental principles of the political parties. Messrs. Roubik

and Foley ably defended the negative side, although arguing against the conviction of their hearers. The deviation from debates on literary questions was marked by an increase of interest on the part of both speakers and members.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

The younger brothers of oratory are making themselves famous in the way of deciding questions on the important topics of the day. They endeavored to find the missing link that would unite the traction company and the city in bringing an immemorial wrangle to a definite close. When the last argument of the negative side had spent its force, the decision was set aside to be settled at a later date. Another wave of consternation was sent through the college halls when they clamored for and against the exclusion of the immigrant, and again the suspense was prolonged, to be broken at some future time. Messrs. Scott, Zamiara, Hill, McGowan and Kelly distinguished themselves by their activity. A large infusion of new blood and talent into this society is an earnest of a successful year.

THE JUNIOR SODALITY.

On Saturday, Dec. 7, the reception of the new candidates into the sodality was marked by appropriate exercises in the basement chapel. After the recitation of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Fr. Neenan, S. J., addressed the students. His theme was the honor of the Blessed Mother. He went back to the time when kings and princes were enrolled as clients of Mary, and in fitting words showed the loyalty afforded her by the great men of earlier times. In recalling the history of the sodality, the advantage and consolation of being a sodalist, were dwelt upon with great stress by the speaker. The conferring of the badges upon about fifty candidates then followed, after which Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by the celebrant, Rev. Father Dumbach; Father Weiand officiated as deacon and Mr. Wilczewski as sub-deacon. Elmer Spiegel rendered "O Cor Jesu" and the "Ave Maria" was sung by William Doody and Charles O'Grady. The sodality choir assisted also in the exercises, rendering the "Tantum Ergo" and the "Laudate." The senior sodalists, together with all the students, witnessed the memorable event. It is the earnest hope of the directors, as Father Neenan well expressed, "to increase their number a hundredfold," and in this wish the sodalists join.

The officers of the Junior Sodality are: First Prefect, Michael Killgallon; Second Prefect, William Egan; Third Prefect, Albert O'Grady; Secretary, Francis B. Herbert; Sacristan, Alphonse Zamiara; Consultors, Francis Zuchola, William Carmody, Joseph Halek, Richard O'Donnell, Edward Amberg, James Major, Hugh Sweeney and William Madden.

STUDENTS' LIBRARY.

The library is a comfortable haunt for the students on these disagreeable days. The present store of books has of late been increased by the receipt of ninety new juvenile stories. The volumes of "The Trials and Triumphs of the Catholic Church" have been donated by Rev. James M. Hayes, S. J., director of the Catholic Truth Society.

LAWRENCE WALSH, '10.

Academy Notes.

May all the gifts of the New Year,
With holy joy and hope and cheer,
Be thine.

At the first meeting of the Junior Debating Society there were only eight members present, and eleven offices waiting to be occupied. So no one went away without honors.

Three Seasons: Baseball,
Football,
Snowball.

"I cannot sing the old songs any more," said Doody, when asked to sing.

"Are they too full of memories?" asked his mother.

"No, not that; I can't remember the words."

There was a boy in our class,
Lou Rockett was his name;
He had a set of wondrous brains,
And widespread was his fame.

When asked how one could make his mark,
He answered with a shrug,

"I don't know any scheme but one,
And that is 'simply plug.'"

Zamiara—"How did you like my debate the other evening?"

Berghoff—"Well, I—er—the fact is, I——"

Zamiara—"Why, was not the introduction good, and didn't I give it a splendid finish?"

Berghoff—"Yes, but they were too far apart."

Sad news, comrades! W. J. Fenlon is about to leave the United States to live in Rogers Park.

Dear Editor: Nathaniel Hill has changed his abode four times within the last month. The members of the class wish to know if you can tell why, as it has baffled our best sleuth, Bill Flanagan.

James Tormey, Chairman of Committee.

Remember, Jim, that Nat is learning to play the trombone.

Herman is now posing as the College Houdini, since he has twice successfully escaped from the Jug.

How to play handball: 1st. Get a ball; 2nd. Bounce it several times against the wall, and, if you are able to recover your ball before the bell rings, consider yourself an experienced player.

If "Ivanhoe" sells for \$1.08, what is "Kenilworth?" And this from you, William Carmody? Oh, Willie!

Meers and McClintock have started a Society for the Expansion of the Imagination. Each member is obliged to bring an original excuse to the Prefect of Discipline every morning for tardiness.

The other day, Bill Egan,—our second Lew Fields,—asked Happel to go on the stage with him in a Comedy skit. When Happel refused, Bill said: "Well, if you don't want to, I'll get some one to fill your place." Then he took another look at Fred, and decided to get two people.

Re-veered and most noat wurthy eddyter:

kind sur kin i rite sum joaks and joaklets for yure wel noan pamplet?

moast afectshionatly yures

Jawn foley

P. S. i kin rite pomes all so.

zend P. S. i no ime funny becuz i wanst sang in a minstril sho.

A few free translations:

Eo ambulatum—I lost my carfare.

Errando discimus—We'll know better next time.

Mirabile visu—Joy studying Greek.

Flanagan says he likes Geometry. Some of the figures remind him of a baseball diamond.

The Heavenly Twins—Mike Killgallon and Jiggs Donohue.

Cigars were once passed to a Sioux.

"Great Chief, you may have one or tioux."

He said he'd take more,

Perhaps three or fore;

But the donor believed tioux would dioux.

"Joliet" Fisher (visiting the state prison): "What did you call that man, guard?"

Guard: "I called him, No. 27."

Fisher: "That isn't his real name is it?"

Guard: "No, that's just his "pen" name."

Spiegel: "I hear the Glee Club did quite a dance at the concert the other day."

Reeve: "Oh, no; it was just a little break-down."

Music publisher, to Henry Schmitt, who has just presented his latest composition entitled, "Memories:"

"Just leave it here, if you will, and I will give you whatever it's worth."

Schmitt (looking very embarrassed): "That's all right; but do you think you can afford it?"

Professor: "Give me a criticism of that first sentence of Cicero's Pro Marcello."

Clever Youth: "Why—why—it's a perfect imitation of Washington Irving."

"I hate to kick," said Doyle as he booted the ball between the goal posts; "but it's worth kicking for a point."

For the past two weeks Sydney Glenn has been leading the snow-ball fights—in the retreat.

The competitions—"The slam and cram what am."

EDWARD A. SCOTT, '11.

RALPH J. HOBURG, '11.



With Christmas time comes the usual rush of the impetuous shopper, the unsurpassed excitement of the small boy, good wishes, fond greetings, joy unalloyed. Strings of glistening tinsel, radiant and sparkling under the glow of the Christmas candle, flood our shop windows and stores. Holiday goodies, new and original, and neatly arranged in tempting style, invite us to partake. The magazine reader, anxious and waiting, reads in no small type that the Christmas number (bigger, better than ever) is ready for his inspection, so in all eagerness he hastens to the nearest news-stand to find it aglow with innumerable covers, each more radiant and striking than the other. All is bustle and confusion. The very air, cold and crisp, seems to breathe the predominant sentiment—Christmas.

It is with grateful thanks we note that the genial old king of gift-givers, in his excitement and rush, has not forgotten the poor Ex-man. His truly welcome gifts came to us in the form of attractive magazines, pleasing, readable and altogether inviting. As we desire no diversion more or enjoy no pleasure more thoroughly than a readable exchange, a comfortable chair and burning logs, we recollect that many such hours have been profitably spent, lingering over the lines of an instructive essay, a brilliant story or a striking poem. For this, our pet diversion, we thank the editors of the excellent magazines that have graced our sanctum during the past three months. We only hope that the Christmas number has not taken all the fruit from the tree—has not strained their literary efforts to the utmost. We have noticed with much satisfaction the degree of excellence that has been reached in the holiday number, and it is our sincerest wish that the literary flame may glow as brightly in the ensuing editions as it has in this, "the noblest number of them all." Following the excellent plan formulated by our worthy predecessor, it is the intention of this department to

review the "six best" exchanges that reach us up to the time of publication. To this end, we submit as worthy of place, *The Northwestern Magazine*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Vanderbilt Observer* and *The Holy Cross Purple*.

THE GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The sons of Ireland are given the well-merited praise, justly due them, in an excellent essay appearing in the October *Georgetown College Journal*. The Island of Saints and Scholars has a history widely different from that pictured by the jealous Englishman, and, in this story of the "Celtae," we read of the wonderful characteristics of a people that have withstood the tyrannous oppression of a despotic government for hundreds of years, true to their own principles and true to their God. We cannot compliment the author too highly on the authoritative manner he has handled his subject and the careful deliberation he has given it. We hope to read more of his work along those same lines. "Lorinne of Charente," a tale of love and adventure, the kind ever popular and always in demand, leads the contributions to fiction. Steve Gatins, a sturdy, romantic youth, fashioned as by the hand of Anthony Hope, is expelled from the American army in disgrace. Undaunted, he flees across the broad seas, gains unlimited conquests in love and war, and finally wins the fairest queen of all Europe for his bride. A trite plot, no doubt, yet written in a pleasing manner, it entertains, and this surely is the main object of such stories. The Exchange department is well handled, the Editorial column lives up to its title, and the lengthy Athletic Notes please. "Seeing Hades With a Megaphone" is a hilarious account of the author's experience in the lower regions, in which he depicts his classmates as citizens of that climate. Although local in color, the humorous situations and truly laughable scenes cannot fail to please even the outsider. We would enjoy more verse by the authors of "The Potomac," "October," and "Life's Orb." The trio contain much originality in thought and smoothness in expression.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons was worthily received on the occasion of his recent visit to Holy Cross College. as fully

recounted in the October number of the *College Purple*. Sixty pages of the Magazine are entirely devoted to the occasion, quoting addresses, speeches, *et al.*, and picturing the prominent men officiating in the ceremonies. It is indeed a fitting tribute to the Cardinal's great dignity. The chief charm of the November issue of the *Purple* lies in its fine balance. There are a goodly number of clever stories, though the plots are somewhat hackneyed, one readable essay and a happy dispersment of verse, all in keeping with the festal holiday season. We enjoyed "Virginia," "All Souls Day," and "The Autumn That I Know," very much indeed. However, acknowledging its good qualities, we have one criticism to make of the *Holy Cross Purple*. It has no Exchange column. Experience has taught us that this department is one of the great essentials to the ambitious College paper. We hope the *Purple* will accept our humble suggestion, and in the very near future issue an Exchange department that will make us all sit up and take notice.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Our ordinary standards cannot be used in measuring the Jubilee number of *The Fordham Monthly* as it is far in advance of any previous issue in dignity and polish. The new cover, artistic and stylish, first attracted our attention on account of its artistic coloring and appropriate design, and we happily noted that this attractiveness extended beyond the cover. Abundant illustrations and striking half-tones, not to mention the wealth of matter contained between the covers, almost tempted us to jealousy, at first glance, but seeing on further investigation that most of the space was given to the work of the Alumni, we summoned up courage and strove to pick out the good qualities and defects of the issue. The author of "Edgar Allen Poe and the Short Story," maintaining that the author was at his best in story-telling, while not battling with a "vital-important" subject, nevertheless, deals with a question much debated but never decided. He handles the subject-matter in a scholarly manner, but from the reasonings and proofs employed, we should not say that a definite decision has been reached. "Unseen Beauties," "A Fallen Leaf," and "Day Dreams" are among the best verse. "Echoes from the Jester's Bells" deserves special mention for its brisk, vivid humor.

THE VANDERBILT OBSERVER.

If anyone wishes to lose himself in the meshes of a wholly delightful story, let him delve into "The Light of Aurora" appearing in the October number of the *Vanderbilt Observer*. Natural, animated dialogue, a pleasing situation, and an exceptional facility in prolonging the climax, all combine to make it the best and most unique fiction contribution of the Fall issue. The *Observer* always finds a gracious welcome to our sanctum, because it has lofty ambitions. Aiming at a high literary tone, some genuine results are accomplished. "James Fenimore Cooper—His Recognition" and "The Inviolability of the Child" are among the best essays. While the first is well written as regards its English, yet too much space is devoted to the history of the author's life, since the aim, being an appreciation of his genius, should be rather to establish Cooper among our foremost novelists. "October," "The Autumn Poet," and "Dreams," found us eager listeners to the praises of Nature. Buried, as we are, in the smoke and grime of countless factories, locomotives, and river boats, and, hemmed in on all sides by towering walls and skyscrapers, nothing soothes our restless spirit more than these tonal pictures of the land where "babbling brooks lose their limpid liteness in placid pools" and "Golden trees sway to the song of sighing winds." The *Forum* contains a lengthy panegyric on the much discussed "College Spirit." Brisk and inspiring, it makes the blood boil to a certain extent, but accomplishes no more than have the other editorials on this same question. The Exchange column, what there is of it, is capitally written, but might be lengthened considerably with pleasing effect.

THE NORTHWESTERN MAGAZINE.

Quality, not quantity, seems to be the guiding maxim of the editors of the *Northwestern Magazine*. Style, pleasing appearance and a wealth of interesting reading matter easily place it in the front rank of college journals. It may have been that we were sentimentally inclined when perusing that irresistible idyl, "My Temple," of the October number, but whether so or not, with all due consideration to the inspiring verse of our best exchanges, we award first place to "My Temple." For smoothness and beauty of diction it is without peer. For simplicity and loftiness of thought it is without equal. "Sensible Athletics" thrashes the professor whose greatest wish is to make book-

worms of us all. A melodramatic tale called "The Fugitive" is the one article that disturbs the otherwise evenness of the number. It is like many a tale that had best remained untold. "The Storm," unctuous as well as descriptive, is a pleasing bit of verse. We were almost discouraged at the length of the Marathon story that featured the November number, but when once delved into we found "The Strength of Youth" an excellent tale, one that attracted attention at the very start and held it securely to the end. "The Necklace" is another weird story by the writer of "The Fugitive." As a narrator the authoress, possesses a rich vocabulary, but her plots or rather incidents are decidedly inappropriate in a college paper. The "Ballad of Student Enterprise" pleased us exceedingly. We have read many accounts, both in poetry and in prose, of the trials and tribulations of the poor innocent freshman and enjoyed few of them more.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

breathes true literary atmosphere from start to finish. The stories are well written and original. What little verse appears is pleasing and enjoyable. The departments, in exceptionally capable hands, possess a tone that is not ordinarily found in a college magazine. Of the stories, it is a difficult task to decide which is peer from a literary point of view, but "The Reckoning" pleases us best. It deals with cattle-trading in the West and the attempted reformation of "Senora Bill." A negro dialect piece answering the question, "What yo' gwine ter say," and "A Song of Winter" are the best verse in the Christmas number. The former, written in excellent dialect, is thoroughly enjoyable, but the latter, while appropriate and possessing some fine sentiment, is found wanting in perfect meter. We were pleased to see that the university possesses some budding dramatists. "Joan," a playlet in one act, is not altogether amateurish. The plot, an appealing one, though not altogether original, is handled in a deft and careful manner, the *finale* being particularly striking. The second account of the charming Southern towns brought us to the pioneer city of the South, St. Augustine. We enjoyed the trip thoroughly and will be delighted to see some more of the sunny land.

J. F. QUINN, '09.

Volume VII.

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Chicago, April, 1908.

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REV. ALEXANDER J. BURROWES, S. J.
PRESIDENT ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. VII.

Chicago, Ill., April 1908.

No. 3.

The Awakening.



WINTER'S snow and ice have vanished,

Chilling blasts have ceased to blow,

Joyous songsters so long banished,

Warble soft and low.

Budding blossoms shyly peeping,

Feel the zephyrs softly creeping,

Rousing nature, long fast sleeping,

Deep beneath the snow.

Silver streamlets sparkling, dancing,

Wander through the meadows green,

Where bright beams the view enhancing,

Cast a lustrous sheen :

Thus while springtime's bells are ringing,

Hope and joy to earth sweet bringing ;

Man to God his praise is singing,

For this heavenly scene.

FRANK X. SCOTT,

F. Marion Crawford.

AS THE earth swiftly and majestically completes one of its vast orbits, three hundred and sixty-five suns rise and set, four seasons change the face of Nature and two new novels from the pen of F. Marion Crawford issue forth from the publishers' hands. And to each of these novels the energetic and tautological press agent adds the title, "Crawford's Masterpiece." So accustomed has the average reader become to this semi-annual appearance that, if, owing to some unforeseen accident, one of these novels should fail to appear he would rub his eyes and gaze about him with the air of one who notices for the first time the disappearance of a familiar landmark.

In this way, Marion Crawford's novels have come to form a regular part and determined portion of the literary fabric of the country, and the reading public, with but few exceptions, accept each new novel of this famous author somewhat in the spirit of Harry Thurston Peck, who has said: "When we take up a new novel of Marion Crawford, we do it with the complete assurance that we are going to be interested."

It has been frequently said that it is difficult to rightly determine an author's place in literature until he has written his last novel and laid aside the pen for ever; and this may be said of Mr. Crawford. For it is seldom that we find in a single author so many irregularities, or so much difference in the merit of his books. Since the year 1882, about forty novels have appeared bearing the imprint of his name, and of these, some have truly been masterpieces of fiction, while others were but the outgrowth of a publisher's contract and an unusual power of construction. Some have been the result of years of previous thought and months of actual labor, while others have been "the child of a single hour." Unfortunately, but naturally, the result has been that many a discriminating critic has come to regard Mr. Crawford with something akin to suspicion, and in the light of a man who plays upon the popularity of the world for his own end. For this reason, it might have been better both for the public and for his own reputation as an author had Mr. Crawford written fewer books and written rather from inspiration than from careful planning.

But it seems rather unjust that we should look first to the worst side of the author, when so many good qualities lie before us, qualities which have served to place him so high in the estimation of the literary world.

Marion Crawford is undoubtedly versatile, and this characteristic forces itself most strongly on our minds when we consider the variety of his novels' settings, and the truth with which each of their countries is depicted. India, Italy, Spain, Hungary, Turkey, England and America have in turn served as a background for a story, and of each the author displays the most intimate knowledge. As a consequence the reader is conveyed in spirit to the place in question, and before he is half through the book he seems to be surrounded by the atmosphere of that land. When at length he lays aside the novel, he feels as if he has been breathing the perfumes of Spain, gliding down the canals of Venice, or wading through the muddy alleys of Constantinople. That peculiar quality, which authors call local color, is most evident and decided in his works. So impressed are we by this fact that we seek about us for an explanation, and one lies close at hand. Mr. Crawford never wrote of a country, a city or even a street which he had not personally visited, and with which he was not intimately acquainted. Consequently the country through which the hero rides is a real country; the city in which stands the heroine's palace is a city indeed; and the narrow street which leads to the robbers' den, winds and twists as the author describes it.

But Mr. Crawford is at his best in his descriptions of Italy. In fact a large portion of his great stories have Italy and Italians as their theme. Don Orsino, Saracinesca, Sant' Ilario, The Heart of Rome, Cecelia, all find their setting in Italy. And after a life spent among the silvery lakes and vine-clad hills of that land of the Muses, it is but natural that he should be best acquainted with its beautiful customs and traditions, with its picturesque scenery and with the intense passions of its fascinating inhabitants. And the pen of Marion Crawford has served to immortalize them and bring them into the personal knowledge of the millions of his readers.

But the versatility of Mr. Crawford is not alone confined to the settings of his novels, it is to be found most conspicuously in the subject matter, the central theme, and even in the conversation of each novel. Compare, for example, the novel "Zoroaster" with

that fantastic tale, "The Witch of Prague," and it is difficult to find a single point in common. Contrast the "Saracinesca" series with his novels of American life, and learn how from a single pen can flow two themes differing in every detail; in one, the charming grace of poetic Italy, quick and burning in passions, and swaying in the breeze of sentiment, in the other, the calculating coolness of modern America, absorbed in wealth, and calm and impervious to passion. It would be hard for two different authors to differ more than Marion Crawford does in these two series.

It is not, however, to his versatility that Mr. Crawford owes his popularity as an author. It is due rather to the dramatic interest of his stories, the quick, vivid action which quickens the sluggish blood of the reader and fires his brain like the sound of a roll of drums. For Crawford loves a fight, or rather, he loves to picture a fight, and strange as it may appear, he is at his best in either of two opposite themes; when depicting extreme quiet or extreme danger. Though at other times he may sink into mediocrity, when the oar flashes in the placid canal, or when the sword gleams in the light of a prison torch, the pen of Marion Crawford leaps and bounds. The latter of these qualities is due, perhaps, in no small degree to the influence of heredity; for such an ancestor as the famous Revolutionary fighter, General Frances Marion, could scarcely be without effect on his descendant, the famous author. And the former quality; to what shall we attribute that? To his unceasing life as a student? To the calm, quiet peace of his villa at Sorrento? To the sweet-toned, silvery splash of the fountains which dot the lawn stretching from his study window? Who can say? But dramatic his stories are; and it was their fame for this quality that led Sarah Bernhardt to request him to write for her the drama which proved an instantaneous success: "Francesca Da Rimini." And the true and final test of an author's dramatic powers is his ability to write a successful drama.

The characters which fill the pages of Marion Crawford's novels are as varied and remarkable as the novels themselves. Some of them are fantastic and unusual, while others are taken from the life we know and live. For a great many, he drew merely on his imagination, of which faculty in his youth, he was wont to declare he was utterly devoid; while others are characters drawn from life and presented just as he knew them, excepting, of course, the ornaments necessary for interesting fiction. A striking example of

this latter case is seen in his first and perhaps best novel, "Mr. Isaacs." "Mr. Isaacs" was, in life, a diamond merchant whom Mr. Crawford had met and known during a period as editor of the "Indian Herald" at Simla. He had been attracted by the peculiar and very extraordinary characteristics of the man, and when he thought first of fiction, it was to Mr. Isaacs that he turned for his first hero. Strange to say, the name of the original was that of Isaacs' contemporary, Jacobs.

Marion Crawford is a great novelist, perhaps the greatest of the living writers of English fiction, and he has written much that is well worth the reading, but he has one glaring fault. He is what might be called a book carpenter. Gifted with a marvelous power in the construction of plots, he exercises that power to the detriment of his literary achievements. In a number of his books, and especially in those of more recent date, there is strong evidence of what may be termed a forced plot; that is, the germ of a plot was there in his mind, and since literature is his avowed profession at which he labors most assiduously, he carefully took that germ, as a carpenter would a foundation, and on it chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, dialogue by dialogue he constructs his story. Employing all the arts which long experience and a fund of natural ability have placed at his disposal, he uses every trick and artifice of his profession, and finally places in the hands of his publishers a finished story, the work of an experienced and skilled literary artisan, but plainly lacking in inspiration and spontaneity. As a result, the reader, though forced to admire the skill displayed in its construction, and the perfection of its style, is unimpressed and lays aside the book without having felt the quick pulsation, the keen sympathy which arises from reading a book which the author really meant and lived. This, fortunately, is not true of all Marion Crawford's novels, nor, indeed, of the majority of them; but it is true of some and these have been numerous enough to damage his reputation in no small degree.

It is ridiculous now-a-days, to pretend to a knowledge of English novelists, unless the works of Marion Crawford have been read and studied. While some of his books are scarcely worth the labor spent in reading them, a great many are not only worth the hours consumed in their perusal but are even worthy of a more careful and serious study and analysis. Mr. Isaacs, Saracinesca, Marzio's Crucifix, Paul Patoff and Katharine Lauderdale will more

than repay the man who spends an hour in their society, and when he lays aside the book, he will breathe a sigh of contentment which follows the reading of a good story. For let critics say what they will and add to his name any title they may care to bestow, the place of Marion Crawford in literature is best expressed by his own words: "I am a story-teller."

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

When Shadows Fall.

THE darkest hour, the poets often say,
 Is just before the dawning of the day.
 But darker still, and filled with shadows grim
 Is when the lights of day are growing dim:
 When colors fade from out the western sky
 And shadows sinking, leave the day to die.
 The darkest hour is when the breezes moan:
 When twilight falls and finds one all alone.

Oh God, with eyes uplifted, hear me pray
 Lest life should end as such a dying day:
 Lest when I come to bid a last adieu
 To friends, to home, to comrades that I knew,
 In place of friends, faint memories gather near,
 The shadows of a half forgotten year.
 I fear lest when thou callst me to atone,
 The twilight fall and find me all alone.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

On The Broad Sahara.

"There are many kinds of faddists and most of them are fools," declared Saunders stridently. "And the worst of them," he concluded with a sweeping gesture of his right hand, "are those who believe in hypnotism, spiritism and what they call 'the occult phenomena.'"

There were three of us sitting by the roaring hearth of the Crescent Club on a stormy January night—Colonel Wynnerly, Saunders and myself. We all liked Saunders immensely, but he had a way of stating his views on every possible subject which seemed to admit of no further discussion.

When Saunders had thus disposed of the topic under discussion the gray-haired colonel looked up at Saunders quietly and steadily. Saunders endured the gaze for the better part of a minute. Then, as if he read a challenge in the deep eyes, he burst out:

"Of course you don't believe in such rot?"

"Yes," said the colonel gravely and thoughtfully, after a brief pause; "I have every reason to believe in the terrible power of hypnotism."

I was eagerly awaiting the story which I knew would follow out of the world-wide experience of our aged friend. Even Saunders seemed subdued and expectant.

Then in the soft glow of the great fire leaping and crackling on the hearth, with the cold winter sleet beating against the pane, the colonel told his story.

James Argent and Richard Delaree both started with me on a trip around the world. We went about half-way around and I came back alone. You may remember that this fact was for a long time the main subject of gossip among the society men and club members of the Crescent City.

I gave out at the time that they had both died from the hardships of a journey across the Sahara, but the truth is they never crossed the Sahara. The facts are these:

When Delaree, then a young chap of nineteen, returned from college, he looked upon it as certain, and his family looked upon it as certain, and the whole town looked upon it as certain that he would marry Eleanor St. John. They were third cousins; they had

been playmates from infancy, and in Delaree, at least, their childish love had ripened into a stronger feeling.

All the preparations were being made for the wedding when they quarreled over Argent. Delaree may have been jealous, but he had some right to be. Two days later she eloped with Argent.

Delaree was at all times a rather melancholy chap, and after this he became almost a recluse. He spent almost all of his time in study, reading books on psychology, hypnotism or mesmerism, with the German philosophies.

I had, at one time, studied medicine, and as his health was breaking down, I, who was then his only companion, advised him to take some outdoor exercise and the two of us soon formed the habit of taking long strolls in the morning. He was an expert hypnotist. He had experimented with the negroes on his estate till they, in superstitious terror, declared he was a "voodoo," and he could get no more subjects for his tests.

Although the morning strolls had partially strengthened his health, he daily grew more melancholy and dejected, till finally when you looked at him you could not help thinking of "the melancholy Dane."

A few months later Mrs. Argent died, the doctors said from heart failure. However it was boldly whispered around among the negroes on the Argent plantation that she had died of a broken heart. Her maid, a colored girl, declared that she had even seen her master strike his wife.

Delaree could not help hearing these reports, but he never mentioned them, and as he had lately become rather taciturn, I did not. Since Argent's marriage, he seemed to have become a man, with all a man's determination and power. What was my surprise, therefore, when he sent an invitation to Argent to spend the first few weeks of his mourning amidst the quiet and peace of "The Cedars," his home.

Argent accepted the invitation and arrived a few days later. Then, strange as it may seem, these two men became boon companions. Delaree soon had Argent interested in hypnotism, and he often used him for a subject when he wished to experiment.

In two months the three of us were the best of friends, and a year later Delaree planned the trip around the world.

We were all willing enough to go. We had no family ties.

Delaree and I were bachelors; Argent was a widower. So Delaree laid out the route and planned the trip.

We spent Mardi Gras week in New Orleans. From New Orleans we went to New York, from New York to London, thence to Paris, where we spent a couple of weeks. From Paris our route lay through Madrid to Gibraltar and thence to half-barbarous Morocco. When we reached the border of the Sahara, our guides deserted us, but, at the advice of Delaree, we decided to push on. We purchased camels at the next town.

On Good Friday we reached El Harib and on Holy Saturday we encamped half way between El Harib and Taudeni, in the midst of the desert.

The last time Argent had been hypnotized had been in Paris, in the presence of the professors of the Psychological Institute of that city. On this night, however, Delaree again induced him to submit to another experiment.

As he slowly commenced the lateral passes, I stretched out on the ground and gazed over the sandy plain of the Igidi desert, which stretched, a lonely, uninhabited waste, all around us.

While I watched, the sun slowly sank, and one by one the brilliant constellations of that latitude began to appear.

I drowsily watched Delaree gently pass his hands before Argent's face, while he softly but firmly repeated, "Sleep, Argent, sleep, and wake not till I call you."

Within half an hour Argent was in a perfect state of mesmeric trance. Then slowly, while I, half asleep, watched them, he bade him arise and said, "Sleep on, Argent, until I wake you; go, and stop not," and as he pointed toward the east Argent softly moved away across the sandy plain.

Delaree then drew a revolver, and, placing it to his temple, he fired.

The shot roused me, and I rushed to his side, but his heart had stopped beating.

Seeing this, I looked up to see if I could locate Argent, and at that moment the rising moon disclosed for an instant the rapidly disappearing figure of Argent, proceeding swiftly and silently across the sands toward the desert and death.

SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12.

The Rhodes Scholarship.

THE American people have come to regard with suspicion great benefactions or endowments, especially to universities. Whether they have just cause or not is an open question, but it is certain that education has received no greater nor more sincere benefaction than the Rhodes Scholarships. Founded by a multimillionaire and diamond king, these scholarships have thrown open to America especially a free education at one of the greatest universities in the world. Cecil Rhodes himself was an Oxford man and his brilliant, though exciting career, furnished him with ample reasons for leaving the benefaction that he did. He became involved in numerous international complications, until the world's opinion of him was decidedly doubtful. That opinion was only dispelled after his death, when the terms of his will were made known and the world came to realize the magnitude and importance of one of the greatest educational benefactions in history.

Rhodes was born in Hertfordshire, England. Intended by his parents for the ministry, ill-health compelled him to seek the warmer climate of South Africa. After spending some time on his brother's farm he drifted to the Kimberley mines, making a fortune there in a year. Returning to England, he entered Oriel College, Oxford University. After many interruptions caused by poor health, he finally took his degree in 1881. Returning to South Africa, his connection with the diamond industry led him into politics, and his subsequent international political machinations are familiar to the world. At his death he was a multimillionaire from the diamond industry, besides occupying a very important position in British governmental affairs. In his will he left a legacy of £100,000 to Oriel College and the bulk of his estate to endow the scholarships now familiarly known as the Rhodes Scholarships. Those for America, Canada and the Colonies are worth £300, or nearly \$1,500. In addition to these, there are five scholarships for Germany, worth £250 each. Rhodes' aim and idea in all this was to secure intercourse of selected American and German students with young Englishmen at Oxford. This he hoped would lead to a better international feeling through the bond of education.

Rhodes desired that this educational plum would not fall to mere book-worms, who took but a passive interest in their school's athletic reputation. He aimed at the real purpose and ideal of education—physical and mental development. He desired the prospective student to be a representative citizen and to this end demanded his election should depend not only on his literary and scholastic attainments, but also his qualities of manhood, athletic ability, truth, courage and devotion to duty. The scholarships are tenable for three years, and are sufficient for all expenses. They are decided by examination held at a center appointed by the local committee of selection, being held this year at the Northwestern University buildings, Lake and Dearborn streets. The examination papers are prepared in England by a board of examiners and cover the whole of arithmetic, the elements of algebra and geometry, Greek and Latin grammar, translation from English into Latin and several books of selected Latin and Greek authors. This examination is not competitive, but simply qualifying, and is merely intended to give assurance that every scholar is up to the standard which the university demands from all candidates for the A. B. degree.

After the results are returned from England, the local committee of selection must make their choice, since only one student can be sent from each state and territory. The committee usually consists of three or four state university and college presidents. Immediately after selection they forward their report to England, together with their reasons for the selection. The conditions for America, beyond those already mentioned, are simple. The student must have finished his sophomore year, must be an American citizen between the ages of 19 and 25 years.

The scholarship examinations are held twice every three years and are searching and difficult. The first examination was held in 1904, the second in 1905. Again there were examinations in 1907 and this year, 1908. There will be none in 1909, but they will be resumed in 1910 and 1911, omitting every third year.

Every year that St. Ignatius has competed her students have been on the list of successful candidates, though no St. Ignatius candidate has thus far been elected. Out of the whole state of Illinois, but five took the test in 1904. Of the three who passed, one was from Northwestern and one from Chicago University and the third, John J. Clifford, from St. Ignatius. Clifford passed the

test with no previous preparation whatsoever, but relinquished his claim to join the Jesuit order. A Chicago University boy, Robert L. Henry, took the prize that year. In 1905, St. Ignatius did not compete, owing to a misunderstanding over the examination matter by the intended contestants. In 1907 eleven students from the state schools were entered, and of the five who passed, two, Joseph Lynch and Daniel Murphy, were from St. Ignatius. Unfortunately both were too young, and Ben Tomlinson, of Illinois University, represented Illinois at Oxford. This year saw our greatest triumph. Out of the seventeen who competed, six were from St. Ignatius. When the winners' names were posted, the splendid result of five St. Ignatius boys out of eleven successful candidates was announced. They were Messrs. Wm. Carroll, Edmund Curda, Jas. L. Foley, Thos. Reedy and Joseph Roubik. It is a triumph for the college, for the young men themselves and for Catholic education. It redounds to the credit of the young men, the college and especially to the professors who prepared them. It proves conclusively that Catholic education is not inferior to that received in a state university or so-called non-sectarian school. One out of three in 1904, two out of five in 1907 and five out of eleven in 1908 are facts that speak for themselves. It is unfortunate, since eliminating their chances, that three out of the five St. Ignatius boys this year are too young for appointment. It is imperative that only one student from each college appear before the committee of selection and this necessitates a choice being made. Whether or no a St. Ignatius boy will enter at Oxford next fall as Rhodes Scholar from Illinois, the triumph secured for the college will not be lessened in the least. To Messrs. Carroll, Curda, Foley, Reedy and Roubik the COLLEGIAN extends most sincere and hearty congratulations and shares in the satisfaction which they must feel in sustaining so well the scholarly reputation of their Alma Mater.

THOS. Q. BEESLEY, '10.



His Father's Honor.

YOUNG Jim Carroll reined in his horse at Brown's Bend and rode up into an open glade of oak trees on the crest of Prospect Hill—tired, hungry and sick at heart. The first two he owed to his fast ride and the heat of the day, but for the last, he was indebted to his own self,—to his own conscience; for man's evil conscience is the destroyer of his happiness; and it was with no great thankfulness that he pondered on the fact.

Oh! to be back again with his old pals,—with the "boys,"—back where he could serve his general,—serve his country,—serve his God; back where the birds carolled blithely, and the flowers were never fairer. But now,—now it was all different. Happiness had passed like a dream,—a wild, fleeting dream, whose beauty and sweetness he was too blind to appreciate. Yes—he had been tempted; he had fallen, and all the world's great beauty had vanished.

Thirty miles of rough riding on a hot dusty trail through the Virginia mountains, showed its effect plainly in the dusty clothes, the disheveled hair, and the tanned cheeks, but the big, broad shoulders still retained that same manly erectness that had won for him the position of the "General's handy man;" yes, the General's handy man. How proud he felt on the first day he was given a message to carry! How happy he was, fulfilling his Commander's order, no matter how trifling! Little did he know the dangers and temptations that lurked in his trusted position; much less did he dream of fallen honor; but it had come. The shameful events of the previous day passed through his mind like an evil dream:—the stealing of the papers, the sleepless night, and lastly his cowardly retreat through the picket lines. Why did he do it? For money, money, the price of honor. Yes—he was a traitor, a low, sneaking, degraded traitor. His very frame shook, and his fevered brow grew cold with sweat. He, the son of a father who knew nothing but honor, was even now to betray his country. Carefully hidden within the lining of his coat, were the private papers of General Hilton, together with maps and plans of his campaign. And he, because he had been confided in and trusted by his leader, boldly dared to enter

headquarters, to steal the priceless packet that he might receive a fortune for placing it into the hands of a northern spy.

It was a typical southern day,—hot, sultry, and dry. By the side of the dusty trail, a little river, clear and cool, sang to itself in blissful comfort, and every now and then a lazy pike would poke its head up into the air and then dart down among the tangled roots below. A wood-pecker peeked impudently at Carroll from an oak limb, and a roguish brown squirrel chattered along the hedge with seeming willingness to make friends, until the worn-out horse beneath the soldier stumbled upon a rock, when it darted away into the impenetrable brush. The sun from a clear blue sky struck warmly into the valley. Somewhere among the blossomed trees, a bird was singing. Peace, like a great veil seemed to envelop the little valley, so widely different from the awful bloodshed, thirty miles away, where the North and South battled fiercely for supremacy.

Just at the border of the trail, and near the winding of the stream, a log cabin, little, low, and old, stood in the shade of a giant oak tree. Beneath the great tree, a gray-haired man, somewhere between forty and fifty years, sat comfortably stretched out in a splint-bottom chair, puffing away at an old corn-cob pipe, and casting occasional glances at a fleet of snowy geese, that rode in an adjoining pond.

As Carroll reined up at the gate, the old man, suddenly awakened from his day dream, rose carefully from the chair, and with the aid of a home-made crutch, hobbled over to greet the stranger. He, too, had fought in the war against the Yankees, but having lost a leg, was sent home to his wife Mandy, who cooked for him and watched over him. As Dan Strong neared the stranger and spied the gray suit framing six feet of handsome manhood, an unconscious smile of admiration mingled with surprise and greeting, crossed his swarthy face. Gray was to him as blue was to the northerner, and always called for reverence and respect. The old man was first to speak. "Hello, there, young feller," he said. "You look tired and worn out. Better come in an' put up your horse, and have a bite of supper with us."

All this spoken in a kind, fatherly tone only depressed the weary heart of Carroll more than before. It seemed too awful to transact such a disgraceful piece of work in the home of him who

had spoken so kindly; but he had gone half way in his act now, so why turn back.

"Thank you very much. I shall be more than pleased to accept," responded Carroll with a forced smile, for his troubled conscience held back the easy, natural smile that was so magnetic among the soldiers.

The gate was opened, and, riding in, he halted beneath the big tree, threw himself from his mount with an easy grace, and tied his horse to the hitching post.

"If you care to wash up," the old man continued, "you will find soap and water over there on the bench. Help yourself. Don't feel a bit bashful. Old Strong 'ud give anything he's got to help the old South."

Carroll did as he was bid, and indeed the cool water was quite refreshing to his feverish face. Having combed his hair and brushed the dust from his clothes, he walked over beside Strong's old chair, looked cautiously and apprehensively at his surroundings, then threw himself upon the grass and began nervously to bite at a broken twig. The old man puffed away, all the while scrutinizing the young soldier with his small piercing eyes. Finally, after several minutes of unbroken silence, he removed the pipe from his mouth, hit it upon the heel of his boot as was the old southerner's style, and then put it in his pocket.

"Where'd yo' come from, young fellow?" he asked in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

The question so blunt and so unexpected fell like a rifle ball upon the unprepared lad. He never was apt at framing excuses or lying, so he answered, "I come from General Hilton. He's camping down at Clark's Ferry, you know," and his fingers nervously toyed with the long blades of grass. The general moved uneasily in his chair.

"Well, what yo' doin' way up here?" he asked. "Kind o' funny fer Hilton's men to come so far north."

Now, indeed, Carroll was in a corner, for the stern appearance of the old man seemed to demand an answer and he was without one. But fortune, at any rate, was on his side, for at that very instant Mandy appeared in the doorway and announced corn-pone and honey. Nothing could have been more welcome to the embarrassed youth at this time, and, as the old man seemed to have

forgotten his question, they both arose and entered the kitchen without a word.

It was about eight o'clock when the two men were again seen sitting under the great oak tree. Strong had re-lit his pipe and was puffing away, his feet upon an upturned bench, while young Carroll sat on the ground before him, eagerly awaiting two short whistles from the north.

"There's only one way the north can get us now," Strong was saying, "and that is by getting Cap. Hilton's plan of campaign. But they won't get that, they can't get it. Southerners don't betray; they don't do that kind of work. Honor means more to them than all the gold in this great country," and he puffed away at his pipe.

The words struck through Carroll's heart like the sharp blade of a knife. His frame shook and his breath came fast, but he finally gained control of himself and asked inquiringly,

"What would you think of a soldier that would betray his country; for instance, of one that would betray Hilton?" The words struck home.

"Think of him?" he cried, "think of him,—why I'd shoot him down like I would a dog. Shoot him like every southerner ought to do. But there isn't a man fighting that would do that,—not one. Listen, lad, and I'll tell you a story—a true story of the way southerners guard their country's papers. Let me see,—the war's been going on now for three years.

"Well, two years ago, I was fightin' myself and was smart and spry too, at least a bit more so than I am now, and I liked it too. O, how I liked it. I served in General Fremont's troop as a private and had for my pal a fellow by the name of Carroll,—Jim Carroll."

The young soldier gasped before Strong had a chance to finish his sentence. The sudden mention of his father's name so stunned him that he jumped to his feet, unable to control himself, but seeing the evident look of surprise on the old man's face, he calmed himself clumsily and exclaimed,

"You see, Mr. Strong,—you see I had a very dear friend by the name of Carroll and I thought perhaps,—but it isn't—it isn't; the Virginias are full of Carrolls, you know."

In his great innocence, the old soldier never for one moment suspected, but, as if nothing had happened, he continued his narrative to the eager, listening lad.

"As I was saying, Jim Carroll was my pal, and a better man never lived. Didn't know the taste of whiskey and said his prayers regular every night and morning, even though the boys did snicker at him through the tent holes and throw shoes at his head. He never minded them but kept right on praying and praying. In the evening, when the other fellows went into town on their nightly carousals, I used to sit around the crackling camp fire, listening to him talk about home,—about Maria and Jim,—his big, manly son Jim, with the Carrolls' flashing blue eyes and curly hair, and shoulders so broad that they stretched his daddy's coat; how he was only waiting for his twenty-first birthday to shoulder a musket for the old south. 'He's a boy they'll be proud to have,' he used to say and then start all over again from the start 'bout Mandy and Jim. I declare if he didn't describe him just about like you, lad. You've got blue eyes, haven't you? And black curly hair. Now, that's funny, isn't it?"

Carroll shifted uneasily but held his silence, thanking the absent moon for the darkness of the night, otherwise his burning face would have betrayed him. Strong continued:

"One day, the general sent for all the men in our company to report personally to him at headquarters, and, as his word always meant law, every last one of us showed up a half hour before time, anxiously awaiting the news. He walked out to our line, a bundle of papers in his hand, and stood facing us with a stern look on his face and his eyes flashing fire. 'Boys,' says he, 'I have some orders here that must reach General Jackson by sundown. I know you'd all like to take them for you're all true steel, but we can't spare you all, we need you here, so I'll have to choose one of you, myself, for the errand.' With that he walked along the line and looked each one of us straight in the eye. He stopped before big Gus Bowers, and we all thought for a minute that old Gus was in for it, but he hesitated only for a moment and then went on. Bowers was a fearless big fellow, and meant well, but he couldn't resist the whiskey, so I conjectured that was why he didn't choose him. He kept on walking down the line, and finally stopped before 'Carroll; eyed him a minute and then unable to resist his fearless gaze and big manly appearance, he gave the packet to him and pressed his hand saying, 'Carroll, you don't drink and you're a man,—a man to the back bone. It's a dangerous journey, I know, but you can't die for a better cause than for the south. Good bye and God bless you.'

“With that he turned and went into headquarters, while Carroll, not even waiting to have a bite to eat, jumped on his horse, called me to do the same and, in five minutes, we were on the Winchester road, hungry as bears, but boiling with the excitement of our enterprise. For an hour we rode on in silence. The journey was too dangerous to encourage conversation and, anyhow, our brains were humming away, planning escapes from the Yankees. It was boiling hot. The sun raised blisters on our necks and the scorching sand blew into our faces with awful fury, but we bore it patiently, arguing that it was all for the south. Everything went along pretty well, until about three o'clock in the afternoon when, just about six miles from Winchester, Jim let a yell out of him that would scare the heart out of an Indian. ‘The jig’s up, Bill,’ he says, and turning ‘round, I saw two mounted soldiers riding for dear life after us with guns leveled straight at our heads. I tell you what, lad, my heart sank in despair. After riding all day without even a scare,—to think of falling just at the end of our journey, it was awful,—horrible. But just then, the horse of one of our pursuers tripped and fell upon his knees. This gave us a ray of hope. We spurred our horses on with renewed efforts. Winchester was now only two miles away, but two miles is a mighty long way, when you’ve got a big threatening muzzle at your head, expecting every minute to drop into the dust. I was just hoping and planning about the outcome, when suddenly a crisp shot rang out upon the air and Carroll fell forward upon his horse’s frothing neck, a stream of blood gushing from his shoulder. I thought this settled it all and I was about ready to rein in and surrender, when all at once I saw Carroll’s spur sink into his horse’s side. The animal jumped and galloped ahead with all its remaining strength. At least, I thought, Jim’s going to try and there’s a chance.

“Well, they kept after us until we reached the outskirts of the town, and then, fearing capture by our pickets, I guess, they turned and rode as hard as they could, in the opposite direction. The first person to meet us was the General himself, and, in his great excitement, he failed to notice the condition of the bravest member of the team. I sprang from my saddle and over to Jim’s side, as soon as our horses came to a stop, and with the aid of two other men, we succeeded in standing him upon his feet. I could see that he was pretty near done for. The flowing blood had sapped

nearly all his vitality, and his breath came hard. With the little remaining strength he had left, he pushed us aside and, putting a trembling hand inside his blood-stained shirt, he drew forth a small packet, but before he could place it in the General's hand, he had fallen into a lifeless—"

"Dead, Oh, no,—not dead,—Dad's not—," but the terror-stricken lad was interrupted by two shrill whistles, short and clear, coming from the north of Strong's cabin. They were the signals for him to betray his country. Before either spoke a word, Carroll jumped forward, untied and mounted his horse, and was off toward the trail.

Strong, amazed and half-frightened, vainly called after him, "Boy,—boy, you can't go farther tonight,—come back,—come—," but his only answer was the empty echo of his own shallow voice.

When Carroll reached the head of the trail, he turned and called to the old man in a voice trembling with tears,

"If a spy comes to your house and asks for 'Young' Carroll, or for General Hilton's plans, tell him that Jim Carroll's his father's son and that the Carrolls never knew dishonor. That's all. Good bye and God bless you."

The old man reeled.

"Jim, Jim," he cried, in a half-hysterical voice, "you weren't going to be—", but the rider had been swallowed up in the silence and blackness of the night.

J. FRANCIS QUINN, '09.

The Violet.

SWEETEST flower, violet,
 Heaven's blue is mirrored there,
 Eastern perfume you beget,
 Sweetest flower, violet,
 And an incense sweeter yet
 Laden on the summer air,
 Sweetest flower, violet,
 Heaven's blue is mirrored there.

J. F. GRAHAM, '10.

Junior-Freshman Oratorical Contest.

THE series of popular functions given by St. Ignatius College was inaugurated on Monday evening, March 23rd, with the annual oratorical contest. Many came from various parts of the city and thronged the auditorium.

The S. I. C Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Joseph Pribyl offered the evening's programme with a selection entitled, "The Darkies' Jubilee," and the admirable manner in which it was rendered demanded an encore.

The first orator of the evening was James J. Gaughan, who took for his theme, "The Catholic Journalist." His commanding appearance and powerful voice proved a great aid to him in expressing his opinions on the important subject of journalism and it is well to note that the clearness and straightforwardness of his arguments had considerable weight and give hopes of an interesting and impressive speaker. He was followed by Augustine J. Bowe, who further discussed the prospects and opportunities of "The Catholic Journalist." His treatment of the higher ideals and manifold advantages within the power of the Catholic writer was most fitted to show the loftiness of his sentiments and though slightly nervous in the expression of his thoughts, still the elevated tone of his speech left a noticeable impression upon his hearers.

The intermission was well occupied by a double rendition from the Academic Choir of two pieces, "Sweet Blossoms," and "God's Little Garden."

The only speaker who dealt solely with the history of some illustrious character appeared in the person of John F. Quinn whose subject was "Christopher Columbus." The gentle and delicate manner in which he spoke won for him the very close attention and interest of the audience; and his beautiful portrayal of the life and labors of the famed voyager did ample justice to his living name and memory. The following speaker, John F. Graham, voiced his opinion on "The Catholic Layman in Politics." The vigor and intensity of his arguments and the strenuousness of his language were best suited to show the debauchery of politics and the great need of the upright Catholic layman. Hampered as he was by a serious

cold, nevertheless the sincerity and steadfastness of his expression gained for him the vigorous applause of all present.

Another digression ensued during which Master William Doody entertained with a soprano solo entitled "The Lark's Carol" and the sweetness of his warbling voice caused him to be called upon for a second selection.

The speaking was resumed and Edmund F. Curda was introduced, taking for his theme "The Catholic Press." His condemnation of the evils of journalism gave his hearers a true picture of the necessity of wholesome and elevating news and the polish and persuasiveness of his style redounded to his ability as an orator, as is testified by the high appreciation shown him.

The last speaker of the evening was William A. Carroll who spoke most appropriately upon "Catholic Organizations." He laid particular emphasis upon their union and harmony; and in a direct and concise fashion sounded the merits of the many Catholic societies whose undertakings he reviewed in a laudable way.

The task of concluding the evening's entertainment devolved upon the orchestra whose lively and tripping selection "A Stray Sunbeam" served as a suitable agent to prepare for the final decision of the judges. The Rev. P. J. Tinan on behalf of the jury expressed admiration for the contending speakers and declared that on account of the close rivalry the judges experienced some difficulty in coming to an agreement. The rank of first place was awarded to Edmund F. Curda.

LAWRENCE J. WALSH, '10.

Margaret.

Softest blue of violet,
 Beauty, lustre,—youth beware!
 Are the eyes of Margaret,
 Softest blue of violet.
 Heaven looked, I'll ne'er forget,
 'Neath her silken lashes—there—
 Softest blue of violet,
 Beauty, lustre,—youth beware!

A. V. BEAUVAIS, '10.

English Public Schools.

THE hedge rows of England are budding into bloom and twittering sparrows herald Spring's return. At Winchester the summer term is close at hand and at Westminster "Lent Term" is rapidly drawing to a close. The heart of the English schoolboy eagerly anticipates the coming joys of summer for cricket is to England what baseball is to America. But over this light and happy time comes a shadow, a thought, "What of the other side?" Every national institution has bright and darksome features which intrude themselves upon us in its contemplation. The monitorial system and self government of English public schools is a feature containing powerful influences for wrong or right. If power is intrusted to proper hands then the monitorial system should have a most salutary effect. If not, the result is quite apparent. As for bullying little need be said. Our own "hazing" is quite sufficient.

But this is spring, a time of joy and happiness, so let us view the English schools from their very brightest side. Of the six whose names are most familiar, the second couplet in seniority are Westminster and Rugby, the famous Rugby of "Tom Brown's School Days." Of the two, Westminster is the older and shall therefore be presented first.

WESTMINSTER.

Within the shadow of the Abbey, girt round about by London streets, stands one of England's famous public schools,—Westminster. Of the famous sextet it stands third in order of foundation and probably last in point of numbers. The earliest date of its foundation is uncertain but can be traced back to a dim and misty beginning in the Monastery. Some semblance of a school is found under Henry VIII, William Benson being the first dean and John Adams head master. Under Queen Elizabeth in 1560, Westminster received its first real impetus under the head masterships of William Bill and Gabriel Goodman. According to Elizabeth's design there were to be two main divisions of students, boarders and Queen scholars, chosen from boys one year in attendance, and town boys or day students. The first students arose at five o'clock, had a decidedly light breakfast at eight, dined at six and were

finally allowed to go to bed at eight p. m. There were eighteen monitors to watch over the various departments of the school, a form of government provided by the statutes. Recreation was looked upon as unnecessary and foolish. Conveniences and comforts were few, life at Westminster being Spartan-like and very conducive to hardiness. The first dormitory was a remodeled edition of the Abbey Granary, a new and more habitable dormitory not being erected until about 1775. In 1572, Edward Grant assumed charge, holding office for twenty-one years. The most famous head-master of Westminster was the renowned Dr. Richard Busby, who held sway for the extraordinary period of from 1638 to 1695. Busby was famous for many things, especially for dexterity with the birch and a Greek grammar. He was a man of great strength of character and as a head-master was respected and admired by all his pupils. Busby's successors and their policies were much like his own, the school pursuing the even tenor of its way until about 1830, when it began to decline. Methods in vogue a century before were unable to compete with more modern methods and Westminster was actually suffering from poverty through the stubbornness of the governing body. Abuses sprang up and the attendance fell off, until in 1841 there were less than 70 students in attendance. The school was badly in need of repair, discipline at a low ebb and bullying a notorious fact. The appointment of Samuel Wilberforce as dean in 1845 did much to mitigate the evil of existing conditions. Reforms instituted by him were taken up and vigorously prosecuted by Henry G. Lidell. Lidell worked earnestly and his work made a decided change. Abuses were stamped out, repairs were made and changes wrought, until under Dr. Scott in 1855 the fruits of the reformation became apparent in the doubling of the attendance. In 1861 the school was given a governing body of its own, independent of the Abbey Chapter. Dr. Scott, with a view to the betterment of the school, opened the University scholarships to town boys and made several needed changes. In 1883 he resigned, after having brought the attendance up to its former level. A strong character was needed for Dr. Scott's place, and it was found in the person of Dr. Rutherford, a scholarly man in every way. Ill-health caused his retirement in 1901 and Dr. James Gow was elected to fill his place.

Standing as it does within the shadow of the Abbey from which it takes its name, Westminster school is almost content to blush unseen and apart from the gaze of tourists. With several exceptions,

all the buildings open to a small square, "Little Deans Yard." The buildings are not extensive and some of them are very old, sections having been incorporated from the Abbey. The principal buildings are eight in number. For chapel, school assemblies every day in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. The playing grounds are some blocks distant from the main school and are a large field left by Dr. Vincent and named after him. One other feature must be noted and that is the Crimean Memorial, a polished granite column dedicated to the many old Westminsters who died in the Crimean war. Compared with the other foundations Westminster appears small and decidedly cramped for room. Its playing field is not connected with the school grounds. It has no chapel of its own, no swimming pool; the school grounds proper are very limited and the boarding houses are in reality separate communities. The whole foundation in fact seems meager in comparison to other schools, but few can boast the glorious record and illustrious past of Westminster school.

Of the school's internal arrangement much might be said. The age of admission is from ten to fourteen years. After admission the new student is entered in his proper class and school life begins. There are two rough divisions of the students into collegers and town-boys, the latter including boarders, half-boarders and day scholars. The day scholars are in far the greater number of the entire body. The collegers are limited to sixty in number and mingle on amicable terms with the day boys. Formerly the two sections regarded each other with mutual contempt and disdain, but those days happily are past. There are two divisions, classical and modern, taught by a staff of sixteen masters. These divisions are roughly subdivided into the upper and under school, the names suggesting the forms. On the classical side Latin and Greek are prominent studies, with modern languages, history and mathematics being duly represented. On the modern side the order is reversed, Latin being the only main classical feature. In regard to Latin, it was formerly spoken altogether, even now being a favorite branch. A system of superannuation is in force at Westminster, there being an age limit set for each form, removable only at the head-master's discretion. As for the boys, the boarders arise shortly before seven, breakfast at eight, have schools till one and after dinner until about five o'clock, with "lights out" shortly after nine-thirty. Owing to the predominance of day scholars, the regular time table has been adjusted to hours suitable to each class. In truth, were it not

for many of the college institutions Westminster retains, the hours of school would indicate it as an ordinary English day school. On Wednesday and Saturday the boys receive half-holidays. Strict watch is kept on their progress in school, reports being written home by the master at the end of each term, and for the under school each fortnight. The junior boys are still fagged, but the custom is a faint survival of former times, restricted by iron-clad rules. In fact, the privilege is only granted to a very few. As elsewhere, the monitorial system is in vogue, the chief monitors being the four head seniors and to them the practical control of the college, so far as discipline is concerned, is intrusted. The punishment inflicted by them is limited to four blows with a cane, given only after unanimous agreement on the guilt of the accused and after he has the right of appeal. "Tanning" is the most usual punishment, but the most humiliating disgrace of all is to be publicly "handed" by the head-master. To be "handed" is to receive four blows on the hand, a disgrace second only to expulsion. It would not do to dwell on the boys and their school life without mentioning their school "patois." Winchester and Eton have theirs, and Westminster's repertoire of phrases is almost, but perhaps not quite as extensive. A servant, for example, is always "John." A boy never goes "to" a portion of the school, but always "up" or "down." To study hard is to "muzz," and a holiday is a "play," a half-holiday being a "late play." While such words are scarcely intelligible to the uninitiated, yet they possess a real meaning to Westminster boys, who cling most tenaciously to old traditions.

The school supports five societies, all but one of which has a literary aim. It may be noted that though the Royal Students or Collegers are fast losing all trace of their former monopoly, they still have one society exclusively for themselves, the School Literary Society. There have been various school magazines, the Elizabethan being the present one, edited by the captain of the school. There is another institution peculiar to Westminster, formerly common of all schools—the annual Latin play. As the name indicates, it is given in Latin by actors selected from the royal scholars. It usually centers about some current topic and is often more humorous than serious. It is divided into a prologue and epilogue, the former often written by the head-master and the latter by some old Westminster. The play is usually staged in Athenian costume, the prologue being delivered in modern attire. An extract from the

"Trinummus" of 1893 may be of interest, dealing, as it apparently does, with Chicago and the World's Fair:

SP.—Urbs procul est, urbs magna, Chicago,

Porcina locuples, Illinoisque decus.

Ibi Mundi Nundinæ aguntur:

Præmiaque audivi quemlibet esse penes.

Owing to its surroundings, Westminster is rather hampered as regards athletics. The Thames, at least the portion most convenient, is hopeless for boating, and the space in the school yard is too restricted for extensive racquets or "fives." Again, because of space there can be no rifle or volunteer corps, though Westminster has produced some of the ablest military men in England. Through the happy medium of Vincent Square, cricket and foot-ball can be played. Cricket is indulged in extensively, for, deprived of other favorite sports, it is hard to conjecture what the English school boy would do if prevented from indulging in his national pastime. Association foot-ball is also played, to the accompaniment of the facetious advice and hearty applause of the cockney "rooters" adorning the railings of Vincent Square.

Westminster is indeed a school of glorious traditions and delightful memories. It has experienced vicissitudes of fortune that well might caused its extinction. There was a time when the school lay in the uttermost suburbs of London, "where snipe might be shot." Now the location is somewhat reversed. Many have repeatedly urged its removal to the country, for busy, smoky London is scarcely the place for a public school. The vigorous protests of sentimental old Westminsters and the negative stand adopted by the board keep Westminster where it is. Its space is in truth confined, but what beneficial result its removal would produce remains to be seen.

RUGBY.

In the town of Rugby, Warwickshire, England, there stands one of the famous sextet of English public schools—Rugby. It dates from the year 1567, when Lawrence Sheriffe, a London merchant, died, leaving a will, the codicil and a clause of which gave Rugby birth. Curious though it may seem, but little is known of this Lawrence Sheriffe; even the date of his death was uncertain until within the last quarter of a century. His will provided for the foundation of a grammar school at Rugby and the codicil left lands now in the very heart of London, productive of a revenue

which was the salvation of the school. Owing to delay and legal spite-work on the part of the trustees, it was seven years after Sheriffe's death before the first schoolhouse was erected and Edward Rolston installed as head-master. From this period until 1667, a century after Sheriffe's death, an almost incredible series of litigation, of breaches of faith by the trustees—in short, a legal pitched battle between the descendants of the trustees and the head-masters, threatened to put the school out of existence. It was all due to the incredible avarice of the trustees, who wanted all the rentals of the London lands to accrue to them and not to the school. The darkest days of the school were during the Civil war. Commissions-in-chancery were appointed at various times to settle the dispute, but it was not until the fall of 1667 that the school was finally free. In 1675 a school register was first started, and in 1688 Henry Holyoake became head-master, holding that office for the remarkable space of forty-three years. Under one of his successors, W. M. Knail, the school buildings attained such a state of demolition that in the middle of the eighteenth century the school was removed to the manor house of the village, its present site. The school grew and prospered, forging its way to the front under the head-mastership of Thomas James. Ill-health caused his resignation in 1794. The year 1797 was notable for a rebellion which assumed formidable proportions until finally ended by stratagem and the complete discomfiture of the rebels. During the reign of John Wool, commencing in 1806, two important events occurred. One was the building of the new schoolhouse, and the other the building and consecration of the first chapel, in 1821. In 1828 Dr. Thomas Arnold was elected to the head-mastership, his fourteen famous years of government occurring at a most critical period. Rugby was in a state of indescribable chaos, with a rapid tendency to fatal decline. Every reader of "Tom Brown's School Days" is familiar with the state of the school and the reforms Arnold wrought. His aims and ideals were subjected to the bitterest criticism, but he persevered and triumphed, for Rugby through his efforts attained a place in the front rank of English schools. New buildings were built, changes were made in the courses of study and in the governing body—in short, Rugby, under the guiding hands of able head-masters, has grown, improved and developed into the Rugby of the present day.

Though Rugby has been founded for nearly four centuries, none of its present buildings date earlier than the nineteenth cen-

ture. They are situated in the southern end of the town, itself somewhat of a railroad center. Through the medium of Tom Brown, the approach and general appearance of the buildings is quite familiar. The buildings are divided into the old and new sections, according to the date of their construction. The old buildings are built somewhat on the castellated style and face on the old quadrangle. In the southeast corner of the "quad" is the entrance to the great dining-room, at whose fireplace Tom Brown was nearly roasted. Close by are the same little "studies," now more comfortable than of old. On the western side of the quadrangle there stands the famous "Old Schoolroom" that has served for everything from a class-room to a chapel. The old quadrangle opens into the new, where all the new buildings stand. The chapel occupies the south side of it and the class-rooms the east and north sides. The present chapel is a very imposing edifice, rebuilt in 1872, in the central aisle of which Dr. Arnold lies buried, in a vault immediately in front of the altar, near the chancel steps. From the buildings it is but a step to the great playing fields or "close," constituting seventeen acres.

In such pleasant surroundings as these dwell the boys that make up the school. They are all of the upper middle classes, boys who later on in life furnish examples of the real British citizen. With the exception of about fifty day students, all live in school boarding houses managed by the masters. Health conditions are strictly attended to, for the school possesses a commodious sanatorium and splendid inclosed bath. The boys of each house dine together, but have separate studies. The tuition and boarding fees amount to about two hundred dollars per term. The forms have various names, and are divided into Upper, Middle and Lower schools, of which the "grand old Sixth" is the highest. The sixth form boys are the head men of the school. The enforcing of discipline entrusted to them by Dr. Arnold "as men" is still their privilege. The fagging of Tom Brown's day could scarcely recognize its modern descendant. Studies are still cleaned (?) by the fags, though, as one commentator says, "a duty which the fag generally performs in a manner which would shock any housemaid." Today time has made such changes that the fag himself has a position which is a sinecure to that of his predecessors. In the forms themselves, promotion is given in strict accordance with the order of merit shown by the average for the term's work. Superannuation is in force

for all forms but the sixth, the head-master having power to suspend it at discretion. The school is conducted on an extensive but comprehensive time-table. In summer the school begins at seven with chapel service, and in the winter months at seven-thirty.

Of the subjects studied, each side has a set curriculum. On the classical side Latin and Greek predominate. The Modern side has no Greek, and the Army class is prominent for mathematics. The Specialists specialize mainly in mathematics or natural science. Besides these studies peculiar to the different sides, there are Modern Languages, English, Mathematics, Divinity and History. These, combined with Drawing and Music, make up the Rugby course. Rugby is well supplied with prizes and scholarships. There are books for every conceivable subject, a Royal gold medal, and fourteen scholarships, totaling the handsome sum of £300. These prizes are within the reach of all and are an added stimulus to encourage the students' best efforts.

When one considers the prominence given to athletics in English public schools, he comes to regard them as a feature of the school. Rugby is a name long associated with foot-ball, and indirectly with the American game. Various schools have peculiar modifications of this same game, a fact occasioning laughable mix-ups later on in the "try-outs" at the universities. Rugby, however, seems to have a fair claim of being the source of the modern English game. At any rate, it is a favorite sport at Rugby. Cricket (inevitably) flourishes. The great match is at London with Marlborough, on Lord's Cricket Grounds. Cross-country runs, Fives and Racquets are all pursued.

Since the school's foundation, its scope has broadened. Many of the various institutions peculiar to public schools have found their place in the Rugbeian's heart, binding him closer to his "public school." Many famous men have gained their first knowledge of manhood at Rugby, and the ties of friendship formed there, and the love for the old school have led to the founding of the Old Rugbeian Society. The old Rugbeians and the new support two missions, a home, and a foreign mission in India. The former does splendid work in London's slums. There is a school song, "Floreat Rugbeit," and a school paper, the Meteor. Though Rugby can claim no great antiquity, it can still be proud of its record. Its aim is to produce sturdy British citizens, not ashamed to profess their God. It is an ideal for the realization of which one head-mas-

ter devoted the best years of his life and in the end accomplished. Apart from its achievements and reputation derived from long years of steady progress, Rugby will ever be famous through the light of literature shed upon it by Judge Thomas Hughes, "Tom Brown."

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

Memories.

WHEN winter comes to reign supreme
 And hushed is every brook and stream
 'Tis then I think of happier days
 When life was one grand flood of rays;
 But now these years so lonely seem
 As when the moonlight's silvery beam
 Before the barren forest plays
 When winter comes.

The thoughts of boyhood like a dream
 Come sweeping with a golden gleam;
 They rise from out my childhood past
 And each its recollection pays,
 Those tender scenes, my fondest theme
 When winter comes.

L. J. WALSH, '10.



The Senior Debate.

GALLANTLY resplendent in cap and gown six members of our Senior class met in Association Hall on the night of March twenty-third and discussed the question, "Should Prohibition be Established by Law in Illinois?"

The debaters handled the subject-matter in a scholarly manner and reflected the greatest honor upon the College as well as upon themselves. So it is with the greatest pride we doff our hats to Messrs. Sinnott, Lynch, Wolski, Fitzgerald, Murphy and Kettles.

To introduce the program Mr. Leo Sebastian, a pianist of unusual merit, played Hans Seeling's "Lorely," as tinkling, as rippling, as the name itself would imply. After the Glee Club sang Mr. Daniel Lord's famous song, "Maroon and Gold," Mr. Ambrose Gearon, a capable and commanding chairman, introduced the first speaker of the evening, Edmund M. Sinnott. Mr. Sinnott had chosen the affirmative side of the question and so, to uphold the principles advocated by him, he enumerated in a pictorially beautiful word painting, the trials, the sufferings and the hardships of a family cursed with a drunken father;—the cruel treatment of the wife; the example to the children. He concluded with powerful statements from Fathers Mathew, McGuire and other opponents of the saloon.

Mr. Thomas S. Fitzgerald, the first defender of the negative side, was slow, distinct and convincing. His whole speech was marked with easy grace and natural impressiveness, but unfortunately, the time limit prevented him concluding his remarks.

The second negative, Mr. Joseph J. Lynch, in a strong bass voice, that could be heard in every part of the hall, next cited to his opponents, the condition of Maine with Prohibition and Illinois with free license,—the deaths, the insane, the crimes, resulting from drink and the saloons and, in a powerfully drawn contrast, he showed that Prohibition states were far more progressive,—their treasuries richer,—and their people more industrious.

Mr. Daniel E. Murphy, the second affirmative speaker, slowly and deliberately opened his discussion with text from the bible and statistics from the cities in which Prohibition had failed. His

proofs were in strict syllogistic form and added great weight to his side of the discussion.

The third advocate of Prohibition, Mr. Andrew J. Wolski, declared that the downward path of the youth has its beginning in the saloon, and the only means of eradicating this evil is by prohibiting the public sale of liquor. He concluded with a striking summary of all the facts, statements and arguments adduced by the affirmative side.

The last set speech of the evening was delivered by Mr. Arthur W. Kettles of the negative side. He showed that Prohibition was ineffectual and did not accomplish its purpose. By striking examples and facts which seemed to appeal to the audience as rather humorous, though they were wholly true and founded on the best and most reliable authority, he told how liquors were shipped into Prohibition cities under the guise of boxes of crackers and barrels of vinegar.

When Mr. Kettles finished his address the debaters retired to prepare their speeches in rebuttal, while the Academic choir rendered in their sweetest tones, the "Voices of the Western Wind." After this the debate was again continued in the rebuttals. Here some really excellent work was accomplished by the young men until after twenty minutes the chairman called time and the debate was closed.

The judges, Judge Michael F. Girten, Mr. George W. Warvelle, LL. D., and Dr. Edward J. Kieffer, retired to decide upon a verdict, while the Glee Club amused and entertained the audience with clever snatches of college songs mingled with bits of jest and humor. Mr. Warvelle then announced that the judges, after careful deliberation, decreed the negative side winners of the debate and Daniel E. Murphy winner of the medal.

J. FRANCIS QUINN, '09.



REV. HENRY J. DUMBACH, S. J.
PRESIDENT ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE
1901-1908

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Editorial.

College Editorials.

IN EVERY college paper which professes to any degree of journalistic merit, there is a department devoted to editorials. And yet, strange though it may appear, the nature of editorials fitted to a college journal is in many instances little understood by the editors and contributors to these publications. To this is due the fact that so few interesting and instructive editorials appear in college journals. While a magazine may print striking fiction, clever verse and worthy essays, its editorials, not infrequently, are stilted, weak and hackneyed. Now, as a college paper is one which professes to be published exclusively in the interests of the students and Alumni of a college, it follows as a matter of course that a college editorial should treat of some subject which is of interest to these persons. It should be on a subject which intimately concerns students or those who have been students, and should, as a consequence, be confined to matters educational, scholastic or athletic. It is as ridiculous for a college publication to stray into the fields of politics, of finance or of other subjects as foreign to its nature, as it would be for a sporting journal to publish a treatise on the Ethics and Philosophy of Bernard Shaw. A college editorial should, then, be written on a topic of interest to the readers of such a paper, and subject matter should be treated merely from the standpoint of a student, and not from the point of view of a

blasé man of the world. College editorials occupy a very important place in the field of college journalism, for they represent almost the only opportunity an editor has for a practical training in the works of a professional journalist, besides being the expression of the thoughts and sentiments which actuate the college and its students.

D. A. L.

Segregation vs. Co-education.

IN THE magazine section of one of our great Sunday newspapers early in March, there appeared an article by Dr. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. It commented on the feminizing influence of women teachers, passed on to the need of more men teachers, declared segregation and not co-education was needed in schools, and advocated the use of the birch. While feminization was the keynote of his article, Dr. Hall paused long enough to declare that co-education was not beneficial to boys and that they needed a more virile atmosphere. His remarks provoked replies from some of the most eminent women educators. Strange as it may seem, while the East arraigned, the West upheld him, though not agreeing with all his views. The women educators took up the cudgels for their own sex and dealt but briefly with those parts of Dr. Hall's article not relating particularly to themselves. Only one saw fit to notice his views on co-education. Another made the remark that "good men teachers were difficult to procure and the ordinary run were no better than women. Furthermore enough good men teachers could not be produced without a decided increase in the cost of education." Whether this reflected on the excellence of men as opposed to women, the good lady failed to state. Two weeks later, prominent men educators stated their views. They declared mainly in favor of segregation, especially in the high school. Charles M. Jordan, Superintendent of Schools, Minneapolis, said: "I feel that there is an increasing tendency toward separation of the boys and girls during the high school course, and while fifteen years ago I stood unreservedly in favor of the plan which usually prevails, I must admit that I now sometimes find myself doubting its wisdom." The headmaster of the County Secondary School of Hyde, Cheshire, England, who visited American schools last spring, discussed co-education at some length in his report. Referring to co-education he said: "If there are any dangers in the system, they certainly have the

fullest opportunity for showing themselves in high schools, where there is so little of the surveillance we consider necessary when boys and girls are educated together, and it would be idle to say that everything works in a perfect manner." Henry Pratt Judson, President of Chicago University, referring to the need of more virility in the boys' teaching and surroundings declared: "I believe that the so-called segregation of the sexes in schools and colleges goes a long way toward the solution of the problem. The experiment now being tried in the Englewood High School of Chicago aims at this very thing and in my opinion will result beneficially. The trial of this plan is significant with the trend of education in the secondary schools." Calvin M. Woodward, of Washington University, St. Louis, took a rather neutral stand though he declared there were defects, and restrictions needed, in the present prevailing system. Frederick W. Hamilton, President of Tufts College, declared himself "strong in the opinion that after graduating from grammar schools, boys and girls should be educated separately." Lest he be misinterpreted, he defined his position most clearly, offering some of the strongest arguments advanced for segregation. Julia Richman, District Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, declared herself emphatically in favor of segregation in an article that covered the ground most thoroughly. These are but a few of the many who believe the same. Co-education is not producing desirable results. There should be a certain amount of refinement in one's make-up, but a "feminine young man," a hybrid creature, is liable to result unless segregation removes the evil. As Tennyson says:

"While man and woman still are incomplete,
I prize that soul where man and woman meet,
Which type's all Nature's male and female plan,
But, friend, man-woman is not woman-man."

T. Q. B.

Debating Societies.

THERE is one institution existing in every Jesuit college which, unfortunately, is little understood and little appreciated by many of the college students. This institution is the College Debating Society. In every Jesuit college there is a Debating Society, presided over by a member of the faculty and admitting to member-

ship the students of the college department. This society is governed by a regular constitution and holds its meetings weekly. In the boarding colleges, memberships in these societies is, to a large extent, compulsory; but in the day colleges, owing to a number of reasons, membership is unfortunately optional. We use the word "unfortunately" advisedly, for, though many students do not appreciate the fact, there is no greater training for after life than a faithful and energetic membership in these debating societies. For, as we learn to write by writing and to memorize by memorizing, so too do we learn to speak by speaking, and an ability to speak is an invaluable asset to every man in the world. By speaking, however, we do not mean conversing nor talking without a purpose, but we mean the ability to clearly express our views on a subject in a way calculated to impress those convictions which we cherish on others. It is the power of orally conveying our thoughts to others; and the man who is incapable of clearly expressing his thoughts, though he have the mind of an Aristotle or the genius of a Socrates, is never going to benefit any living soul save himself alone. The professional man, at the bar or in the lecture room, the business man in a meeting of a board of directors or in a political convention, the mechanic at his union meeting, all need this ability, and to neglect it in youth is to lack it in after years. But in the Debating Society is to be found the opportunity of training one's power of speech, and it is a known fact that in the cities where the College Debating Society has been the most flourishing and prosperous, there, too, have the Alumni been most conspicuous at the bar and on the bench. The Debating Society is a school of Parliamentary law; it is an arena in which brain is pitted against brain, and tongue against tongue. So beneficial and so needed is such a society that it should be recognized as a part of every college curriculum, and membership in it should be sought by every student.

D. A. L.



LOUIS S. KANE

The death of Louis Kane brought grief to the hearts of his classmates and friends, who deeply sympathize with his parents in their bereavement. He died on the thirty-first of January, surrounded by his parents, brothers and sisters. The last Sacraments had been administered to him, and so in death as in life he was in the grace of God.

Louis graduated last June from St. Catherine's parochial school in Austin, and in the opening of classes in September, he entered the first year of High School at St. Ignatius.

He was a boy of whom it could be truly said, "To know him was to love him." Kind, upright and manfully pious, he spread abroad the good odor of a holy life; and although dead, his memory lives, quickening us to goodness of deed and nobleness of character.

The services at St. Catherine's Church, which were beautiful and edifying, were attended by Louis' classmates. Father Campbell officiated and paid a glowing tribute to one whom he had known for sixteen years, and of whom he could only speak words of praise. The interment took place at Mount Calvary. May he rest in peace.

ALFRED H. O'GARA, First High E.

ALOYSIUS STAUDACHER

The death of Aloysius Staudacher came as a shock to his many friends in St. Ignatius College. Though we regret the taking off of one whose good nature and gentle disposition served to edify all, it is a consolation to reflect that he could never have been better prepared to meet his Almighty Judge. His last two months on earth seemed but a preparation for the end, as he received his Lord in Holy Communion weekly, and strove earnestly and successfully to accomplish the duties of his student life.

Solemn High Mass was offered for the repose of his soul in the College Chapel at which the bereaved parents were present. After the gospel of the Mass Father Cassilly delivered a touching sermon and dwelt on the amiable qualities of the departed.

Realizing the extent of their loss, we offer our heartfelt sympathies to his beloved parents, and reassure them of our continued prayers. The memory of his earnest and faithful life will be to all of us an inspiration and an example.

MARK A. LIES, FIRST HIGH A.



Springtime somehow or other has ever been associated with the kindred evils of spring poetry and spring fever, but no one has yet succeeded in defining it specifically. "It is the time of lilies and laughter," to quote a former issue of the COLLEGIAN, and Webster learnedly defines it as "the season of the year when the plants begin to grow." Interpret its meaning as you will, the fact still remains that spring brings with it many blessings. To the school boy its advent is the signal for relaxation, for the two remaining months of school are months when to stay indoors and study are anything but delightful occupations.

Time has sped so quickly that the third quarter seems little else than a rapidly occurring succession of important events. An important change was made in the Faculty, for a new President was installed. Then there was the visit of the Provincial, the Shakespeare lecture and the play banquet. The crowning glory of all came when, shortly after the beginning of the last term, five St. Ignatius students successfully passed the Rhodes Scholarship examination. There is but little of the school year left, and the student must turn his thoughts to coming repetitions and the "finals," and after that—but why anticipate? To whisper the magic name of summer is to raise the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

One Wednesday evening, a week or so after the holidays, the Thespians, who so successfully presented "In the Fool's Bauble," assembled to participate in the play banquet. The main **THE PLAY** dining hall of the college restaurant was lined with long **BANQUET**. tables, the upper classmen occupying the head. Around the sides sat the other players, down to the smallest page that wore a wig. Mr. Daniel A. Lord, '09, was toastmaster

of the evening, and expended numerous complimentary and humorous remarks in introducing the speakers of the occasion. After speech and song, Fr. Cassilly, S. J., the Vice-President, arose, and in a few quiet congratulatory remarks assured the students of the play's excellent histrionic success and financial prospects. Another song and the banqueters rose to a man, with a hearty rendition of the college cheer, and departed to inform less fortunate outsiders of their good time.

The following statement was given out, showing the total receipts of the Christmas play, "In the Fool's Bauble:"

Total receipts	\$926.00
Total expenditures	595.08

Net gain

This sum was divided among the college societies as follows:

Students' Library	\$155.92
Athletic Association	75.00
Musical Societies	50.00
Collegian	50.00

The week preceding January 29 was an anxious one for the Philosophers. Yea, verily, it was a time of trepidation and careful preparation, for on Wednesday, the SENIOR EXAMINATION. 29th, was held the semi-annual examination in Philosophy. After the smoke of mental battle cleared away it was learned that everyone had passed, much to the joy of the Philosophers.

Monday afternoon, February 10, at 2:30, the students of the college and high school classes assembled in the college hall to listen to a stereopticon lecture on "The Merchant of Venice." SHAKESPEARE LECTURE. The lecture was delivered by Prof. Frederick V. Carr, instructor of the college classes in elocution. Mr. Karr prefaced his lecture with a very brief sketch of Shakespeare's life and some scenes in Stratford-on-Avon. Then passing on to the city of Venice he entered into a short description of the city, as scenes in various parts of it were flashed upon the screen. Owing to the fact that Mr. Karr was obliged to use two sets of views he remarked that the audience must be prepared for some "lightning changes." The lecture it-

self consisted of a brief introductory outline of the play and then the main body of the address, interspersed with many well rendered and heartily applauded passages from the play itself. The character of Shylock was especially well interpreted.

One of the most important events of the school year and the history of the college was the retirement of Rev.

Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., from his office
OUR NEW RECTOR. as rector and president of the college. Under

Fr. Dumbach's administration the school has grown to be the largest Jesuit college in the United States. It is the aim of the Jesuit Society to build up a university in Chicago and to this end twenty acres were purchased by Fr. Dumbach in Rogers Park, in 1906. Fr. Dumbach was succeeded in office by Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J., former president of Marquette University, Milwaukee.

Fr. Dumbach has been president of the college for over seven years, being appointed to that office early in 1900. He was born in St. Louis in 1862 and was educated in the parochial schools, graduating from St. Louis University in 1879. He pursued his studies at Woodstock College, Maryland, completing them in 1893. Ordained in 1894, he was first assigned to the science department of St. Louis University and later, in 1895, came to Chicago. In 1899 he succeeded Fr. Jas. Hoeffler as president, after filling the office of assistant the previous year. Fr. Dumbach did not assume his official duties until September, 1900. From 500 students that year, the college has grown, until 612 students are now enrolled.

The Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., of Marquette University, was appointed to succeed Fr. Dumbach. Fr. Burrowes was born in St. Louis in 1853 and was admitted to the Jesuit Order in 1872. To quote the *New World*, "He has been president of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, vice-president of Detroit College, and also taught in Creighton University and St. Ignatius College. In discussing the aims of the society regarding the college, Fr. Burrowes said: "It is our aim to eventually build up a University out of St. Ignatius College. Just how soon we shall be able to attain that end I cannot say. We want to establish a medical school and a school of pharmacy, law and dentistry. We shall probably begin by establishing an academy on the north side property and later on branch out into the college department of the school. Our idea is to erect several buildings for the various departments of the

university, just as was done at Marquette University in Milwaukee. I am firmly convinced that the field in Chicago for a Jesuit University of high rank is promising of good results."

On Wednesday afternoon, February 19, the students gathered in the college hall to tender a reception to Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., the new president installed on Tuesday, February 11, 1908. The faculty attended in a body, preceded by the Seniors in cap and gown.

The orchestra, Mr. Pribyl directing, opened the program with the "Inauguration Overture." The combined forces of the Glee Club and Academic Choir threatened to overflow the stage, but after arranging themselves with difficulty, rendered "Kathleen Mavourneen." Thos. Guinane, '08, then read an address of welcome expressive of the feeling of the student body toward the departing rector and its best wishes to Fr. Burrowes in his new incumbency. A Latin salutation by Francis Furlong, '10, was followed by a poem, "The Pilot," composed by Daniel A. Lord, '09. The poem was read by Edmund Curda, '09, because of Mr. Lord's absence from college.

After the applause occasioned by the reading of the poem had died away, Fr. Burrowes arose to address the students. His appearance caused a fresh outbreak that the rector smilingly waved aside. In quiet tones Fr. Burrowes addressed the students, thanking them for the welcome tendered him. He declared that he was not an entire stranger to the college, having taught there about twenty years ago. He briefly outlined his policy as pursuant of the one inaugurated by Fr. Dumbach. "A Jesuit college is a stable institution," Fr. Burrowes said, "and I intend to inaugurate no new plan or policy." He went on to say further that he desired the hearty co-operation of the students in maintaining the high standard of the college and expressed the hope that their previous record would be maintained. He emphasized particularly the need of genuine college spirit and in closing expressed the hope that the present college spirit would be maintained, together with the college's high standard and splendid reputation.

The last week of February saw the college honored by the presence of the Provincial of the Missouri province, the Very Rev. Rudolph J. Meyer, S. J. Fr. Meyer has returned to this country but recently, having been assistant to the former superior-general of the Jesuit Society at Rome. He was made Provincial of the

RECEPTION TO
THE PROVINCIAL.

Missouri province last September and came to Chicago in February on a tour of inspection. On Saturday afternoon, February 29, the students assembled in the college hall to tender Fr. Meyer a reception. The afternoon's program was opened by the Glee Club. With Elmer Spiegel as soloist, they rendered "The Last Rose of Summer." The select choir next appeared and with Chas. O'Grady and Elmer Spiegel as soloists gave an excellent rendition of the "Meadow Song." Daniel Murphy, '08, followed with an address of welcome from the student body. Edmund Curda, '09, then read a salutation in Latin pursuant of the same theme and was succeeded by Thomas Beesley, '10, with a poem of welcome entitled "Our Leader."

Fr. Provincial responded smilingly to the storm of applause that greeted his appearance. In beginning his address he reviewed briefly the years when he was first at St. Ignatius College. Though it was over twenty-five years ago, he declared he considered himself an old friend of the college students. He went on to say that he was proud of the boys and their record and sincerely hoped they would ever be loyal to the college, declaring that the hearty, loyal co-operation of the students was essential to the college's welfare. Fr. Meyer spoke feelingly on the subject of education and the Jesuit Order's connection with that subject. He emphasized loyalty to the college and earnestness in the endeavor to maintain its standard. In conclusion he summed up the whole theme of his discourse when he said: "Our boys must live up to the standard set in college. We want them to be educated, representative Catholics, to stand out before the world as educated Catholic gentlemen and true Christians, a credit to themselves, their college and their church!"

After Fr. Provincial had resumed his seat, the Glee Club treated the audience to a pleasant surprise by appearing on the stage to render the new college song. The song was written by our reverend president, Fr. Burrowes, S. J. After its rendition, the students dispersed to their class rooms and the reception to the Provincial became one of the pleasant memories of the quarter's events.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "M" being particularly prominent. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is also in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "S" being particularly prominent. The entire title is surrounded by intricate illustrations of musical instruments, including a violin, a flute, and a harp, as well as various types of foliage and leaves. The background of the title is filled with fine, cross-hatched lines, creating a textured effect. In the bottom right corner of the title, the initials "A. M. D. C." are visible.

A. M. D. C.

Association Hall was the *locale* of the last concert and, although not as homelike as the large College Auditorium, where previous concerts were held, it is snug and cozy and gives a far better tone and quality to the music.

Before eight o'clock, the hall was completely filled and the doors closed. This was a disappointment to the many persons turned away.

Contrary to the usual custom, the curtain rose promptly at eight o'clock, upon the augmented orchestra, the numbers of which have reached thirty-five. Professor Pribyl directed and showed himself entirely efficient. For the opening number, "Bells of Normandy" was given. The overture is a selection of the best numbers from Planquette's Opera of that name, and it proved so tuneful and dreamy, that an encore was demanded and given. The ever-popular Glee Club, mirthful and debonair, sang a group of songs, composed of "Father's Lullaby," "Uncle Sam," and "What's the Use of Worry." Professor Hutter played Hubert's "Erl King" with excellent understanding and responded with Verdi's "Lucia." The Select Choir then sang Wiegand's "Meadow Song." Professor Pribyl, director of the College Orchestra and teacher of violin, played "Cavatina" and "Dantzes Tziganes" by Raff, after which the Academic Choir, overwhelming in numbers as well as in voice, sang "God's Little Garden" as prettily and as daintily as one would wish. "The Wedding March" from Mendlessohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" was next played by the Orchestra, and the Glee Club and choir sang in chorus "Kathleen Mavourneen," that tuneful melody of musical Ireland. The next number proved to be the best of the evening. It was "The Last Rose of Summer," arranged for soprano solo and quartet accompaniment, rendered by Master Spiegel and the Glee Club. It gave the soloist ample opportunity to display

range as well as flexibility of voice, and, indeed, Master Spiegel sang it in an excellent and finished manner, fairly taking the house by storm when he reached high B natural in a pure, clear tone. "In Japan" and the ever-demanded "College Cheer" were the responses. As a fitting close to an altogether interesting and delightful programme, the College Orchestra played Losch's "Peerless King," a lilting, tuneful march. It was the supreme climax of a performance that bristled with climaxes from the start and the listeners surely appreciated this fact, as evidenced from their kind and generous applause. All voted it a decidedly jolly and entertaining evening.

The new Rector, Father Burrowes, is greatly concerned and takes a deep interest in the musical life of the College. He has much talent in that line, manifested lately by the writing of a song, "Maroon and Gold," which the Glee Club is preparing to sing. It is a smooth, well-written poem, set to tuneful, catchy music, and we feel sure its reception will be a gracious one.

J. FRANCIS QUINN, JR.



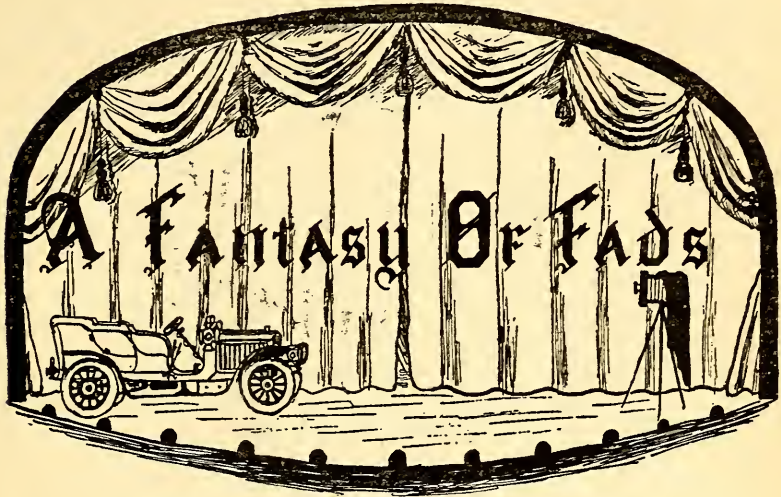


PASSIM

Under the spreading Chestnut tree
Our joke-smith has his stand;
The smith, a flighty man is he
Who puns to beat the band;
And the humor which he mutilates
Is of an ancient brand.

Or at least so our respected though non-respecting friends are wont to tell us. Of course, please understand, they do not say so in so coarse and brutal a fashion. Nay, nay, Archibald. Theirs is rather the refinement of cruelty. They do not say; "My boy, you are terribly tiresome: your jokes are contemporaneous with the flood or with the original Black Crook Company." Perish the simple apprehension! But when a COLLEGIAN appears, bulging, as we think, with humor second only to Mark Twain and Kendrick's Bangs, in its cleverness and originality, they rush up to us and clasp our elongated digits and vociferate: "My dear fellow, you're improving. I notice you now borrow from Wallace Irwin instead of S. E. Kiser;" or, "Do you know you expressed that thought almost as cleverly as Wilbur Nesbit did?" or again, "I thoroughly enjoyed that joke when I read it in Life; you certainly have the most excellent taste." And we who were wont to boast of our originality, smile back with the air of an embezzler who discovers his newly made friend is a Pinkerton and thank them for their cheering words. It's hard to have one's humor taken with such an air of seriousness; it is almost as bad as having a friend say after one has told his best story; "The News does print a splendid comic page, doesn't it?" Of course they all mean well; but it's very trying on the joke-smith's nerves. So please remember, long-suffering peruser of these pages, when

you strike something which sounds familiar, and you murmur through your teeth; "Ah, ah, Jack Dalton! I have you now," that small streams seek the same outlet.



The Lands of Shades was in a state of almost chaotic excitement. Never before, even in the memory of the oldest and shadiest shade had there been such confusion, such bustle, such excitement on the banks of the placid and woody Styx. From near and far the spirits gathered, and so great was the demand for conveyances of all sorts, that faithful Charon, original organizer of the navigation trust, for the time changed his route from a crossing of the stream, and was carrying on an exceedingly lucrative business, plying up and down the banks, in a boat laden to the guards with excited and effervescing spirits. It was truly a memorable occasion. News had been spread to the farthest corners of Tartarus and Elysium that all faddists, or rather all those who had been faddists in their days of physical existence, were invited to assemble in a convention. And so, as it appeared that every mortal had been more or less a faddist, there gathered at the appointed spot the greatest crowd Hades had ever seen, The following account, from the pen of William Shakespeare, appeared in the morning edition of the "*Hades Howl, A live Daily for Dead Ones.*"

THE FADDISTS CONVENE!

Representatives of all the Fads Present. Socially and Scientifically
a Scintillating Success.

It was fully eight o'clock in the evening when the last of the shades were drawn into place, and sat patiently waiting the fall of the chairman's gavel. On the platform sat the speakers of the evening, each the most radical representative of his particular class of faddists, while assembled in the spacious hall were all the faddists the world had ever known, from Adam, the discoverer of fads, down to the lately expired Radium faddist. Presently there was a deep hush which preceded the call to order, and after the spirited rap of the gavel had vibrated and revibrated through the gloomy chambers, the chairman rose and addressed them:

Hail faddists all, both great and small
The leaders of your races,
Who here to-night in all your might,
Have come to take your places.

We truly know no idle show
Has caused this congregation;
'Tis rather due to that we knew
We owe a vindication.

For since some fad is ever had
By mortals when on earth,
We represent the best per cent,
Of everyone of worth.

And hence 'tis fair that we declare
Why fads are our delight;
I therefore say, in accents gay
Thrice welcome here tonight.

At the close of this little gem, the chairman bowed and smiled. When the applause died away, the chairman said:

"We have amongst us, one who was famous as a faddist whilst he trod the upper earth. He might properly be termed a ball fiend, and I am proud to refer to him as one who loved his

fad above all else. His first act on entering the world was to bawl; his whole career was spent on the ball field, and his last words were: "Four balls; I guess I start from home." His diet consisted solely of meat and potato balls, his favorite flower was the snow ball, and he never rode on a car without first inquiring if it was ball-bearing. Gentlemen, I introduce our fanatic faddist, The Athletic Fiend.

Midst the thunderous applause of the spirits, the Athlete advanced; he was handsome, with a forehead like a toboggan, and a jaw like a newly made brick, while his costume was a splendid ad for Spaulding's catalogue. He turned red, perhaps from embarrassment, perhaps from heat, and began.

I was never possessed of a very large brain,
So instead I developed my brawn;
And the family declared my remarks were inane,
But I always developed my brawn.
So I toyed with the weights and the parallel bars,
And I hastened to hire a professor who spars,
While I boycotted drinks and the deadly cigars;
And I strove to develop my brawn.

So I practiced each game just as much as I could,
And I quickly developed my brawn;
Be it foot-ball or golf, I was equally good,
For I always developed my brawn.
And at tennis a racket I cleverly raised,
While my batting and fielding in base-ball were
praised;
And my running and rowing all enemies fazed;
For I always developed my brawn.

So when I decided to college I'll go,
Since I'd always developed my brawn,
'Twas "Hail to our College: Thrice welcome:" you know
They had heard I'd developed my brawn.
And the girls made me pillows and helped me to pass,
My tuition was paid, I was seldom in class,
But I studied the rules of the new forward pass,
And I always developed my brawn.

At the conclusion, 'midst mingled cried of "Rah, rah," "14-36-43" "three strikes," and "fore," the Athlete sought the bench. Again the chairman addressed them.

"It is with a sense of pleasure that I introduce the next speaker, a man who is quite as famous for his negative as his positive attainments. He was once heard to say, that he considers life as a snap, but in spite of this, he is likely to make some startling exposures. Gentlemen, the Photographic Fiend."

Following the custom acquired during a life in an art gallery, the camera faddist mounted the platform and addressed them in a low half-tone:



With a kodak, a pipe and a
picturesque nook
In a meadow that stretches
afar,
Or a glade in the woods
where a wandering brook
Sparkles brightly and
gleams like a star,
I am happy to linger, my tri-
pod in place,
Mother nature herself for
my book,
And to stroll and to dream
'midst the soft sylvan
grace
With a kodak, and pic-
turesque nook.

With a kodak, a pipe and a picturesque nook
I can idle the summer away;
And when bleak winter comes, I have only to look
At the pictures I took in bright May;
And I sit by the hearth with the photos in hand,
While I muse o'er the meadows or brook,
And I live once again in the sweet fairy land
Of the kodak and picturesque nook.

When he had finished, the spirits clamored for him to develop his subject further, but he replied in the negative. Said the chairman:

"The next speaker requests that you maintain a strict silence, as he is not accustomed to speaking, though he is somewhat of a reader. He is a man known to every book-seller in the world, and though he is a great book-worm, his worst enemy would not call him a bore. Gentlemen—the Bibliomaniac."

The gentleman mentioned tottered to the edge of the platform. He was bent and aged, and wore spectacles whose lenses were the size of plate glass windows. His glasses, not his eyes, were the windows of his soul. When he spoke, his voice sounded as if he were conversing through the wrong end of a megaphone.

I have always been a scholar,
 Never chased the fickle dollar,
 But have hunted precious volumes day and
 night;
 And I mused o'er printed pages
 Filled with deeds of fools and sages,
 And in strangest books I take the most de-
 light.
 But the superhuman hero,
 And the villain worse than Nero,
 Who have thrilled me as I read their deeds
 of old,
 I could never yet discover
 Save beneath the darkened cover
 Of a book, or in a tale an author told.



For you never find them elsewhere than in books.
 Now, I wonder how just such a person looks;
 For he must be quite the best,
 More unusual than the rest;
 For you never find him elsewhere than in books.

Take the hero for a sample,
 He is quite a fair example,
 Standing safe, though shot like rain-drops round him fell.
 Or observe the haughty beauty,
 Who, when choosing love or duty,
 Clings to duty, and receives the love as well.
 Do you, to your personal knowledge,
 Or from history learned at college,
 Know a Northern Spy, who wed a Southern girl?
 Or a man who, most inanely,

Spent the evening hours insanely
Writing odes and sonnets to a maiden's curl?

For you never find them elsewhere than in books.
There is quite a favorite tale regarding looks.

Two men, so alike in faces,
Safely take each other's places;
But you never find them elsewhere than in books.

At the close of his little effusion, he was so overcome by his emotions that he went off and buried himself in a book. The indefatigable chairman again inflicted his queer humor on the spirits, who boiled under his words.

"We must never for a moment overlook the ladies, and consequently we have a representative of the unfair sex as the next speaker. She was a devotee at the altar of Bridge, and worshipped there day and night; so faithful was she, in fact, that when she went to call, whether the person was in or not, she would never leave her cards. Gentlemen—the Bridge Whist Maniac."

The lady, though scrupulously gowned, advanced with a shuffling walk and heartily addressed them.



In my life I never played
Golf or games the like of that;
From my cards I never strayed,
Hour by hour, I gambling sat.
In my veins the passion burned;
Rest and sleep I always missed,
For my thoughts forever turned
To the stirring game of whist.

Bridge Whist, Bridge Whist,
Half your life you've surely missed
If you've failed to play at whist;
Quite the finest on the list;
Bridge Whist, Bridge Whist.
Stakes are high, which send the blood
Pulsing onward in a flood.
Down in Hades how I've missed
Bridge Whist.

When I asked a friend to dine
For the meal he more than paid;
When I gave the maid a sign

Cards were brought and whist was played ;
 And, though friend or kin he be,
 On his payment I insist ;
 All alike are lawful prey
 In the hunting game of whist.

Bridge Whist, Bridge Whist,
 Scandal follows in its trail,
 Ruined youths and maidens frail ;
 But in cards their joy exists.
 Bridge Whist, Bridge Whist,
 Playing madly, young and old
 Fight for checks or stacks of gold.
 You're unlucky if you've missed
 Bridge Whist.

At this juncture she drew a deck of cards from her sleeve (see the society column for a detailed description of her gown), and would have started a game had not the secretary reminded her that this was Hades, and not a gambling hell. Again the chairman rose, and this time announced the last speaker.

"As a last number, the Automobile Crank has offered to do a turn. Although it is quite a habit with him, he has promised not to break down. He also affirms that if his sparker is in good working order, you may expect a scintillating address. Gentlemen—the Auto Crank."

The crank then advanced, and spoke in a voice which resembled a motor running without a muffler.

Have you heard of my car,
 Of my dashing new car,
 With its speed like a rocket and force like
 a star ?
 With its thrilling career,
 And its chauffeur *sans* fear
 With its marvelous records and journeys
 afar ?
 'Tis a wondrous machine,
 Painted lustrous green,
 And it glides on its journey so swift and
 serene,
 That I almost can feel,
 As I cling to the wheel,
 That my car is alive, like a spirited queen.



Oh, I'm crazy to ride,
To careen and to glide
Down a smooth level road or a clear boulevard;
And the motor's pulsations
Produce the sensations
That quicken the pulse, should it seek to retard.
There is nothing on earth
That has half of the worth
Of this sport, which produces a thrill that is real;
And my only regret
Is, I cannot forget
We've, in Hades, no automobile.

With one accord the assembled faddists rose to their feet and cheered the speakers. A motion to adjourn was then carried, and the faddists were swiftly spirited away.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





THE ALUMNI BANQUET.

It has been said that a strong alumni spirit cannot be well developed except through the medium of the boarding college, where the students not only pursue their labors together, but where they also reside together through a term of years. The falsity of this claim would have been apparent on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 27th, when the Alumni of St. Ignatius College gathered at the Great Northern Hotel for their annual banquet.

For some time before seats were taken at the tables, there was displayed the most genuine good-fellowship. During the exchange of greetings and reminiscences one could hear many a remark that would recall the circumstances of a quarter of a century ago—or more—

*"When life was but a story that held neither sob nor sigh,
In the olden, golden glory of the days gone by."*

When the members of the association took their places at the table they found that the banquet committee had prepared everything that would tend to arouse in them their latent love for their Alma Mater:—the decorations were in red and gold; the St. Ignatius College orchestra dispensed the music.

After the repast Mr. Clarence Mercer, the president of the association, presented Father Burrowes, Rector of St. Ignatius College, who, in the course of a few remarks, outlined the plans of the Faculty for the new university and invoked the aid of the Alumni and of their friends towards the carrying out of this grand educational project.

The president of the Alumni Association then committed to the toastmaster, Mr. Bernard McDevitt, Jr., the management of the rest of the program.

In the much-deplored absence through sickness of Mr. William N. Brown, of '86, Mr. Patrick H. O'Donnell of Georgetown, responded to the call of the toastmaster, and, catching up the keynote of Mr. Brown's toast: "The True Soul of Education," aroused the Alumni to Spartan comradeship in their devotion to the cause of Catholic education.

Father Sherman followed, in response to the toast: "Leaders Amongst the Laity."

Along the paths of history the scholarly Jesuit strolled, culled the choicest flowers of statesmanship and integrity, and with bright eye, beaming countenance and wealth of language held up the nose-gay to his admiring hearers, and pointed out how they had perfumed the atmosphere of their various times by the purity of their lives and the nobility of their purpose; nor did he fail to call attention to the hidden thorns with which some of these men had been obliged to impress ruthless hands with a respect for their rights. While he lamented our present dearth of laymen of action in public life, Col. James Hamilton Lewis, the next speaker, gave a very masterly and lucid insight into the extraordinary difficulties that beset the legislators and public men of our day, and emphasized the great need of moral training in the education of the man. With clearness of subject, grace of manner, elegance of diction, and readiness of wit, the Colonel held the guests in rapturous attention. They would tolerate no suggestion from him that he shorten his discourse,—they countenanced no pause but for applause.

The association was highly honored by the presence of Father Meyer, Provincial of the Society of Jesus of the Western Province, and erstwhile assistant to the General in Rome. Though many years had elapsed since last they met him, the older boys of the College retained fond recollections of their former Vice-President, whose very being glowed with benignity,—

*"Who tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."*

In a most captivating way Father Meyer told some of his experiences in Rome. Both entertaining and instructive were his observations of the customs of various peoples with whom he had come in contact while they were seeking audience at the Vatican; and his word portraits of Leo XIII and Pius X were most graphic.

The toastmaster said he had in mind some of the idealized



—A BANQUET OF THE
—AND THE
—

—



men of affairs as suggested by Father Sherman and Col. Lewis when he called from his supposed security from observation Hon. Nicholas R. Finn of '87, who detached himself from his class-moorings long enough to toast the old associations and the organization that keeps alive the friendships of auld lang syne. He gave expression to a thought that many have quietly entertained, when he said that it is to be regretted that Jesuit professors are transferred from place to place just as their pupils have become strongly attached to them.

The banqueters disbanded at a quarter before one o'clock.

BERNARD E. MCDEVITT.

Society Notes.

CHRYSOSTOMIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

Owing to the ill-health of Father Synnot, to whom we extend our heartfelt wishes for quick recovery, a new president was chosen shortly after the semi-annual election, which resulted as follows: President, Mr. Claude J. Pernin, S. J.; Vice-President, Edward F. O'Connor; Recording Secretary, Ralph C. Sullivan; Corresponding Secretary, Sylvester F. McGeever; Treasurer, James R. Quinn; Censors, Andrew J. Wolski and Edward V. Del Beccaro.

Great delay has been encountered in beginning the new year's routine of business, and it was not till February 18 that the first debate was held. Messrs. Quinn and Kavanagh, Foley and Lynch volunteered to discuss the question, "Resolved: That a censorship of the press be established." The affirmative side was awarded the decision.

The following meeting found the senior debators out in full force, owing to the important announcements of the president. The debate that followed, "Resolved: That culture has tended more to liberty than force of arms," proved a surprise to the expectations of the hearers, as the oratory of the speakers aided them to arouse interest and give force to their arguments. The affirmative side was championed by Messrs. Bowe and Quinn, while Messrs. Woertz and Wolski strove to show what war has done in the emancipation of nations. The latitude of the question enabled the affirmative side

to review the whole history of culture and point out its numerous and manifold results in the cause of freedom. Their opponents, however, were not to be outdone, and though not evincing such power of eloquence, still their blunt arguments helped them to lessen the force of their opponents' flow of language. At the weighing of the arguments the affirmative side was declared the victor.

On Tuesday, March 3, the oft-debated question, "Resolved: That educational qualifications be demanded for suffrage," was again taken up. The fact that the affirmative speakers, Messrs. Roederer and Walsh, were fighting against public sentiment and the conviction of their hearers, rendered the task of upholding their side a difficult one. Confronted by the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution, which their opponents, Messrs. Beesley and Prindiville, chose to utilize, the affirmative side resorted to forensic methods by endeavoring to show that restriction of suffrage does not infringe upon the fundamental principles of the American republic, but is only a new policy that should be adopted on account of the great evils in politics. The decision was awarded the negative side.

The question of educational qualifications for suffrage was followed on March 11 by a far more important political issue, which is at present causing considerable comment the world over. "Resolved: That our commercial prosperity would be better advanced by a doctrine of reciprocity than by protective tariff," was the topic of discussion, with Messrs. Lord and McGeever acting as sponsors for the affirmative side and Messrs. Reedy and Carroll extolling the merits of protective tariff. The affirmative side endeavored to prove that reciprocity insures against the menacing monopolies, who by the aid of high tariff raise prices beyond the reach of the consumer. Another of their favorite arguments was the fact that these mutual alliances between nations are stepping-stones to the much-talked-of "brotherhood of man" and a boom to universal prosperity. The negative side, however, was in no way startled amid the good results that reciprocity would effect, but held the banner of protective tariff well to the front. "America attributes much of commercial prosperity to the high duty imposed on imported commodities; the infant industries are protected, and cheap foreign labor can find no field of competition with American workmen," was the slogan of the negative debators, and it had great weight in deciding the fate of the contending sides. The decision was merited by the negative side.

SENIOR SODALITY.

The Christmas holidays failed to dampen the ardor of the senior sodalists and the weekly meetings continue well attended. The short instructions given by Father Weiand contain many practical points to help the student in his duties. The officers chosen for the second term are: First Prefect, Daniel E. Murphy; First Assistant Prefect, Joseph Heeney; Second Assistant Prefect, Arthur Kettles; Secretary, Thomas Guinane; Treasurer, Felix E. Chouinard; Sacristans, John Kozlowski, William Carroll, Thomas Furlong and Dennis Burns; Consultors, Thomas Conron, John Casey, Thomas Kevin, Charles Murphy, Bohumil Pechous, John Graham, Thaddeus Zamiara, Howard Lonergan, William Fenlon, Edward Dankowski and John Duffin.

LAWRENCE J. WALSH, '10.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

With the advent of the new year, the time of meeting of the Junior Debating Society has been changed from Friday evening to Monday, to the satisfaction of most of the members. On January 13, the second semi-annual election of officers was held. The officers are: President, Rev. William Lyons, S. J.; Vice-President, Michael Killgallon; Recording Secretary, Edward Scott; Corresponding Secretary, Francis Herbert; Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien; Censors, J. Hayes and W. Berghoff. On January 20, the question, "Resolved: That the average young man of today has a better chance of worldly success than his forefathers had," was debated. After this subject had been thoroughly discussed by Messrs. Quinn and Higgins for the affirmative and by Messrs. Clennon and W. Berghoff for the negative, it was found that the affirmative speakers were the victors. After this decision had been reached, two committees were chosen, a committee on debates, made up of Messrs. T. Zamiara, Quinn and Kelly, and a committee on membership, of which the members are Messrs. Higgins, Hill and Glenn. On February 3 the members of the society were given a lecture on "Reading" by Father Garvy, S. J. His kindness was warmly appreciated by the youthful orators, the best proof of which was the earnest attention with which they listened to his remarks. On February 17 the question, "Resolved: That the negro should not have the right of suffrage," was defended by Messrs. W. Stafford and T. O'Brien, while the negative side was ably supported by Messrs.

A. Zamiara and L. McMahon. The judges decided that the negative had won by a few points.

It has been proposed that the time of the meetings should be shortened by having one debate one evening and the other exercises at the next. We believe that this change is favorably regarded by most of the members, but it has not been, as yet, fully decided.

JUNIOR SODALITY.

The religious zeal and piety that exist among the students of a Catholic school or college is especially shown by the large and regular attendance at the Junior Sodality. The short but striking sermons by Father Francis Reilly, S. J., do much to encourage devotion among the young students who are members of that society. Then, too, they are of great assistance to the average student against the temptations that beset him.

SIDNEY E. GLENN, '12.

Academy Notes.

Of the four seasons, taken all,
Give me the one with the bat and ball.

The First Frost—When you proffered your first Spring poem to the Editor.

Amberg: What did Quinn say when the doctor told him he would have to take up smoking?

McCue: He said: "Doc, you're too late."

But whether we be Cubs or Sox,
It's one and all the same,
When S. I. C. is in the box, ,
We're there to cheer the game.

The jewels of the season—Diamonds.

Some free translations:

"Fame periiit"—He lost his meal ticket.

"Cave ne Cadas"—Hang on to your strap.

"Utiles Agris"—Kevin and Casey.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
The spectators thought me rash,

'Twas a jack-knife bridge and it opened,
And down I went. O splash!

In the mob scene in the College play, Folan, who enacted the role of a soldier, took off his coat and had his sleeves rolled up, before he remembered that he was to fight with a sword.

Nine seats were vacant the other day at Spanish class. Hap-pel was absent.

"Yes," sighed Roberts, as he took his place on the bench, "every time I make a sacrifice hit, the bases are empty."

The poets sing of Horatius bold,
Who held the bridge alone;
And the first of the line of Caesar
Who conquered the world for Rome.
But another hero has entered
The great, wide Halls of Fame;
Then here's to the deathless glory
Of the hero who umpires a game.
When the cry of the bleachers is loudest,
And various missiles are hurled,
It is then that we stand and marvel
At the bravest man in the world!
With his hands thrust into his pockets,
He stands at his post through it all,
And quiets the restless tumult,
With the word of command: "Play Ball."

E. A. SCOTT, '11.

RALPH HOBERG, '11.

RIDING ON A BLIZZARD.

I HAD often wondered, why that queer, mud-colored vase should be kept on the mantle above all the other ornaments. As a baby, I had cried for it; and now, though older, I still longed to view the inside of that low, thick-necked vessel. A peculiar story was attached to it. A spirit of the wind having been enticed into it by a follower of Mahomet, the mouth was quickly filled with clay, a few mystic signs were passed over it, and there was the spirit as snug as could be, a prisoner. My uncle had picked it up in India

and given it to my mother, hence its appearance on our mantle.

Everyone was out except the maid, who was upstairs, and the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I pulled a chair over to the mantle, and, by standing on the arm, was just able to reach the vase. I took hold of it and began to descend, when crash! the arm gave way, and I and the vase were rolling on the floor together. Too frightened to cry, I hastily picked myself up and started to run from the room when my hasty steps were arrested by a piping voice that said: "Thank you, ever so much." I turned around and saw a tiny figure picking himself up from the wreckage.

"How do you do?" he asked, and so pleasantly that I somewhat regained my composure.

"I feel very well, sir," I answered timidly. But under the genial warmth of that smile I thawed out, and in a moment I blurted out: "What's your name? How in the world did you get there?"

"You have already heard the story, and it doesn't matter what my name is; but you have done me a great favor, and I must reward you, so follow me; and he walked out into the street.

I followed close after him. My feet had scarce passed the door way when a gust of wind picked me up like a feather and whirled me aloft into the air. When I had regained my breath I found my strange friend beside me, and he said he would take me around the world. Far below, the snow was being whirled along the streets, and people were saying that it was an old-fashioned blizzard; but I knew that it was an ovation to the returning spirit. The blue sea is beneath us now, and a vessel is laboring heavily. As the wind strikes it, it keels over, and with a dull moan, mingled with the shrieking of the passengers, it sinks into the black, storm-tossed waters. We are now over the desert, and it is here that I am to see the awfulness of my friend's power. The storm at sea and the blizzard were nothing compared to the scene that was now enacted before my very eyes. Great masses of sand were whirled as lightly as so many feathers, and woe to the creature, be he man or beast, that is caught in the unmerciful simoon of the desert.

I awoke with a start. A glance told me that the vase was safe, and that its mysterious inhabitant, if indeed it had one, was still safe. As I sat wondering about the strange occurrences of my dream, I heard the dinner-bell, and dismissing the unwelcome topic from my mind, I hastened to an occupation far more pleasing than riding on a blizzard.

EDWARD BARRY. First High C.



It has been the custom of our predecessor in examining and reviewing exchanges to consider merely the "Six Best" of all the magazines taken together. But now we have determined to notice the best Weekly, Monthly, Bi-Monthly, Quarterly and High School paper, of the offerings periodically submitted for our attention and consideration.

This course, we are confident, will allow us greater scope in our work, and afford us an opportunity of paying more attention to the different classes of College Journals.

Of the Weekly papers the *Notre Dame Scholastic* is by far the most excellent. We can well forgive them their predilection for the Limerick, as many of the productions are clever and exhilarating. The "Varsity Verse" of one of the late numbers is particularly praiseworthy as is also the eloquent and interesting article on "The Martyr-Chancellor of England." The stories, though well told and agreeable might perhaps be more attractive if the plots were brisker and more novel. We recognize the difficulty of publishing a weekly and extend our heartiest congratulations to the editors of the *Scholastic* on the manner in which they have borne the burden.

* * *

It would be difficult indeed to find many college magazines that excel the *Redwood* in literary merit and in the power to please and instruct. The greater part of the verse, the stories, the editorials and essays are decidedly above par. "The Storm and Shipwreck," a smoothly flowing passage from the "Aeneid," is highly commendable. We were favorably impressed with the spirit in which "The Wise Men" is taken up, and found considerable enjoyment in "Chuck Fowler." The only "fly in the ointment," the only flaw in this otherwise excellent literary fabric, is

the too glaring sensational style of "The Ways of a Nihilist," a blood-curdling narrative, a trifle out of place in a college magazine.

We can hardly express in words how much we regret the fact that the *Redwood's* present Exchange Editor is about to retire. His work, as we found it, has ever been characterized by painstaking care and honesty, and we sincerely tender him our best wishes.

* * *

That surroundings influence our natures, has been forcibly, but not in the least unpleasantly brought home to us by the advent of the *Oakland Collegian*. Coming from the sunny slopes and smiling groves of balmy California, the Collegian is a smile almost from cover to cover. The very first article is an amusing explanation of "Why We Laugh." "Fighting Bob," a patriotic tribute to the commander of our cruising fleet, is so stirring and enthusiastic that we are positive should Admiral Evans read those words of praise and commendation, they would warm the cockles of his weather-worn warrior's heart.

* * *

In one of the papers sent to us we read a very catchy poem entitled, "The Sum of Life." This was given as an extract from *Exchange*. Now perhaps we are mistaken, but we believe that "The Sum of Life" was sung by Walter Jones in 1893 while taking part in a play called "1492."

* * *

Spring is in the air. Its exuberant spirit seems to have imbued the entire staff of the St. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN. We had hoped that a newer theme would be chosen for the title page but the inevitable has taken place. "To Spring" is nevertheless soothing, full of the music that is ever old yet ever new. A prettier fantasy than "Nature's Conquest" has not reached us in a long time. It makes one feel the joys of freedom and glad to be alive. "Shakespeare's Influence on the English Language" is a well composed, readable essay, but we have been satiated with essays on poets and authors of long ago. In the exchange column of one of our foremost contemporaries appeared a very strong appeal for critical essays, not on men who have had their just due of recognition, but on some of the poets and writers of the present day. We will then obtain no rehashed, remodeled ideas but views that require intellect and reasoning power.

A judicious and intelligent mixture of verse, fiction and articles of somewhat weighty caliber constitutes our idea of a representative college magazine. Our name-sake the *St. Thomas Collegian* (our other exchanges will perchance accuse us of partiality towards the name Collegian) combines much pleasing verse with several admirable essays and editorials, but pays little or no attention to readable fiction. The most conspicuous place has rightly been conceded to "The Cathedral Cross." Although a trifle lengthy it is a thoroughly enjoyable bit of verse, full of noble thoughts and lofty sentiment. "John Ruskin" and the "American Stage" are quite interesting and agreeable though we considered the author of the latter to be rather mild in expressing his views. We shall always welcome the *St. Thomas Collegian* and hope and confidently expect to receive in the future something of unusual quality in the line of fiction.

* * *

As a High School journal the *Red and Black* is neat and attractive and we especially take this occasion to compliment it on the excellence of that department which in many college journals is painfully common-place—the Humorous Section. When Exchanges reach the Sanctum the very first points that we consider are their covers. Some never change. Others always change—sometimes for better; many times for the worse. Some are bright and tastefully conceived; others dull and uninteresting. Some please; many do not. But of all the covers that have enclosed the different Exchanges of this quarter the Special Leap-Year Number of the *Harvard Lampoon* was decidedly the most excellent, both artistically and otherwise.

EDMUND A. CURDA, '09.

Before us lies one of the most interesting and neatest little booklets which it has been our good fortune to see. It is a short history of Saint Patrick, and has been called by its author a monograph in paragraphs. According to its author, "It is the design of this little book to give glimpses of Saint Patrick in history, in legend, in poetry and the drama, in picture and song;" and with this end in view, the author has culled from every conceivable source extracts and quotations relative to the life of this great Saint, and bound them all in the neatest, most compact form possible. There are numerous extracts from St. Patrick's autobiography, a quaint,

old fashioned document; and side by side with these simple confessions, are portions of Whittier's poem on St. Patrick, and Calderon's famous drama; "St. Patrick's Purgatory."

The author's idea seems to have been to keep up the atmosphere of the times of St. Patrick in every possible way, and consequently everything connected with the book, the cover, the quaint phraseology, all tend toward that one end.

The introduction, written by Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J., in well chosen terms, sets before the reader the aim and purpose of the book, and is in itself a sufficient recommendation to the volume.

Altogether it is a remarkable little book, and well worth the half hour which will be spent in its perusal.

Athletic Notes.

"Play ball!" That thrilling cry has once more been heard o'er the land, and the heart of the fan is once again pulsing with joy over the return of the baseball season. True to its reputation, the first call of our Alma Mater for baseball candidates resulted in the filling of the gym with aspiring youths, anxious to don the mit and wield the bat for Maroon and Gold. But, unfortunately, only nine men at a time can play on even a college team, so after a process of weeding out, the director of athletics, Rev. Francis X. Brun, S. J., decided on practically the following lineup:

Heckenger and Mooney—Catchers.
 Roberts, Prindeville and Haukes—Pitchers.
 Croak—1st Base.
 Howard—2nd Base.
 O'Connor—3rd Base.
 Kevin—Shortstop.
 Chouinard—Left field.
 Fox—Center field.
 Flannigan—Right field.

One look at this lineup will bring to the reader's notice a fact which is the delight alike of team, supporter and team-coach,—the

conspicuousness of the old, tried players. Of the twelve players whose names appear, nine have, in time past, been members of the St. Ignatius College team; and of these, eight are holding down the same positions which they filled so perfectly before. Whenever a team gives promise of brilliant success, a large part of that promise is due to the return of the old players; so it is but natural that the students and the supporters of the team of 1908, should feel a supreme confidence in it.

Where would it be possible to find a more brilliant pair of catchers than Heckenger and Mooney? Drops, curves, shoots, even wild pitches are alike to them. But why mention wild pitches with Roberts, Prindeville or Haukes in the box? The first two are old, well-known pitchers of the College team, and have already brought the scalps of many a slugger triumphantly homeward, while the last is a young south-paw who hurls the sphere with the air of a professional. At first is stationed a new-comer, Croak; but those who have watched him pick the ball from the air and dig it from the dust declare that his playing is faultless; and when he comes to bat, the fielders go clear back to the fence. Guarding second is Howard, whose fame is, in past, based on his brilliant fielding and heavy slugging of last year. At third is the peerless O'Connor. When we say that "Chick" gives promise of surpassing even the marvelous playing which distinguished his former career on the diamond, we are stating only what his spring practice has shown. At short is Kervin, tireless, tricky, fast and faultless. As someone wisely remarked after seeing Kevin play, "Well, good goods certainly do come in small packages." In the outer gardens, are stationed Chouinard, Flannigan and Fox; the first two are members of former S. I. C. teams, while the latter has always been distinguished in baseball, though never before playing on the College team. It would be hard to find three more perfect guardians of the out-posts; and if Chouinard doesn't break some windows a mile away with one of his long hits, he is not living up to his reputation.

Thanks to the ceaseless efforts of Father Brun and Manager Anderson, a splendid schedule is being arranged for the team. Among the teams included are: Wendell Phillips, Oak Park and Austin High Schools; Bankers' National Bank, Grand Prairie Seminary, Culver Military Academy, Physicians and Surgeons Col-

lege, St. Cyril's College, Lake Forest College, Northwestern College; Chicago University, University of Indiana and St. Louis University.

The heartiest wishes of the student body are extended to the team for its success, and whenever there is rooting needed to cheer on the men, the students are to be relied on to root till the last man is out.

THE ATHLETIC EXHIBITION.

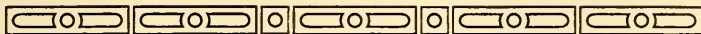
On Wednesday evening, April the first, the gymnasts of the College gathered in the Holy Family School Hall, and swung clubs, twirled dumb-bells, revolved on bars and tumbled on mats for the edification of their friends and relations. Under the direction of, and assisted by Instructors John Moore and Mohana Melaih, the athletes performed feats which were the wonder and admiration of the assembled audience. Nothing seemed too difficult or too perilous, and everything from ground work to the construction of pyramids was attempted and successfully performed. But it would be unjust to refer to the success without mentioning the clown whose antics convulsed his audience. Ralph Hoberg, as the clown, tumbled, whistled, fell, and capered in a fashion which would turn a professional clown green with envy, and his every appearance was the signal for a prolonged burst of laughter.



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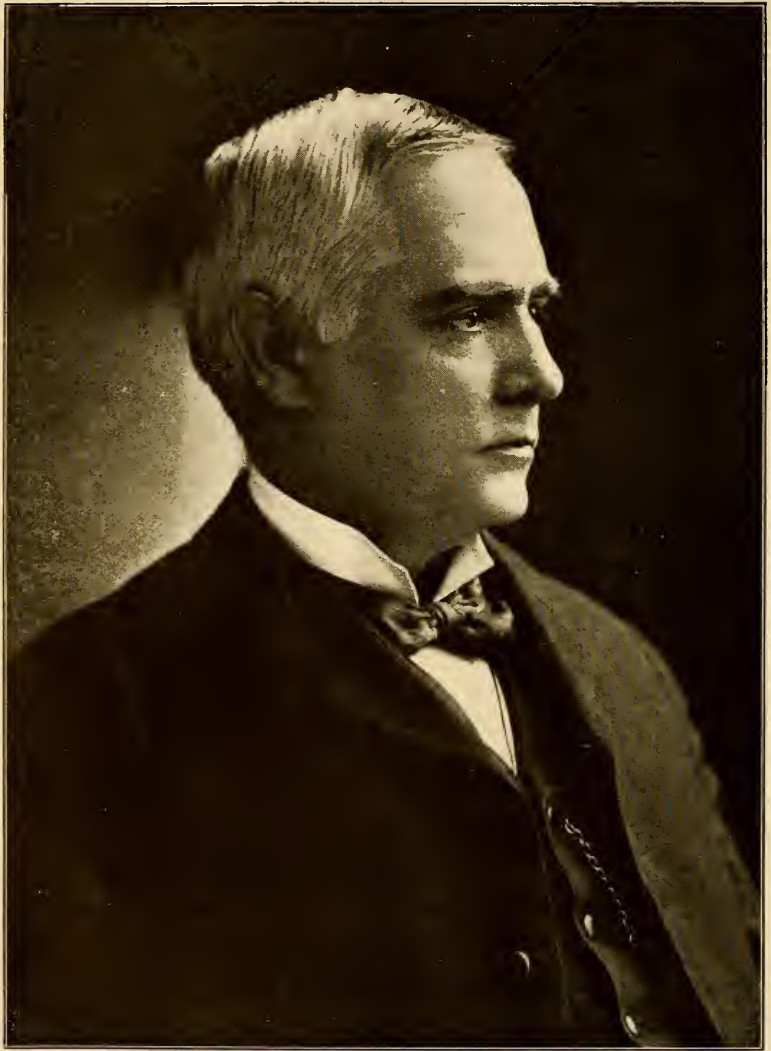
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HONORABLE WILLIAM DILLON
Dean Lincoln College of Law

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. VII.

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No. 4.

The Death of Day.

Now in its setting, the sun is tinging
And lightly fringing the West with gold;
While dark clouds creeping, descending earthwards,
Like giant night-birds their wings unfold.

Dark Night begetting, the light has vanished,
And with it banished another day;
Bright stars are peeping, soft moonbeams blending,
To earth are sending their silver ray.

The cold night stillness and calm unbroken
By any token of life or sound;
Like ghost-ship sailing, the Moon is gliding
And ever hiding 'neath fleecy mound.

A dewy chillness rests on the bowers
Where fragrant flowers are closed in sleep;
Dark shadows trailing, the Dawn defying,
While Nature's lying in slumber deep.

EDWARD A. SCOTT, '11.

The Lincoln College of Law.

THE first regular session of the Law Department of St. Ignatius College will begin on Monday, September 14. The department will occupy quarters in the Ashland Block, a leading office building within easy access of all parts of the city, and is to be known as the Lincoln College of Law. It is the first law school in the United States named in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

Organization of the college was completed and plans for its opening perfected at an informal dinner held on May 18 at Vogel-sang's. Hon. Thomas B. Lantry, Hon. Michael Girten, James C. Hartnett, William Rothmann, N. L. Piotrowski, Joseph A. Connell, Michael V. Kannally, Patrick H. O'Donnell, William Dillon and Arnold D. McMahon were among the guests of the faculty of St. Ignatius College on that evening. George W. Warvelle and M. Henry Guerin, both widely experienced in law school work in Chicago, also gave much valuable assistance. William Dillon was chosen Dean of the Law Faculty, and Arnold D. McMahon was elected Secretary and Registrar.

The opening of the Law Department marks the first step in the upbuilding of a greater St. Ignatius, and will satisfy, in part at least, the long-continued and often-repeated requests for the establishment of professional schools voiced by the Alumni Association of the college. Some two years ago, at the annual banquet of the association in 1906, the formation of a Law Department was for the first time publicly discussed. Great enthusiasm was aroused among the members, many of whom knew from their own experience of the great need for a school under proper direction and guidance in which young men forced to labor for their own support could obtain a legal training. The subject has been constantly agitated by the association ever since, and the foundation of the Lincoln College of Law is the direct result of their efforts. They confidently express the conviction that the success of the Law Department will determine the Faculty of St. Ignatius to establish graduate schools in the other learned professions.

It will be the aim of the Lincoln College of Law to afford to those who must support themselves while preparing for the pro-

fession an opportunity to obtain a thorough training in all branches of the law. To this end it has been determined to hold the class sessions in the evening from 6:30 to 9:00 p. m. The classes will be conducted by men actively engaged in the profession, who have been chosen with great care from the leading practitioners of the Chicago bar.

Among those who will have charge of the various classes are the following:

William Dillon was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1850. When he was about seven years old his parents returned to Ireland, taking him with them. He received his general education at a private school in Dublin and at the Catholic University in the same city, of which Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Newman was the first rector. He received his legal education at the King's Inn, Dublin, and at the Middle Temple, London, of both of which Inns of Court he is a life member. He practiced law as a barrister in Dublin for about seven years, when his health broke down, and he was obliged to go to Colorado. After living on a ranch in Colorado for about six years, Mr. Dillon resumed the practice of law, and was for several years County Attorney of the county in which he lived.

In 1893 Mr. Dillon came to Chicago, intending at once to take up the practice of the law here; but the editorship of the *New World* happened to become vacant a few months after he came here and he was appointed to that position by the late Archbishop Feehan. He held this position for nearly eight years, resigning in the summer of 1902. During the latter years of his editorship Mr. Dillon also practiced law to some extent. Since leaving the *New World* he has devoted himself exclusively to the practice of the law.

Mr. Dillon was for some time a Master in Chancery of the Circuit Court. He is a member of the Illinois State Bar Association and of the Chicago Bar Association. He is also a member of several clubs. He resides at Rogers Park, in the northern division of the city. He is married and has six children.

Mr. Dillon will be in charge of the classes in Equity Jurisprudence.

Hon. Thomas B. Lantry, a graduate of the Collegiate and Legal departments of Georgetown University, and Associate Judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago.

Hon. Michael Girten, Associate Judge of the Municipal Court of Chicago. Judge Girten has been prominently identified with the American Federation of Catholic Societies, and is at the present time one of the leaders in that movement.

Hon. John P. McGoorty, of McGoorty & Pollock, a leading Chicago lawyer. Mr. McGoorty has long been one of the ablest members of the Illinois House of Representatives, and is now being put forward as a fitting candidate for Governor of the State. He will conduct the course in Negotiable Instruments.

James C. Hartnett, of Donohue & Hartnett. Mr. Hartnett will lecture on the Constitution of the State and of the United States, on which subjects he is recognized as an authority by the Chicago Bar.

Howard O. Sprogle, lecturer on the Law of Crimes. Mr. Sprogle was formerly assistant to the State's Attorney of Cook County and has had a large and active experience in the practice of criminal law.

Joseph A. Connell, assistant counsel for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway. Mr. Connell is a graduate of St. Ignatius College and is one of the most enthusiastic workers in the Alumni Association. He will be in charge of the course on Contract Law.

Michael V. Kannally, another alumnus of St. Ignatius, who has contributed much valuable aid and given largely of his time in the formation and organization of the school. Mr. Kannally is a member of the firm of Burton & Kannally, and is a leader among the younger members of the bar.

N. L. Piotrowski, lecturer on the Law of Personal Property. Mr. Piotrowski is a leader among the Polish people of the West, and bears a high reputation at the bar of the state.

Ferdinand Goss, lecturer on the Law of Evidence. Mr. Goss is known as an authority on this subject. He is a deep student of the law, and has contributed several works of great merit to contemporary legal literature.

Joseph J. Thompson, lecturer on the Law of Insurance and on Sales of Personal Property. Mr. Thompson was formerly professor in the Law Department of Illinois Wesleyan University, and is one of the ablest members of the Faculty.

Patrick H. O'Donnell, lecturer on Pleading and Practice at Common Law. Mr. O'Donnell was one of the first to advocate the

establishment of a Law Department by St. Ignatius and has worked earnestly and persistently to make the school a success. He is one of the most widely known and eloquent members of the Chicago bar.

Schedules of courses and full information concerning the work of the department can be obtained from the secretary at the offices of the college, 1218-19 Ashland Block.

ARNOLD McMAHON.

When I Was a Millionaire.

I DREAMED I was a millionaire,
With money flying through the air;
I owned the railroads and the cars,
I had a mortgage on the stars;
I had control of the sun's bright glare,
Of oils and stocks—and everywhere
I built an airship line to Mars,
When I was a millionaire.

My income great beyond compare,
And all I did was just and fair;
I should have been behind the bars,
If dreams were true and facts were bare.
And more I'd tell, but do not dare,
When I was a millionaire.

W. J. MCGAH, '10.

The Dramas of Stephen Phillips.

HERE is scarcely a decade which passes without producing some great novelist; there is scarcely a quarter of a century which does not boast of at least one great dramatist; there is scarcely a span of fifty years which is not graced by an illustrious lyric bard; but the century which can boast a great dramatic poet can rejoice that in its coronet of years it wears a jewel, priceless, rare, and unexcelled. Though at first glance it may seem strange that the great dramatic poets of the world's literature have been so few and so widely scattered, yet a second and more searching glance will quickly reveal the true reason for this. For in a dramatic poet must be combined the power of description and of character sketching which characterize a great novelist, the intensity of contrast, the quickness of action, the sparkle of dialogue which marks the illustrious novelist, and the fervid imagination and the burning imagery which distinguish the famous poet. Rare, indeed, must be the gifts and the talents of a dramatic poet. And so it has happened that the world has seen but one Shakespeare and one Sophocles; while of the great dramatic poets of lesser fame, there are not, all told, a score.

So difficult is the path which the dramatic poet must travel and so varied and pre-eminent the qualifications it demands of him, that few ever dare to set their foot on that path; and of these few, scarce a dozen persevere toward the goal. As a consequence, when a new dramatic poet presents himself and his work to the consideration of the literary critics, they regard him in a measure askance and in the light of a somewhat rash and overbold traveler who has journeyed into a land sacred only to the memory of a few illustrious men who have peopled it with the inimitable children of their brain. They are loath to consider him seriously, they are quick to pick flaws in his productions; and they are ready and willing to hark back to the old masters and draw none too flattering comparisons. So when a dramatic poet appears who not only excites no adverse criticism but even awakens a species of admiration and is pronounced worthy "of mention in the same breath with the masters," we can feel assured that we have found a dramatic poet deserving at least of our serious consideration.

And such a reception has been accorded to the twentieth century poetic dramatist, Mr. Stephen Phillips. Though still a young man and the author of only five plays, he has caused on the surface of the literary pond a ripple which promises to broaden and spread into far circles. The admiration excited by his first drama has increased with each succeeding play, till he has reached a point where he may rest assured that every future work will be greeted with interest and consideration. It has been his distinction to be awarded the prize of one hundred guineas by the proprietors of "The Academy" for the most important contribution to the literature of 1897. He has gained the friendship and the patronage of Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, England's leading actor and producer; and the fact that this illustrious tragedian has played with success in several of Mr. Phillips' dramas is in itself enough to vouch for the dramatic value of his works.

Mr. Phillips is essentially a dramatic poet, and though he has written several very worthy poems of the epic and lyric type, nevertheless it is at his best that we wish to consider him, and there is no denying that his masterpieces are his poetic dramas. "Ulysses," "Herod," "Paola and Francesca," "Nero" and "The Sin of David;" these are the dramas upon which his fame must rest, and we may with safety add that seldom has author's fame rested upon securer foundation. Here are no hurriedly dashed-off manuscripts; here are no plays built, like the proverbial wagon, to be hitched to a dramatic star. Every play from the pen of Stephen Phillips bears the unmistakable imprint of care, of thought and of correction.

The very fundamental quality of dramatic poetry is, of course, its dramatic force. For, while the lyric poetry may be intended for the quiet and calm of one's library, and the epic for the clash and bustle of the flamelit bivouac, the dramatic poetry is essentially intended for presentation on the stage, and the lines are the words which flow from living, acting beings. Dramatic picture after dramatic picture follows each other in rapid succession, and stirring scene comes close upon stirring scene, so that, until the author reaches his final *denouement*, the nerves of the audience are pitched to the highest possible tension. Another conspicuous trait of this author's dramatic technique, and a quality at once to be desired by a dramatist, and most difficult in its perfection, is his power of contrasting scenes. A striking example of this antithesis of

scene and action occurs in the tragedy "Ulysses." Ulysses is introduced to the audience on the beautiful, somniferous isle of the sea nymph, and we seem to feel even in the cadence of the verse and in the languid action of the scene something of the drowsy spell into which Ulysses was cast. Then, of a sudden, we are transported from this peaceful isle to the grim cavern through which Ulysses gains admittance into the dismal abode of the spirits; and breathlessly we follow him down through the dangers from circling spirits, from the passage of the grewsome Styx and from awful regions filled with hidden and unknown dangers. It is seldom that in a single drama one can find two such remarkable scenes of perfect dramatic contrast; and yet in each of them is faultlessly sustained the key note of the drama, the danger of Ulysses.

I have said that the works of Stephen Phillips are intensely dramatic, yet, though it may seem paradoxical, there are a number of scenes which, we believe, could not but lose by a presentation on the stage. In other words, though in themselves dramatic, nevertheless, owing to elaborate scenic requisites which could not but complicate the action, they would serve rather as a panorama than as a scene in a drama. The descent into Hades, which I have mentioned above, is, perhaps, the best example of this. The scenery required for the proper presentation of such a scene would be little short of a stage-construction marvel, while the dialogue is spread over such a length of space that the lapses in the speaking could only weary an audience interested more in the poetry than in the display of the stage craftsman's art.

This is a fault, however, which can be laid to the door of an excess of poetic fervor; for, no doubt, so engrossed was the poet in the sublimity of the scene he was conjuring up, that he allowed himself to be carried away by his idea, and he sacrificed to the beauty of his conception the acting value of his scene.

But these faults in the dramatic construction are few, for Mr. Phillips builds his play with a master hand. He seems to have acquired the power, which is most uncommon among poetic dramatists, of discerning how much his characters should say and how much they should leave unsaid. For this reason the play is retarded by no tiresome philosophical soliloquies which so frequently mar the poets of less dramatic skill. When the dramatist does indulge in musings, he makes them altogether subservient to the

action and an aid rather than a hindrance to the movement. We have seldom seen a more beautiful example of the power of dramatic silence that is given in the ending of "Ulysses." During the course of the drama we have followed the hero's wanderings, listened to his deep-voiced speeches and to the oratorical thunderings of the gods, shared his danger and cherished his longing for home and wife; and now that he sees her at length, they meet in silence, approach in silence, and in silence embrace.

The most noticeable characteristic of Mr. Phillips' poetic dramas, aside from the dramatic technique, is his poetic fervor. Mr. Phillips, the poet, occupies a place scarcely second to Mr. Phillips, the dramatist; and it is a debatable question in which of the two characters we see the most to admire. He has the knack, or, better still, the art of making his verse rhythmical without being at the same time monotonous; he sows his works with the brightest and most daring figures, yet he does so with an apparent absence of effort or affectation which makes his art perfect. What can we have but praise for the poet who writes

" 'Tis the stillest hour of night or day. Now
Day in breathless passion kisses night,
And neither speaks."

What can we give but commendation to the brain that conceived a temple with

"a dome of beaten gold
To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
There shall the eagle blindly dash himself,
There shall the first beam strike, and there the moon
Shall aim all night her argent archery;
And it shall be the tryst of Sundered stars,
The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon;
Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell,
And flashings upon the faces without hope."

Stephen Phillips in his dramas has taken care to leave unshaded the classic air of tragedy which pervades them all. To this end, he has assiduously avoided whatever savors even in the slightest degree of humor. His conception was tragedy, and there is no touch of wit or mirth to relieve this somber background. In place of this humor, however, he is wont to fill his plays with a variety of lighter scenes, light in the sense of depicting some happy

phase of paternal love or some kindred emotion. In them the author displays a depth of feeling and a wealth of pathos almost incredible in so young a man.

But Mr. Phillips never dwells long on light loves or fleeting inclinations. His theme is masterful, overpowering passion; unconquerable love, boundless hate or insatiable ambition are the materials from which he forms his dramas. He is like an ancient Pharaoh who, spurning the smaller stones, searched only for the massive rocks from which to build his pyramid. And, what is much more important, once he has the materials well in hand, they lose nothing in the process of building. For masterful passions are dealt with by a masterful touch, and never excite anything but the most intense admiration in the minds of the auditors. The characters, too, are gigantic in their conception either of good or of evil. If the character be good, he is good in a compelling, convincing way that leaves no doubt as to the intensity and the sincerity of his goodness. If the character be wicked, he becomes the embodiment of the strongest evil passions that lie in man. Yet these characters, for all their intensity, are real, vitalized characters. There is no hero so good that he has not some touch of human weakness in him; and there is no villain so wicked that there is in him no redeeming trait.

It is, perhaps, unjust to attempt a parallel between Stephen Phillips and his more famous predecessors. In fact, it would be extremely difficult to find another dramatic poet with whom such a comparison would be at all reasonable. However, we cannot but feel inclined to contrast his works with the stories and incidents from which he drew his plots. For, like many of the other dramatic poets, Mr. Phillips draws upon the works of others for many of his central themes, though the criticism applied to Shakespeare can apply with no little truth to him, "*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*" Can his wanderings of Ulysses be compared with the grandeur of the immortal epic of Homer? Scarcely, we concede; but when one considers the relative lengths and the relative difficulties of the two, the play of Mr. Phillips seems scarcely less dramatic. Has his "Paola and Francesca" added anything to the rather brief description given us by Dante? Undoubtedly it has; and there is a sweetness of touch about this drama which reminds one rather forcibly of the Italian singer. Has his "Nero" given us any new viewpoint of that much-biographed tyrant? Most

assuredly it has done so for many of us, for he treats the gradual development of the Emperor's character in a way which is, to say the least, unusual and novel. And if the ancient saying, "*Non nova, sed nove*," be true, then he has, by that fact alone, accomplished something worthy of notice.

Stephen Phillips may and probably will never be reckoned with Shakespeare; but he has given us five plays which are far and away above the ordinary run of dramatic poems. He has given us works which will bear well a close scrutiny, and which, like some beautiful opal, reveal some new and perfect shading at every change of angle. And happily Mr. Phillips is still a young man, and there is no reason why we cannot hope that with increasing years he will produce dramas which will excel even his present excellent efforts.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.

The Rose.

The sweetest of Flowers,
The red, blushing rose,
In Life's dreary hours
The sweetest of Flowers,
In green, sunny bowers,
Assists my repose.
The sweetest of Flowers,
The red, blushing rose.

HOWARD LONERGAN, '11.



In The Commune.

MME. de Saint Armond glanced at the frightened faces of the servants, as they huddled in a terrified group in the middle of the floor, and then looked at the surging mob below. She shuddered as she saw the fiendish ferocity written on the fixed, determined faces, half hidden under a mask of patriotism; and her cheek blanched as she thought of the awful death that awaited her, if the meagre garrison failed to hold its position until help could arrive. Ever and anon, cries of "Vive le tricolor," and "A bas les traiteurs," were borne to her ears.

It was a time of great changes in the government of France. Already the flames of rebellion had swept through the entire land; peaceful citizens put on the tricolor, and were transformed from men into wild beasts; and the nobility, who had long felt their authority undisputed, began to fear for their very lives. The slumbering volcano had awakened and its convulsions were shaking France to the foundation.

Below, the roaring, surging mob, time after time, swept against the paneled oak doors of the chateau; but the doors were strong, and built in anticipation of such a scene as this, and the steady fire from within swept away the head of the column, and caused the rest to retire in the utmost confusion. The haggard, drawn faces of the eight defenders of the house, scions of the noblest families of France, denoted the extreme peril of the situation, and the deathlike silence that pervaded the street told them that the mob was gathering for a rush.

"Think you, sir, that we can hold out until the troops arrive?" said M. LeBlanc, the leader of the little band, not losing for an instant, even in this time of extreme danger, his stately and courtly manner.

The person whom he addressed, M. de Saint Armond, a tall, comely youth of about nineteen years, answered in the same tone, but with a slight tinge of excitement in his voice:

"The men have opened the last keg of powder, and the troops cannot arrive within an hour. When the powder is used, God have mercy on us, for assuredly the mob will have none." Then his voice broke, and he sank sobbing to the floor, "I do not care

for myself," he said brokenly, "but my mother—she cannot—she must not be insulted and killed by that scum of the streets," and he waved an expressive gesture towards the door.

"Come," said the first speaker in a kindly tone, "the mob is preparing for a rush. Would your father have hesitated in such an emergency?"

Thus exhorted, the youth walked to his accustomed place, just as the mob, with a wild and confused roar, again attacked the place that had so long resisted its efforts. In the excitement of battle, the boy soon forgot his momentary weakness, and he held his place without flinching until M. LeBlanc touched him on the arm.

"The mob has effected an entrance in the rear of the house," he said quietly, "hasten upstairs and get your mother."

Something of the soldier's quite demeanor steadied the boy's nerves, for he heard the news without a tremor, although inwardly, duty and pride struggled for the mastery. The former soon conquered, and, in a few moments, both he and his mother were ready. The soldier brought them to the general hall. By pressing a hidden spring, a panel flew back, revealing a narrow passage.

"This leads to a shed," he remarked. "By skirting the wall, you will reach the main gate, which will most likely be deserted. Outside, there is a carriage, that will bear you to a place of safety." Then he closed the panel, and they were alone in the darkness.

As they hurried down the passage, they heard the triumphant shouting of the mob.

"Quick," said the youth, "ere we be too late. The house is captured."

On they sped. They reached the shed and were halfway across the intervening distance to the gate, when the mob rushed from the house, carrying on pikes the heads of its gallant defenders. As they caught sight of the fugitives, they uttered a yell of malignant hate and rage, and started in pursuit. The youth and his mother had reached the gate about ten paces ahead of their pursuers, but suddenly the hopeful look on the face of the young noble changed to one of grim despair, and he uttered the exclamation, "Merciful God!" The gate was locked.

Like a lion at bay he turned upon his pursuers, interposing his youthful form between their frenzy and the aged mother who stood even in that hour of peril undaunted by danger with a nobility of soul that surpassed her nobility of name and blood. On came the

mob, their matted hair hanging over brows and faces begrimed with dust and powder; their hard hands and ragged garments red with blood they had shed in blind, unreasoning fury. With the snarl of hungry tigers they pressed close upon the helpless quarry.

Saint Armond stepped forth for parley. The mob halted, eyeing him with hate, suspicion and involuntary respect born of centuries of submission. His quick ear detected in the street behind the steady march of regular troops and his mind divined the truth,—the Germans had entered Paris, the reign of anarchy was at an end. Ten minutes delay might save the life he cherished; but how to gain that respite? The mob as yet suspected nothing. Against that armed and brutal mob he had nothing to oppose but the cleverness of a quick mind and he set himself to the task of outwitting them, of conquering fury by cunning.

Raising his eyes to the chateau beyond, he saw a rear window choked with grey smoke and a thin tongue of flame creeping along the eaves. In that instant was born in his brain a wild hope that he might outwit the pursuers and gain the respite he desired.

“Men,” he cried in a ringing voice that arrested their attention, “we are trapped. This gate is locked, this wall is impassable, the house is fired. In that upper room, in the drawer of the center-table, is hidden the fortune of our house,—half a million francs in notes of the Bank of France. Take that and spare our lives.”

He had trusted well to the cupidity of the murderers. With a howl of rage they turned and fled, each one eager to be the first to clutch the booty. His mother and himself were forgotten; the thirst for blood was conquered by the thirst for gold. That they would return baffled, with ten times greater fury than before to wreak their vengeance, he knew well; but the sound of marching feet grew louder behind him and hope grew high in his breast. As the last straggler of the frantic mob disappeared at the rear entrance, he drew forth a revolver and fired volley after volley in the air.

In the street behind he heard a sharp command, a brief delay at the gate and in another moment the heavy iron portal had been broken down and a dozen armed men were in the garden. The relief had come not an instant too soon. Already the baffled mob, attracted by the firing, were pouring forth from the smoke of the burning chateau and rushing hastily forward, brandishing their weapons as they came. Glancing quickly aside, he saw that his

mother had been removed to a place of safety. In that instant, a bullet from the forward murderer found lodgment in his breast. As he fell he heard the quick command: "Ready, Aim, Fire." The front of the mob melted like snow before the volley. "Fix bayonets, charge," and the troops moved forward with military precision against the undisciplined foe. Begging abjectly for quarter the men were taken prisoners, just too late to save the noble young life that had been offered on the altar of filial devotion.

EDWARD F. BARRY, '14.

Regret.

Comes a pang of regret
That never will die,
Of a day that has set,
Comes a pang of regret.
'Midst of pleasure thou art met
With a sob and a sigh.
Comes a pang of regret
That never will die.

J. F. GRAHAM, '10.



The Senior Elocution Contest.

ON the evening of Wednesday, May 13th, in Association Hall, the *locale* of recent college entertainments, was held the annual elocution contest for Upper Classmen. The opening number on the program was a capably executed piano solo by Frederick Schmitt, varied with interruptions from the frequent entrance of auditors belated by the terrific rain storm which raged prior to and during the entertainment. The auditorium, however, was filled to its utmost capacity despite the pitiless weather. In the Second Class, which was first on the program, the opening selection was a rather humorous narrative entitled, "My First Recitation," by Ralph Hoberg. With the innate humor of his nature to assist him, Mr. Hoberg scored a decided hit. The dramatic "Flagging the Cannon-Ball," was next well interpreted by George P. Kelly, who in turn gave way to Robert S. Berghoff, with "Parrhasius." Mr. Berghoff's rendition showed careful preparation and a subsequent decision of the judges awarded him the medal in this division. In the intermission, the academic choir appeared, and with Mr. Hutter directing, sang the beautiful and dreamy Neapolitan Boat Song, and smilingly responded to the encore with "The Merry Round."

In the first class which followed, the selections were drawn entirely from Shakespeare's dramas, a fact which elevates the tone of the contest and gives it a rather literary flavor. A notable feature of the contest in this class was the fact that the first two speakers had the same selection and in the judges' decision obtained the first two places. The "Grave Diggers' Scene," taken from Hamlet, act four, scene first, was the selection of the first speaker, Mr. James J. Gaughan. His acting and delivery revealed painstaking study. Mr. John F. Quinn succeeded him, being slightly hampered by the fact that his predecessor had delivered the same selection. Mr. Quinn's recitation was none the less interesting, and the scene was capitally delivered, rescuing it from the monotony of repetition. Mr. John F. Graham, the next speaker of the evening, employed as a medium of expression the Torture Scene in act four, scene first, of King John. The scene calls for great flexibility of the voice, as there is much disparity in the ages of the

characters. In spite of the handicap of a voice seemingly bordering on that mysterious process "changing," Mr. Graham gave an appreciative interpretation, though vocally he perhaps failed to portray the little prince in a natural manner. The Closet Scene in "Hamlet," served Mr. Edmund M. Sinnott, the next speaker. The selection demands finished acting and interpretation, as well as clearness of expression to bring its full import home lucidly to the audience. Mr. Sinnott interpreted the scene commendably, but some of the fine points were not developed, detracting somewhat from the full enjoyment and understanding of the scene. That passage from King Richard the Third, act first, fourth scene, Clarence's narration of his too prophetic dream, afforded Mr. Thomas A. Guinane a rare opportunity of displaying his dramatic abilities. Mr. Guinane and Mr. Sinnott's renditions, while scoring nearly all the points to be had from the scenes delivered, still bore in certain parts faint traces of lack of thorough preparation. The famous Instigation Scene from "Julius Caesar" was next on the program, opposite the name of Wm. J. Roberts and under the caption, "Honor is the Subject." The cunningly calculated, terse narrative of the gruff soldier, used to command, gave Mr. Roberts an excellent chance to utilize his elocutionary powers. His carriage and stature were well suited to the characters presented and Mr. Roberts made a very favorable impression.

The interval before the Third Class was occupied by the rendition of our new college song, "Ignatius' Name." After the encore, the third class appeared to try conclusions. The contest in this class was closer than that of the second class. William B. O'Brien led off with a pleasing rendition of that old time favorite, "Becalmed." Mark Twain's experience with "The Guide in Genoa," sustained its reputation as an entertainer at the hands of Lawrence A. Biggio. That "the last shall be first" was again exemplified when J. Fred Reeve delivered that famous old medal winner which brings out all one's ability as an elocutionist, "Kissing Cup's Race." In the intermission which followed, the Glee Club entertained the audience with Newton's "College Hymn," and after numerous encores, the decision of the judges was announced.

In the First Class the gold medal was awarded to John F. Quinn, '09, while in the Third Class the recipient was J. Fred Reeve. The contest in its entirety proved very enjoyable and was evidently very much appreciated by the large audience assembled.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

The Water Lily.

ON the shallow bay, when the dusky grey
Of night gives way to the morn,
A fair white bud, o'er the moss-grown flood,
On the lily pad is borne.
At warm midday, 'neath the sun's bright ray,
It sways in its watery bower,
Its ivory cup to the brim filled up
With the glory of sunny shower.
Be it noon or night or the sun at its flight,
Its beauty is ever the same,
As its chalice a-glow on the stream's steady flow
Reveals its golden flame.

When the sun sinks low and the evening glow
Lights up the distant West,
The lily's head, its full bloom fled,
Droops low on its dark-green breast.
Through the moon's pale haze the clear stars gaze
On the slumbering water flower,
All unaware of its beauty rare
And its wondrous mystic power.
Be it noon or night or the sun at its flight,
Its beauty is ever the same,
As its chalice a-glow on the stream's steady flow
Reveals its golden flame.

J. W. THORNTON, '10.

English Public Schools.

CRICKET fills up an English schoolboy's life in June! "His school" is playing all its "big" cricket matches, possibly at Lord's, certainly at the home or rival fields. June is the month he has looked forward to all year. If he is in the sixth form he is living in a fairy world. There will be glorious times during the last weeks of that glorious month, in which medals, "speech-days" and a whirl of cricket and feasting are all a happy but chaotic jumble. And then the last day comes, when his days as a public-school boy, as an Harrovian, a Wykehamist, a Rugbeian, an Etonian, a Westminster or a Carthusian, will end forever. Dreams of Oxford and Cambridge float entrancingly before him, dreams in which a certain broad-shouldered young man performs marvelous feats at cricket, strokes the crew and finally becomes senior wrangler. It's a fairy world, but a very old world, a world of which the youngest kingdoms, Harrow and Charterhouse, are nearly three centuries old!

HARROW.

In the pretty little town of Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex, England, stands one of England's greatest public schools—Harrow. It is fifth in seniority, and of the historic six ranks among the "Big Three," Eton, Rugby and Harrow. It would be hard to conceive of anything humbler than Harrow's foundation. Other and older schools were organized, endowed and fostered under royal patronage, or at least founded with a higher purpose, but Harrow's lot was none of this. Its founder was John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of good family, living at Preston, a hamlet in Harrow parish. Like Sheriffe of Rugby, little is known of him beyond a few meager details. He seems to have been interested in the advancement of education, for he contributed largely to that cause in Harrow parish. In 1571 he decided to build a grammar school and "In the year 1571, Queen Elizabeth granted Letters Patent and a Royal Charter to John Lyon, of Preston, in the parish of Harrow-on-the-Hill, for the foundation of a free grammar school at Harrow."

The school was now launched, but entirely in project. A board of governors was Lyon's first care. These selected, he next pro-

ceeded to settle endowments on his future school in the shape of property. Matters had been pending since the grant of the charter in 1571, until in 1590 Lyon drew up his "Ordinances and Rules for the School." They were under two heads, one relating to the management of the lands, revenues and other pecuniary matters, and the other to the internal arrangement of the school. In 1592 John Lyon died with the school still unbuilt. Owing to a shortness of ready funds, the work was not entirely completed until 1615, though the probable date of the school's birth was 1608. The first head master was Anthony Rate, appointed in 1608, holding office until his death in 1611. The next man was Bradley, and after him in 1615 one William Launce. During these years the first real school building was rapidly nearing completion and in 1615 was finally ready for occupancy, just forty-four years from the date of Lyon's charter from Elizabeth.

The education was at first purely classical, with the number of free scholars limited to forty. The first head master of long incumbency was a Mr. Hide, who entered upon his duties in 1628, holding office until his resignation in 1661, covering the period of the Civil War. The war and the ensuing change of government had little effect on Harrow. The seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were notable for the long reigns of head masters, twenty-five years being an ordinary incumbency. It might be interesting to take a glimpse of the school life at this period. Athletics were in a very primitive state and exercise much curtailed. Punishment had not as yet become a refined science and the boys' lives were under less systematic control. As one commentator remarks, "The result was doubtless more suffering, but less originality." Previous to this, archery ("Butts") had become a favorite sport in the school, the shoot for the silver arrow being a social feature of the year. Towards the end of Dr. Heath's reign (1772) the practice became offensive and was abolished altogether. Under Heath's successor, Dr. Drury, the numbers in the school soared to nearly four hundred, while its reputation was never greater. Trouble was in store, however. After Dr. Drury's resignation the board had to choose among three candidates for the vacant mastership. The school had a preference, but another was chosen, and merry times ensued. The poet Byron, then at Harrow, was one of the ringleaders, and the head master must have had anything but a pleasant existence. And now we come to that without which a public school's history is incomplete—a rebellion.

Under Dr. Butler in 1808 some of the monitors' privileges had been curtailed and the school walked out in a body. It was the "old, old story," however, for the ringleaders were promptly expelled and the rebellion suppressed. Dr. Butler's reign was rather stormy. The people of Harrow-on-the-Hill decided that Harrow School was not being conducted in accordance with its founder's design and proceeded to take legal action against the board of governors. They complained that their children were not being fairly dealt with as regards education, but the decision was returned against them. In truth, the local connections of the school had been weakened and its plan and purpose altered until Harrow was now a real public school with a place in the foremost rank. Dr. Butler resigned in 1829 after twenty-four eventful years of mastership! School life at this time was rather rough and hardening. The course was still purely classical, mathematics only being introduced about 1828. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was an Harrovian day-scholar at this period. The first school paper, "The Harrovian," appeared in 1828, being a literary rather than journalistic organ. In the ensuing decade the school reached the very mud tide of its fortunes, for under Dr. Wordsworth the numbers fell to below seventy, and "those seventy were handed over to his successor in a state of vicious lawlessness probably never surpassed in a public school." From then until under the present head master, Dr. Wood, the school's fortunes have prospered until over six hundred students are now enrolled.

Harrow School as it stands at present consists of nine principal buildings of comparatively recent construction. Before 1820 there was only one building, the one built by John Lyon's board of governors in 1608-1615. For two centuries that one building constituted Harrow, and for two centuries the whole school work was carried on there. It was plain, of red brick, and designed by its founder for a two-fold purpose—as a residence for the officials and as a schoolhouse. This purpose was carried out until 1650, when the space became too constricted, and the head master removed to a separate establishment. Since then an imposing chapel has been built, together with a library, a speech room, music, drawing and science schools and two museums. One class room is of especial interest, the old fourth-form room, which for thirty-five years was the sole class room and for one hundred and sixty-five more the most important. The buildings are situated mainly on the summit or the slope of Harrow Hill. Harrow is not far from London and,

since connected by the railroad, stands in peril of becoming at some future date submerged as an outlying suburb of that great city. Lest the school should ever share the fate of poor Westminster, Harrovians rallied to its defense and at no inconsiderable cost have procured over two hundred acres of land for Harrow, enough to prevent it forever from lacking room in which to flourish and expand.

At Harrow two notable features are the monitorial and boarding house systems. The boys live in separate boarding houses, which at Harrow consist of eleven "large" and seven "small" houses. Form masters teach the boys while in school; while out of school they are looked after by a tutor and their house master. At Harrow, like Eton, the tutors are kept in constant touch with their charges, acting in conjunction with the masters. As for punishment, it may be interesting to note that "whopping" is the next to last penalty of the Harrovian law. Although the masters are nominally the head of the school, still, among the boys themselves, the authority lies with monitors chosen from the school at large, the first twenty boys of the modern and classical sides. Fagging is in full force, the fags finding plenty to occupy their time during their weeks of service.

Of the school's internal arrangement a few details will suffice. The school is divided into a classical and modern side, and an army class, of which the classical side boasts the largest number. On the modern side German supplies the Greek of the classical, and Latin is subordinated to mathematics and French. The "sides" are divided into forms, of which the "grand old Sixth" is the highest. Boys are assigned on the merits of their entrance examination, whereafter they work their way up the school a "remove" a term if their average is satisfactory. There are no "foundationers" or "collegers" at Harrow. There are scholarships, to be sure, won by examination, but they do not entitle the holder to other than the ordinary privileges of an Harrovian. There are likewise no Harrow "fellowships" to Cambridge or Oxford. Like Eton, Harrow has a distinctive dress. "Boys below the Fifth wear the Eton jacket with a black waistcoat," and all boys wear black ties. Except on Sunday and at play, the Harrovian wears a straw hat, which is very flat of crown and very broad of brim, the whole being held on by an elastic at the back of the head. This head dress is peculiar to Harrow, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century. The boys have their *patois*, which is mainly local. Calling

over is "Bill," mathematics is "teck," privileges are "privs.," and the speech room is "speaker." They also add "er" to certain proper names, as, for instance, the swimming pool, known as "Duck Puddle," is called "Ducker." Otherwise, as a commentator says, "The inhabitants of Harrow speak generally the English tongue"!

It is queer but true that many a good British citizen only remembers the big public schools by their cricket matches at Lord's or elsewhere. To be in the cricket eleven is the height of many a schoolboy's ambition, while the captain of the eleven is the first man in the school. At Harrow cricket thrives. That is sufficient notice except, for this peculiarity: On one ground (the Philathletic ground) "there is a custom dating from 1879 whereby any boy who makes fifty fairly run-out runs in any school match may once and once only plant a tree, which bears his name." There are nearly sixty of these trees. The Eton-Harrow match at Lord's is the big match of the year. Harrow has also a football game which is peculiar to the school. It is somewhat like our American game, for there are eleven on a side, with the difference that there are only two "backs." Running is a companion sport to football, while gymnastic flourish. Fives are existent, but subordinated to racquets, a sport in which Harrow has far surpassed every other public school. Though the school has no Thames, like Eton, still every Harrow boy is required to "pass in swimming." There is a splendid bathing pool called the Duck Puddle, which has developed into one of the best swimming schools in England, and physical weakness alone will prevent an Harrovian from becoming an adept in this most useful accomplishment.

At Harrow two of the strongest ties are the Harrow Missionary Societies and the school songs. The former are doing excellent work in the poorest districts of London slums. The school songs are one of the features of Harrow, for they recall sweet recollections to the old Harrovian, though Harrow and England are far, far away. Truly Harrow has flourished, and merits well the place it has won among England's public schools!

CHARTERHOUSE.

Near Godalming, in the valley of the Wye, stands England's youngest "old" public school. Its original site was a Carthusian abbey in London, whence the schoolboys' name, "Carthusians." When the Great Plague swept London in 1348-49, all the churchyards were filled, and additional grounds were required. The

Bishop of London, Ralph Stratford, purchased three acres for that purpose, and the subsequent year, since the plague still raged, Sir Walter de Manny, following the Bishop's example, purchased an adjoining piece of thirteen acres, in which, historians declare, over 50,000 persons were buried. Those thirteen acres were the Charterhouse grounds prior to the school's removal to Godalming. The grounds were disposed of to the Bishop of London, who bequeathed them in 1361 as a site for a Carthusian monastery. The monastery flourished in peace for over a century and a half, until the advent of Henry VIII. Its dissolution and sale followed in the subsequent Reformation, the monastery passing into noble hands. The house, Howard House, later Charterhouse, became a scene of many functions in which royalty and nobility figured prominently. It was purchased successively by members of the nobility, until it became the property of the Earl of Suffolk, of whom Thomas Sutton, a very rich London merchant, purchased it in 1611. Sutton, the school's founder, was born in Lincolnshire in 1532. After his wife's death in 1602, being naturally charitable, he determined to give the bulk of his estate to the foundation of a free school and a hospital for decayed "gentle-folk." The school, according to its founder's design, was to be an entirely charitable organization. Having obtained Letters Patent, he commenced the work, intending himself as first head master. Death claimed him in 1611, however, after having nominated Rev. John Hatton to the head mastership.

Two years after Sutton's death the school was opened, and among the regulations adopted by the board of governors we find the following: "No children shall be placed there whose parents have any estate in lands to leave unto them, but only the children of poor men that want means to bring them up." The school's history for the first two centuries of its existence would be an uninteresting enumeration of head masters and equally uneventful reigns. One feature worth noticing was the great fluctuation in the numbers of the boys. From the foundation until about the year 1780, the average number of scholars was eighty. From then until about 1811 it rose to almost one hundred and eighty. In 1826 the number had risen to very nearly five hundred, and by 1833 fallen to less than ninety. In 1844 they reached one hundred and seventy-three, but at the time of the school's removal had again fallen to about one hundred and thirty. Some boys who later became famous men were in attendance at Charterhouse during its earlier

history, notably Sir Richard Steele and Addison, collaborators of "The Spectator" and "The Tatler"; Sir William Blackstone, the great constitutional lawyer, and of its earliest scholars, Richard Crashaw, the poet. The school's prosperity was rather intermittent, judging from the fluctuation in numbers. Intended at first as a charity school "on the foundation," with the nomination intrusted to the governors, abuses crept in as the governing body gradually became more and more select, the founder's original design was slowly lost sight of, and "grown boys" were nominated who had naught to recommend them but a governor's favor. The school's location and surroundings, while containing an historical charm from the memories of famous men, were still not conducive to the school's prosperity. The schoolroom accommodation was insufficient and the space decidedly cramped, two facts which the advantages of a situation in London did not counterbalance. Authority within the school was in too many different hands to preserve the discipline. In short, Charterhouse was rapidly approaching a crisis in its history, for, as one commentator remarks, "Sentiment will not fill a school. Even old Carthusians had ceased to send their sons and the traditional families had practically become, as regards the school, extinct." The result was that after a long struggle the school was removed into the country to Godalming, in the valley of the Wye, a little over thirty-five years ago. That step was undoubtedly its salvation, though it meant a complete severance from all the school's traditional and sentimental connections. The step was well taken, for in its new surroundings Charterhouse prospered, its reputation and numbers increasing until at present the numbers are over six hundred, while the fame of the youngest "old" public school in England has never been greater.

In its internal arrangement the school is almost the same as Harrow except in the division of the boys. Since the removal the grown boys have been abolished as a separate house, being merged with the boarders. At Charterhouse the monitorial system is different from some of the other foundations, notably Rugby and Harrow. The monitors are not the sole authorities out of school, only some of the usual privileges being given them which incidentally and rightly belong to the masters. As for the boys themselves, there are numerous scholarships to stimulate competition, the tenure of which depend much on the exertions of the holder. The Charterhouse buildings, to quote a commentator, "might easily

have been worse." Architecturally, indeed, they suffer from the fact that they were designed with a view to an imposing front, facing an approach which is never used, whilst to the ordinary visitor the most striking feature is a vast expanse of brown tiles.

In sports Charterhouse has all the fives, racquets, lawn tennis, football and cricket, which make up a public school roster. The fine, open country around Godalming is a temptation to desert football and cricket, a fact which probably makes athletics compulsory. The big cricket match is with Westminster. There is a good orchestra, of which "Carthusians" are very proud.

And now we come to the end! Of the six big public schools not one has experienced the complete severance of all ties, connections and relations that has Charterhouse. It would, perhaps, have saved Westminster if some such measures had been adopted with the Abbey School. The step was necessary to preserve the school, and those who carried it out should go down in history as some of the greatest benefactors of Charterhouse, for the school was immeasurably benefited by the change, for, from a school that was threatened by submersion in the growing tide of London population, it has grown to a public school of merit, worthy of the place it occupies among English public schools!

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

Nature.

'Tis the fields I love with their waving grass,
 And the sparkling brook in the shady pass.
 There's a look content in the meadows green
 And a joyous smile in the brook serene,
 And I long to gaze from the vessel's prow
 On the limpid lake with its crystal brow.

R. BERGHOFF, '11.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

College Amenities.

IN NINE OUT of every ten college periodicals which reach us there is a department devoted to the reviewing of contemporaneous journals of other institutions. This department, properly called the Exchange Department, is really the only means by which editors of different papers can come in touch with one another; and so it has happened that the Exchange Department has become a sort of field for mutual acquaintance and criticism. But in the Exchange Department scarcely any two papers are managed alike. While one man may consider only the best as worthy of notice, another will make a judicious selection of the better and the inferior work, and will temper praise with just blame.

But there is another class of editors, a class who seem to delight in assuming a cynical position, from which they hurl sarcastic criticisms at the unfortunates who incur their displeasure. Two samples of such criticism will suffice. *"Another effusion that attracts special attention is a masterpiece of damphoolism entitled '———.' The writer presumably intended giving forth something witty. Alas! Nevertheless, the article possesses one indisputably good feature; it shows how many words a bright person can misspell in a single page when he works systematically."* *"Wake up, Mr. Exman of the Beatty Blunder! Rid yourself of that dose of mollycoddllitis. It is time you had finished with such sissified con-*

duct. If you cannot help being a woegull all your life, at least fire over the exchange column to some one who is not so anxious to make a hit with the ladies."

Now, let us appeal to the unprejudiced person for his opinion of the criticisms we have quoted. Let us ask him if he honestly believes that such scathing denunciations are fitted to aid either the person who writes them or those at whom they are levelled. Granting for a moment that the papers criticised are below standard, is such an invective calculated to assist the paper to attain a higher level? Is there any suggestion which might aid the journal to remedy its defects? Is such a criticism likely to obtain the end for which Exchange Departments were established, an improvement of college papers by just criticism, and a mutual respect and friendliness among college editors? Is it possible that the author of the criticism could have found nothing worthy of a small meed of praise to serve to temper the blame? Sarcasm and irony, while sometimes valuable weapons of attack, are scarcely fitted for the field of the college Exchange Department. Instead of assisting, they serve to embitter those against whom they have been turned, for they blame without showing a means of improvement. Just criticism is always to be sought and is seldom otherwise than thankfully received; but a college paper should condemn most severely in its Exchange Department all that savors of cynicism, of ruthless sarcasm and needless blame.

D. A. L.

An Oversight—Or Worse.

FOR SOME TIME past, Collier's Weekly has been publishing a series of articles by a certain Frederick Peterson, M. D., on the various forms of nervousness. In glancing over the paper some few weeks ago, we noticed one of these articles, purporting to be advice to a young lady on marriage; and, to our unbounded surprise, we read the following marvelous statement: "*In the event of your marrying unhappily, you could, and should, leave your husband. Divorce is less dreaded than it used to be, and in time will be much facilitated. Mrs. Parson's book on 'Indeterminate Sentences' (I think that was the title) is certain to be helpful in bringing about a more reasonable view of the limitations of the marriage tie. I expect to live to see the Church become less cruel in the imposition of its fetters.*" It is not the evident fallacy of the doctor's statements, however, which caused us such surprise;

it was rather due to the fact that Messrs. Collier and Sons would allow such arrant nonsense to appear in the pages of their journal. In the first place, Messrs. Collier and Sons are Catholics and should, in consequence, be the first to forbid the publication of an article opposed so strongly and frankly to the fundamental tenets of the faith they profess. In the second place, the book which the eminent doctor quotes as being so productive of good has been condemned on all sides in no uncertain tones for its laxity, and was, indeed, the subject of a decisive attack from President Roosevelt. There are but two possible explanations of its publication; the one, that Messrs. Collier and Sons are exceeding lax in the censoring of the matter which enters their paper; the other, that they never saw the article until after publication, in which case they are to be severely criticised for their criminal negligence. We cannot but hope that such an article will never again find its way into the very worthy journal for which Messrs. Collier and Sons stand sponsors; for it is to the Catholic publishers and the Catholic authors that the Church looks for the defense of its truths before the world, a defense which in these days of materialism and heresy is so much needed.

D. A. L.

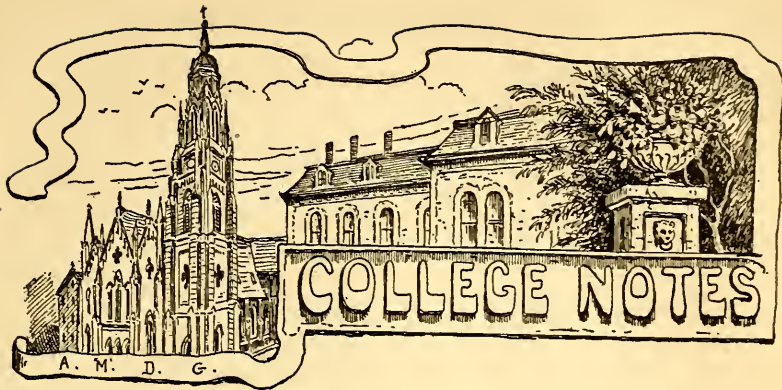
College Magazines a School for Journalism.

THE University of Kansas, at Lawrence, has founded a chair of Journalism that practically appeals to the ambitious journalist. In this course actual newspaper work is done in the Sophomore and Senior years, including newswriting, proofreading, correspondence and other important branches, thus giving the student an opportunity to view all phases of the newspaper business. This course, while it is a splendid preliminary for newspaper work, is not the only means by which a student may study practical journalism. In every College and University where a paper is published a splendid opportunity is given to each student to educate himself in journalism if he only takes advantage of the opportunity and puts forth a little effort. Manuscripts of essays, stories, verse, and editorials may be handed in to the manager of the paper and accepted or rejected, according to their merits, and after four or five years of such work the student's talent, if he has any, will be greatly developed and he can safely aspire to professional work. THE COLLEGIAN takes great pride in the fact that in the last four years it has successfully launched three of its graduates upon their

professional careers. All three received their schooling as members of THE COLLEGIAN staff. Mr. James F. Rice, editor-in-chief during the year 1904-5, is connected with the *Record-Herald*. The Chicago dramatic critic of *The Show World* is our last year's passim editor, Mr. J. P. Roche. In addition to his regular work, Mr. Roche has had several of his short stories published by *The Show World*. Mr. J. Emmett Royce, exchange editor during the year 1906-7, has, in his six months' service on the staff of the *Yankton Herald*, of Yankton, S. D., been advanced to the position of city editor. Mr. Royce also writes short stories and verse for the paper. Our present editor-in-chief, Daniel A. Lord, has had a story accepted by one of our popular magazines, which will be published in the July or August number. The fact that THE COLLEGIAN editors have been so successful, and that a College paper, when properly managed, is an efficient school for a journalistic career, ought to be an incentive to every student to develop his literary talent as well as to support his college paper.

J. F. Q.





June and commencement, radiant faces and dainty toilets, heavy-browed Seniors and severe cap and gown, yes, they are all "The Talk of the Town." It is easy to understand the bustle and scurry in schooldom these days, orators rehearsing, Intercollegiate Essays and our winners, classes photographed, elocution contests decided, and the S. I. C. team.

Years of famine are the proverbial consequences of years of plenty. In the Intercollegiate contests this year, Saint Ignatius succeeded in securing but two places, but, then, think of the added number of entries, since the Colleges of Cleveland, Toledo, and and Prairie du Chien were annexed! The Latin Intercollegiate was held on Wednesday, April twenty-second, and the English on Friday, March twenty-seventh. Last year we captured seven places, including one First; this year, Mr. Daniel Murphy, Senior, won Tenth position in the English, and Thomas Q. Beesley, Freshman, won Sixth distinction in the Latin contest.

Repetitions began on Wednesday, May nineteenth, in preparation for the Finals. Exams in the principal branches are slated for the week beginning Monday, June fifteenth.

The Competitive Examinations for Free Scholarships are announced for Saturday, June twenty-seventh. Ten scholarships are to be awarded, no school to receive more than one. This examination is open to all Eighth-grade students of the parochial schools of the archdiocese. The pupil having the highest average is entitled to a free education for the entire course, the

winners of the other nine awarded a free education in the High School Course.

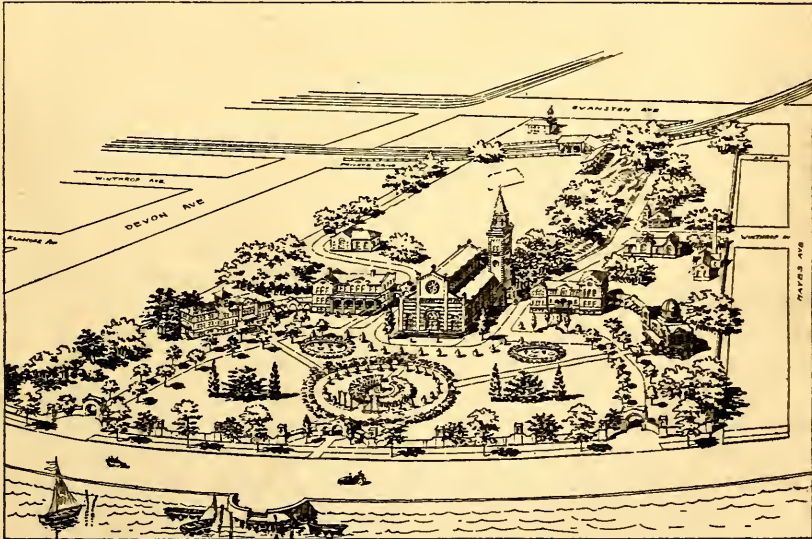
The last two weeks of April and the first two weeks of May were partially occupied with an extremely personal matter. Every class was photographed. CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS. When the "proofs" were submitted to inspection, the tense anxiety of certain vain minims especially was joyously relieved.

We recently paid a wide-eyed visit to that mysterious and sequestered den on the Fourth Floor, frequented by ART long-tressed æsthetes. In the Art Studio, regular STUDIO. classes are held on Tuesdays, and while we sagely nodded our heads in wordless appreciation, the Instructor, Mr. Vaclav J. Hajny, pointed out noteworthy efforts of the class in genre, polychromes, encaustic painting, and other features of the art which we had at least heard about.

On Saturday afternoon, May 9th, in Sodality Hall, before an audience which taxed the hall's capacity to the utmost, was held the Junior Elocution Contest for students of the lower JUNIOR ELOCUTION CONTEST. classes. The college orchestra, Mr. Pribyl directing, opened the afternoon's program with the lilting measures of "The Darkies' Jubilee." After the encore Mr. James Gaughan mounted the platform to perform the heroic, almost martyr-like, role of requesting the ladies to remove their hats. After the request had been laughingly complied with, the Fifth Class contest was staged. A diminutive member of the Zamara family, Master Ceslaus Zamara, was first on the program with a recitation entitled "The Night Wind." He was succeeded by James C. O'Brien with "The Drummer Boy," who in turn gave way to John T. Curry with the "Deathbed of Benedict Arnold." Master Curry delivered the recitation in such an excellent manner that the subsequent decision of the judges awarded him the medal in this division. In the interval before the Fourth Class the Glee Club entertained the audience with the "Sword of Uncle Sam," and were called upon for several encores. The Fourth Class presented a larger list of contestants, ten being entered. Many old favorites appeared among the selections, the "Polish Boy" doing active service though by now he must be quite venerable.



ACADEMY BUILDING



GENERAL VIEW

PLANS OF LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Sylvester E. Holden led off with the "Charcoal Man," and was succeeded by James Fitzgerald with "The Polish Boy." Master J. Fay Philbin next appeared to champion the cause of "The Young Actor," in turn giving way to William J. Bowe with "Kissing Cup's," immortal race. After Kissing Cup had gamely won by a head, Louis J. Nobert took the stage to deliver that famous old stand-by, "Asleep at the Switch." Harry P. Beam was the last speaker before the intermission, delivering the same recitation as Master Philbin, "The Young Actor."

Our seraphic select choir, Mr. Hutter directing, occupied the intermission with Wiegand's pretty "Meadow Song." After the encore the contest was once more resumed, Gerard J. Fey appearing first with "The Night Wind," which had by now become quite familiar to the audience. The contest developed into a battle royal for the medal between the next two speakers, Thomas L. Morrison with a selection from "In Memoriam," and the "Bridge Tender's Story" by Charles V. O'Grady, one of last year's medal winners. Walter T. McCue succeeded them as the last speaker of the afternoon with "Saving St. Michael's."

While the judges were comparing notes, the orchestra rendered Losch's march, "The Peerless King." Mr. Joseph T. Tyrrell, A. B., then came forth in behalf of the judges and after commenting on the general excellence of the contest announced the medal winners were John T. Curry in the Fifth Class and in the Fourth Charles V. O'Grady.

The cause of higher Catholic education in Illinois was established on a firm and permanent foundation when, on Monday, April 20, 1908, representatives from nine Catholic colleges in the state met at St. Ignatius College, Chicago, to discuss educational requirements. There were two sessions, morning and afternoon. The first was exclusively devoted to the discussion of a list of college requirements, which are being considered by the State Teachers' Association in view of a College Educational Bill which, it is expected, will soon be presented at Springfield. The Catholic colleges of Illinois have adopted a permanent policy on this point as a result of the morning session.

In the afternoon an event transpired which is long to be remembered in the annals of Catholic education in this state. By it the Catholic colleges of Illinois stand united as a body for their

mutual benefit and advancement. Shortly after the opening of the afternoon session it was declared by unanimous vote that the interests of the Catholic colleges of Illinois demanded a permanent organization. Accordingly an Association of Catholic Colleges was formed and an election of officers held, the Very Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A., President of St. Rita's College, occupying the chair. In the election, Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., President of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, was elected President, and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee, Secretary. The various details of the association were then discussed and voted upon. The association is to meet several times a year, once at the same time and place as the National Catholic Educational Association, the other meetings to be called by the committee.

The committee consists of Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J., of St. Ignatius; Rev. P. V. Byrnes, C. M.; Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A.; Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., and Rev. A. A. Malloy, C. M., of De Paul University, Chicago. Nine Catholic colleges of Illinois were represented by the following delegates: Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J., and Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J., President and Vice President of St. Ignatius, Chicago; Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., and Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., of St. Viateur's College, Kankakee; Rev. A. A. Malloy, C. M., of De Paul University; Rev. Daniel Kaib, O. S. B., St. Bedes, Peru, Ill.; Rev. Anselm Mueller, St. Francis Solanus College, Quincy, Ill.; Rev. Cyprian Bauscheid, O. F. M.; Rev. J. F. Green, O. S. A., and Rev. W. L. Egan, O. S. A., St. Rita's; Rev. G. Doubleday, O. C., and Rev. J. A. Phelan, O. C., Corpus Christi College, Galesburg, Ill.; Rev. J. Fehrenbach, C. R., St. Stanislaus College; Rev. Thomas Zenisek, O. S. B., and Rev. Thomas Vopatek, O. S. B., St. Procopius College, Lisle, Ill.

The object of the association is to bring closer together all interested in higher Catholic education, to unite the Catholic colleges of his state in advancing their interests and protecting their rights, that they may act as a unit in advancing favorable legislation and the cause of higher Catholic education.

When two years ago the news spread abroad that twenty acres of Rogers Park real estate had been purchased by

LOYOLA
UNIVERSITY. the rector of St. Ignatius College with a view to establishing an academy and later branching out into a University, the announcement caused wide-

spread wonderment, not unmixed with admiration for such an undertaking. The Catholic people of Chicago hailed the news with delight, for with the exception of Chicago, all the principal cities of the middle west, Milwaukee, Omaha, and St. Louis, have Catholic and Jesuit Universities of splendid reputation. Chicago has had a Jesuit College since 1869, but not until 1906 was a university at some future date assured. In a city like ours with a bustling population of nearly two million and a half people and a Catholic population amounting to nearly, if not over, one-half that total, there is no reason why a Catholic University should not grow and flourish. The purchase of the ground has been the first and most important step towards its foundation. The twenty acres were purchased in Rogers Park with a frontage on the lake. The locality and the surroundings, together with the natural advantages of its situation, make the proposed site a most fitting one. An academy is to be erected on the north shore property, as a branch of the present greater institution St. Ignatius. With this as a working basis, a university will be established as soon as circumstances and conditions allow. Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., the former rector, purchased the ground, thereby taking the first decisive step.

Rev. Alexander Burrowes, S. J., former president of Marquette University, Milwaukee, was recently transferred to St. Ignatius, a significant movement viewed in the light of the present plans. A church has already been erected at the extreme west side of the property on Evanston Avenue, near Devon. The academy will be started in July with the breaking of the ground. It is two stories in height and in the bird's-eye view of the proposed university, stands upon the direct left of the church, which in the cut forms a main feature of the university plant. The buildings are to be done in the old "Spanish Mission Style," a style of architecture peculiarly suited and adaptable to this species of work and which is more in accord with what is generally considered as real art as well as of practical service. It is the intention of those in charge of the proposed work probably not to open the academy before the fall of 1909. In the cut the athletic field is to be parallel to the railroad track which cuts the property on the Devon Avenue side. The principal buildings are as follows: The academy, the college building, the faculty building, the science hall, the auditorium, power house, gymnasium, inn, dormitories, and the church. The building west of the tracks, in the cut, is the present St. Ignatius Church. When the University and the grounds surround-

ing it attain the ideal aimed at, they will rank with the best in the country. The name of the University will undoubtedly be "Loyola University."

Higher Catholic education has been the dream, the ideal, the hope and is now in the near future (let us think!) the realization of those interested in the cause of higher Catholic education in this city. A Catholic University of recognized standing and efficiency, this is their ideal, an ideal which all hope will find speedy consummation.

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, '10.

Academy Notes.

If you wish to know when you will be sick again, consult the Sox and Cubs' home-game schedules.

Raymond Koch was summoned from the classroom the other day. It relieves us to learn that no disaster had befallen his family. He merely happened to have the rear and front door keys in his pocket.

It did our hearts good to hear the cheering at the mass-meeting before the Decoration Day game. Talk about College Spirit! But, when the day arrived,—well, that's another story.

Cagney—"Did you ever ride in a balloon, Paul?"

Amberg—"Once."

Cagney—"Did you like it?"

Amberg—"I didn't; It made me soar."

"How was iron discovered, Murray?"

"They smelt it."

Reeve—"Berghoff says he'll make angels out of men, when he's grown up."

Sully—"How's that?"

Reeve—"With his little mortar and pestle."

Of all sad words of tongue, or pen,
The saddest these: I flunked again.

Somebody has invented a noiseless gun; who's next for a noiseless baseball fan?

Sporting on the green, eh? Playing pool for him.

Fair Fan, while one of our infield was stepping up to the plate: "What a striking appearance he has!" And he struck out.

Hill—"Mooney learning Spanish?"

Croke—"Sure! He wants to say what he thinks of the classics, and still be a church-member in good standing."

Percy—"Did I hear you order sausage?"

Alphonse—"Yes; the wurst is yet to come."

Happel has hired out to a circus this summer; he'll test the bridges, so the elephants can cross safely.

First Alumnus—"What's become of Ginks, the verse-writer?"

Second Same—"O, he's still at it; he's reading gas meters."

The Junior Elocution Contest opened with Mr. Gaughan's deep "Love-muh-and-the-wurruld-is-mine" tones, requesting the ladies to displace their Merry Widow helmets. A scion of the medal-winning House of Zamara recited the "Night Wind," with James C. O'Brien following with "The Drummer-Boy." John T. Curry touchingly pictured the taking-off of Benedict Arnold, and the medal is his. The speakers of the Fourth Class recited most creditably. As the medal could not be given to every one (ever hear that before?), the judges decided to confer it in its integrity upon Charles O'Grady, who told "The Bridge-Tender's Story" with true excellence.

Imagine yourself, fond reader, standing in the middle of a spacious, calm,—I mean, smooth floor, with no visible means of support but your skates and the encircling atmosphere. One of your well-wishers, by way of encouragement, gives you a gentle push, and you whirr madly across the floor, sit down suddenly upon a lubberly gentleman who is doing all he can to regain his equilibrium, and sputter an apology, when presto! your right foot flashes skyward, and the left starts home, giving you time to sit down and think it all over. Once more you place yourself, or are placed upright, a fresh impetus is furnished free by friends, and you are aimed at an iron pillar, in the center of the arena. You can't reach it too soon as a haven of refuge, and so wrap your frame about it, that it takes the officials, aided by the mirthful comments of bystanders, to wrench you away.

Ah, this dread malady continues hourly to add to its obituary column. Many a small youth, with variegated prospects of his after-career, besides being the very half-tone of health, having safely combated the ravages of whooping-cough, measles, and allied disorders,—where am I now?—oh, yes,—that same boy, recently referred to, began roller-skating, and knee-deep grow the heedless weeds upon his cru-el tomb. Therefore, look before you are leaped upon, or tell us that you are going to the rink, so that we won't be out of the city for your obsequies.

And now, dear friends of the Academy, bye-bye! We have done all we could to bore you, and have some assurance that we have succeeded. If you are a humorist, you will not blame us.

To you, Unknown Successor, we leave the Academy. We offer you no advice. You would heed it as closely as we did that of our forerunners, and as scrupulously as your successor will give ear to your counsels. At least, remember this, O undivulged victim, send gratis to subscribers a screw driver and a lantern for your hard-forged drolleries.

Adieu, farewell, yo-ho!

RALPH J. HOBERG, 'II.
EDWARD A. SCOTT, 'II.



MUSIC and Song

The title 'MUSIC and Song' is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word 'MUSIC' is in a tall, blocky serif style, while 'and' is in a smaller, simpler font. 'Song' is in a more flowing, cursive style. The letters are filled with intricate patterns and surrounded by illustrations of musical instruments like a violin, a trumpet, and a drum, as well as various types of leaves and feathers. The overall style is reminiscent of early 20th-century book design.

A. M. D. G.

The summer birds and flowers are with us again, and although their coming always signifies joy and happiness, we are almost tempted to call them unwelcome visitors, when their presence means the end of our school year and the disbanding of the musical societies. Commencement is near at hand, and ere long, the violins and 'cellos, that so often thrilled us with their tonal beauty, will be lain away in their prison cases to collect the summer's dust, the traps and drum will be huddled up in dark closet corners, untouched and forgotten and the plaintive notes of the clarionet will be a memory, sweet and lasting. But it is summer, with its fishing, swimming and rowing, so why care?

From a musical point of view, the past year has been a highly successful one, and our only regret is that after a year's practice and study, just as the musicians have reached such great proficiency by constant association, the summer months bring about their separation. This is a decided disadvantage in college musical organizations, because the musicians have practically to begin over again at the opening of the new year. But, then, we all enjoy vacations.

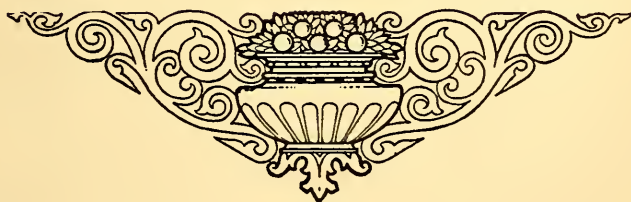
What possibly proved the most important event of the past three months' musical season or even of the whole year, took place at the Senior Elocution contest when the song, "Ignatius' Name," written by the Reverend Rector, received its first Chicago hearing. When Father Burrows came to fill his new position in Chicago he saw the great need of a college song. The students had no common refrain to sing at debates, ball games, mass meetings, etc., and as Father Burrows possesses much talent for music and poetry, he immediately set to work, and "Ignatius' Name" is the splendid result. The song is not one that will tire with age. It is written in lilting march tempo, with the theme running through the verse, carried out in splendid *forte*, in the chorus. The Glee Club sang

the song at Association Hall, where it was enthusiastically received, but at Commencement it will be given in grand chorus by both the Academic choir and the Glee Club, and as the orchestra will accompany the singers, we can safely look forward to some distinct coloring effects in its rendition. Both singing societies will also assist in the Commencement programme with several numbers.

Cabinet circles are at present discussing the singing of two of our own students, Master William Doody, of first year high class, and Charles O'Grady. They made a flying trip to Washington a few weeks ago, where they sang three numbers before President Roosevelt and all his cabinet. They and their three companions certainly delighted the listeners, for they received the heartiest praise and commendation.

The piano and violin pupils contested for gold medals on the fifth and sixth of June. The winners will be announced on Commencement night.

JOHN F. QUINN.





PASSIM

Years ago, Will Shakespeare invented a bromidiom by saying: "Parting is such sweet sorrow"; and so popular did the expression become that ever after when friends separated they clasped hands and repeated those five tried, trite and true words. And now as we, that is to say, you, my royal court, and I, your humble jester, are about to go our several ways, let us metaphorically clasp hands and prove there's nothing new beneath the sun. The task of a jester is to try to be funny, but if parting is a sorrow, and we are parting, this jester fails to see how in this instance he can even attempt a witticism. And it is with a sense of regret that he lays aside his tattered cap and tongueless bells, for there is no pleasanter task in this rather dull world of ours than that of making others smile. Note, please, that he says smile and nothing more; for, to tell the truth, he much prefers that the court smile with him than laugh at him. And so it must be good-by for the year. Vacation has come, and we are leaving our College walls, some to lie by silvery lakes, and some to lie about our ages and our intention of remaining at work. And so our little comedy called "Passim" is ended and there remains but to bow and receive a quick curtain.

His Majesty sat with his head in his hands, looking so miserable and dejected that one would have imagined he was meditating a jump off the dock, or something equally desperate. Near at hand were bills for the new royal auto, the new royal airship, the new royal yacht, and the last royal spread. Nearer at hand was a notice from his bankers announcing that his deposits amounted to exactly minus \$3,675, and that his credit was not what it used to be. So it was no wonder that the king was sad, and that the court moved about on tip-toe. At last the jester could stand the strain no longer.

"What ails your royal gore?" he queried. "You are so unhappy that in comparison you make Bernhardt's Camille look like the Merry Widow. Is there nothing I can do to dam your Niagara of tears?"

The king turned upon him a look calculated to freeze his blood.

"Amuse me," he roared. "I dare you make me laugh."

For a moment the jester began to suffer from frigid pedal manipulators; but being a crafty soul and moreover being exceedingly fond of having his head just where it was originally fastened, he thought of a scheme for saving his own life and at the same time for obeying the king.

"Your royal highness," he said, "I think I have a plan which cannot but amuse you. There is at present awaiting your majesty's leisure a convention of poets. Let them enter and sing for you."

"Good," said the king. "And when you lead them in, be sure to remind them, that the royal temper and the royal axe are equally sharp."

In less than three vibrations of the tail of the animal which made Mary famous, the jester had returned leading a much fussed and much disturbed band of bards. There was among them, however, one who, despite the fact that he wore a suit whose design resembled a nursery wall paper, seemed perfectly at home. With a Broadway lope he advanced to the foot of the royal throne and said in a voice that sounded like a phonograph beginning to rotate:

"Hello, kingle! Did I understand you to say you wanted me to do an act for you?"

"Shades of George M. Cohan!" ejaculated the king; "how did your voice happen to be side-tracked to your nasal organ?"

"If that's a new riddle, I give up," said Victor, in his master's voice. "Do you want me to speak now?"

The king nodded, and Victor began:

DO YOU BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

I dreamed last night that I had made
 A million dollar deal;
 That I'd become a potentate
 To whom the nations kneel.
 I dreamed that I had engineered
 Old Rockefeller's schemes;

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN.

But what's the use of dreaming when
You don't believe in dreams?

I dreamed that Albert Edward
Had appointed me his heir;
That Roosevelt had named me
His successor to the Chair;
I dreamed I found a diamond
Which shone with sun-like beams;
But what does dreaming matter when
You don't believe in dreams?

I dreamed that I had rescued
Fifty people from a storm;
That all alone I led the ships
That sailed around the Horn;
That as an actor, I alone
Stood in the spot-light's beams;
But there's little satisfaction when
You don't believe in dreams.

When he had finished, he performed a quick side-step, and the jester led forward the next victim.

"This, gentleman," he said, "is one of the variety known as spring poets. He never writes anything but spring verses. Wouldst like, good gracious king, to have him spring one on thee?"

As the king raised no objection either to the pun or the bard, the poet drew a paper tied with green ribbon from his pocket and began:

THE DIARY OF A SPRING DAY.

Eight o'clock, the sun is shining,
Skies are warm and clear;
Orioles their nests are twining;
Summer's here.

Ten o'clock, the winds are blowing,
Bending forests tall;
Ruddy cheeks with frost are glowing;
This is fall.

One o'clock, and it is raining;
 Lightning is the king.
 Thunder loudly is complaining;
 It is spring.

Three o'clock, the winds are calling
 Loudly to attack.
 Ice is formed and snow is falling;
 Winter's back.

Thus in turn comes every season
 In a single day;
 Fickle, changing without reason;
 This is May.

When the poet had finished, the king did not give him a chance to withdraw before shouting:

"Something lively, as you value your life. Spring poets are like most spring chickens; nothing to them."

Seeing his majesty in this rage, the jester hastily seized a poet by the arm and thrust him forward.

"Here," he said, "is a topical poet of the Wallace Irwin school. Every new fad, or every new event is immediately seized upon by him for the subject of a new verse."

"Produce," commanded the king, and the topical artist began:

HER MERRY WIDOW HAT.

They started off one summer's day,
 This maiden and this man,
 To picnic in a quiet way
 Down where the river ran.
 The man with lunch was laden, for
 A needed thing is that;
 The maiden very wisely wore
 A Merry Widow Hat.

They reached the stream and spied a place
 Upon the other shore,
 Where willows lent a sylvan grace
 They'd seldom seen before;

They wished to cross; the boat was gone;
 The man despairing sat;
 The maiden smiled; they crossed upon
 The Merry Widow Hat.

When they had reached the grotto bright
 They found to their despair
 A hammock they'd forgotten quite
 And it was weedy there.
 But soon the man two trees had found
 And, tied with his cravat,
 He formed a splendid hammock from
 The Merry Widow Hat.

And then,—ah, nature was unkind!—
 The rain began to fall;
 They found that they had left behind
 Their only parasol.
 But what cared they though rain might beat?
 Undampened quite, they sat;
 For they had taken refuge 'neath
 The Merry Widow Hat.

They wandered home, and on the way
 With faltering voice he said:
 "Come, dearest, won't you name the day
 On which we may be wed?
 I need you, dear, without a doubt
 To grace a little flat;
 No home could be complete without
 Your Merry Widow Hat."

At the conclusion of the verse, the king set up a terrible cry.

"Take that man out and hand him over to the nearest executioner," he roared.

With a cry the man threw himself at the feet of the king, and begged for mercy.

"You ask for mercy," cried the king, pulling a bill from the pile at his side and shaking it wildly before the prostrate bard; "you ask for mercy when you bring back to my mind the biggest

debt I have to pay,—the bill for my wife's Merry Widow hat? There is no mercy for such a crime!"

When the unfortunate man had been led away and quiet was restored, the jester introduced another poet.

"Here," he said, "is one who will soothe you with his verse. He belongs to the school who imitate old Omar, and their name is legion."

The poet struck several soft, minor chords on his guitar, and began:

A SUMMER IDYL.

A placid lake, a swift canoe,—and you;
 With all the world receding in our wake,
 Unseen save for the star eyes of the lake;
 Serenely gliding toward a kingdom new
 With you.

A placid lake, a swift canoe,—and you;
 While cares disperse like ripples from our stroke,
 And worldly troubles vanish like the smoke
 That leaves my pipe to weave a halo blue
 For you.

A placid lake, a swift canoe,—and you;
 The starlight over sleeping nature rules,
 While liquid laughter lies in limpid pools
 Within those eyes that hold me ever true
 To you.

"Another one like that," yawned the king, "and I shall be asleep."

"I'm sorry," said the jester; "but that is the only one of the kind we have. However, we have a poet of the S. E. Kiser school who may amuse you. Are you ready? Then batter up."

The poet then took his place at the home plate; that is to say, at the foot of the throne, and read:

A NEAR HERO.

He marches Decoration Day,
 And leads the rank and file;
 His step is light, his manner gay,
 He wears a happy smile.

His arm is gone; an empty sleeve
 Is draped with grace and care;
 And watchers cheer for they perceive
 A hero passes there.

He marches Decoration Day,
 And wears the Union blue;
 He poses as a veteran grey;
 But this is what is true:
 In '95 he lost his arm;
 The fighting he has done
 Was when he fled in mad alarm
 The day we lost Bull Run.

"And now," said the jester, for he saw that the eyes of the king were beginning to droop; "there remains but one poet to be heard. I leave it to your own judgment and kindness to determine to what school he belongs."

The poet in question stepped forward and bowed first to the king, and then to the assembled court. He was a rather tall, thin person with a bang which drooped over his right eye in a manner which said plainer than words, "and I can't keep a side-comb in it." It was well that he was the last speaker, for e'er he had finished the royal eye-lids had closed and peace reigned.

YES?

I'm going to be original,
 When I grow up;
 I'll never plagiarize at all,
 When I grow up;
 I'll prove that saying's overdone,
 "There's nothing new beneath the sun;"
 There will be, after I've begun;
 When I grow up.

I'll revolutionize the stage,
 When I grow up;
 My talkless plays will be the rage,
 When I grow up;

And just to make George Cohan hot
I'll write an opera with a plot,
And yet without a slangy spot;
 When I grow up.

I'm going to write a novel, too;
 When I grow up;
I'll have a plot distinctly new,
 When I grow up;
There'll be no young American
To love and fight and shoot and plan;
No mystery, either, if I can;
 When I grow up.

I'll make a breakless motor car,
 When I grow up;
An odorless campaign cigar,
 When I grow up;
And then—what is that noisy bell
That comes my musings to dispel?
My clock's alarm already? Well
 I'd best wake up.

DANIEL A. LORD, '09.





Alfred C. Berghoff, '99, announces that he has formed a partnership with Ellis D. Whipp for the practice of law, their suite of offices being at 420 Ashland Block.

Benedict Desmond, of Poetry, '04, who entered the Jesuit novitiate, died last winter, regretted by all who knew him. During his college career he showed sterling character and a sunny disposition, which made him respected and loved by all his classmates. His talent, which was above the average, he developed by steady application. A bright future, and one useful to his fellow-men, seemed to await Mr. Desmond; but he fell a victim of consumption. Everything was done that seemed likely to prolong his existence, but all was in vain, and he died perfectly resigned at a sanitarium in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The COLLEGIAN extends its sympathy to his mother and to his brother Joseph, Commercial, '05.

Word has reached us of the death of Mr. Maurice J. Donoghue, a graduate of 1890. After graduation he taught in St. Mary's College, and in September of 1892 he joined the Faculty of St. Ignatius, where he remained until Christmas of 1897. Most of his teaching was in the Academic Course. We hope that some contemporary of Mr. Donoghue, a fellow-student, fellow-professor or pupil in the long period from 1885, his first year at college, to 1898, will give us a short sketch of his life and character. He was certainly of a very genial disposition, and his wit was proverbial. At one of the Alumni banquets he acted as toastmaster, and his sallies of wit and humor kept the tables in constant merriment and laughter.

Michael J. Morrissey, who spent six months in the class of Philosophy, from January to June, 1900, has lately died.

At the Chicago College of Medicine and Surgery are Clement Cullen and Eugene O'Neill, the latter being President of the first-year class. We have received cards to the graduating exercises of Paul D. Lyons at the Northwestern Medical.

At the College of Physicians and Surgeons are Ralph McCarthy, Hugh Duffy, Murray Doyle, William Epstein, Dan Meany, Frank Thometz, John Gearon and Timothy Quigley. The last three graduate this spring. In open competition for the internships at West Side Hospital, John Gearon secured second place and Frank Thometz third.

In Rush Medical are Francis Lagorio and Harry Thometz.

A number of old St. Ignatius students are found in various law schools of the city. In the Chicago Kent are Edgar Banks, Leo Cooney, Henry LaVoie, Justin McCarthy, John Falvey, Edgar McDonnell, Joseph Connery, Thomas A. Hogan, Francis J. Gay, John S. Rybicki, Richard J. Callahan and Malachi Foley. In Northwestern are John Prendergast, Simon McDonnell, John King and Charles Byrne. In the Chicago Law School is Payton J. Tuohy, and in the Chicago University is John K. Murphy. In the Illinois College of Law are Thomas D. Nash, Michael Ahern, James M. Slattery, Earl Thurtell and Thomas J. O'Connor.

In the 1906 College Catalogue appeared a directory of clergymen and clerical students who formerly studied at St. Ignatius. As a number of changes have occurred since that time, it will no doubt interest many to see a revised list of present seminarians. Our thanks are due the many seminarians who assisted in compiling the list. Some errors may have crept into the list, especially in regard to the accrediting of degrees. These we shall be only too happy to correct if notified of them.

In addition to those who are to be ordained in June of this year or in the very near future, the names of the following, who have already received orders, appear in the 1906 list:

Revs. Charles E. Bradley, C. S. P., '97-'01; Charles A. O'Hern, Ph. D., D. D., '99-'01; Francis M. Smith, A. M., '95-'02; Martin J. McEvoy, A. M., S. T. B., '97-'02; Francis J. Lang, '94-'98; Stanislaus A. Warzynski, A. M., '93-'00; Roman H. Gorski, '01-'02; Bernard D. Rogers, A. B., D. D., '99-'00; William R. Griffin, '95-'00; James L. Kearns, '95-'96; John E. Foley, A. B., '97-'98, and the following members of the Society of Jesus: Revs.

Paul M. Breen, William F. Dooley, Michael H. Gorman, John F. McCormick, Joseph B. Murphy, John S. Ragor, John H. Whelan.

AT PRESENT STUDYING FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.
ROME.

Thomas A. Canty, '99-'04.	Charles A. McClellan, A. B., '97-'03.
Michael Cavallo, '00-'05.	Thomas A. McNicholas, A. B., Ph. L., '01-'07.
Charles F. Conley, A. B., Ph. D., '99-'03.	John G. Mielcarek, A. B., '99-'06.
John J. Doody, '04-'05.	William A. Murphy, A. B., Ph. B., '97-'04.
Paul B. Drevniak, A. B., '98-'05.	Maurice J. O'Shea, A. B., '02-'04.
John M. Ford, A. B., '98-'05.	William J. Rooney, '00-'05.
Thomas F. Friel, '02-'07.	John P. Stoesser, '05-'07.
James A. Griffin, Ph. B., '01-'03.	Harold S. Trainor, A. B., '98-'06.
John J. Lannon, A. B., '99-'05.	Henry E. Walsh, Ph. B., '98-'01.
William P. Long, A. B., '98-'03.	
Francis J. Magner, A. B., '03-'05.	

NIAGARA UNIVERSITY.

Bernard T. Brady, A. B., M. A., '98-'04.	James P. Kiely, A. B., '02-'05.
Martin L. Nealis, A. B., M. A., '01-'04.	M. Joseph Morrison, '00-'05.
Edward B. McNally, '97-'00.	James E. O'Brien, '02-'05.
John J. O'Brien, A. B., '99-'05.	Stanislaus Czapelski, A. B., '99-'05.
James E. Burke, A. B., '02-'05.	Lawrence J. Carroll, '99-'04.

KENRICK SEMINARY, ST. LOUIS.

George L. Scharck, '96-'01.	John B. Murphy, '99-'02.
John J. O'Hearn, '00-'04.	Frank W. Jedlicka, '01-'06.
John J. Gearty, '02-'04.	Garnett P. Stafford, '00-'06.
Henry T. Kennedy, '92-'97.	Lewis B. Landreth, '00-'03.
Michael A. O'Donnell, A. B., '98-'01.	

ST. FRANCIS SEMINARY, MILWAUKEE.

Martin C. Schmidt, A. B., '98-'05.	Aloysius W. Schmitz, A. B., '98-'06.
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Felix Prange, A. B., '99-'06. Leo Sychowski, A. B., '98-'06.
Francis S. Rusch, '99-'00.

ST. PAUL SEMINARY, ST. PAUL.
Edward M. Loftus, '92-'94.

MONTREAL.

Hector D. Brosseau, A. B., '99-'05.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE, KANKAKEE, ILL.
John L. O'Donnell, '02-'04. Edward J. Burke, '98-'00.

BENEDICTINES, ST. PROCOPIUS, LISLE, ILL.
Frank J. Janda, O. S. B., '01-'03.

SS. CYRIL AND METHIDIUS SEMINARY, DETROIT.
Leo B. Konkell, '99-'01.

ST. BERNARD'S SEMINARY, ROCHESTER.
Francis J. Foley, A. B., '00-'06.

LOUVAIN, BELGIUM.

Raymond J. Fox, '99-'03.

CONGREGATION OF ST. VIATEUR.
William J. Burke, C. S. V., '96-'98.

AUGUSTINIANS (VILLANOVA, PA.)
Martin A. Ruberry, '01-'04.

VINCENTIANS.

Thomas F. Gorman, C. M., Robert M. Hennessy, C. M.,
A. B., '97-'98. A. B., '97-'98.

CATHEDRAL COLLEGE, CHICAGO.

Frank T. Shea, '04-'05. Stanislaus Kedzierski, '04-'05.
James A. Murphy, '04-'05.

JESUIT SCHOLASTICS, MISSOURI PROVINCE.

John J. Clifford, '99-'04. Joseph A. McLaughlin, '92-'98.
William J. Corboy, '93-'97. Martin J. McMahan, '01-'05.
Walter G. Cornell, A. M., '82- Charles A. Meehan, A. B., '94-
'89. '00.
Thomas A. Egan, '94-'00. James A. Meskell, '01-'06.
John B. Esmaker, '91-'98. Thomas J. Moore, '96-'01.
Bernard A. Foote, '95-'00. John T. Mortell, '92-'96.

John J. Halligan, A. B., '94-'02.	Paul Muehlmann, '98-'01.
Ignatius A. Hamill, '90-'91.	Patrick J. Mulhern, '01-'07.
Daniel D. Henry, '87-'94.	John J. Nash, '91-'97.
Edward A. Jones, '94-'99.	William T. Nash, '89-'95.
Terence T. Kane, '99-'05.	James J. O'Regan, '00-'06.
William T. Kane, '93-'98.	Martin J. Phee, '99-'06.
James L. Kelly, '92-'96.	Joseph S. Reiner, '94-'95.
Thomas A. Kelly, '96-'01.	Richard R. Rooney, '03-'04.
Urban H. Killacky, '99-'04.	Charles J. Scott, A. B., '93-'00.
Joseph T. Lannon, '03-'07.	George P. Shanley, '91-'97.
Nicholas A. Liston, '01-'03.	Arthur D. Spillard, '96-'01.
Patrick J. Lomasney, '95-'98.	Charles P. Sullivan, '93-'00 and '04-'05.
William M. Magee, '98-'06.	William D. Tierney, '91-'98.
Aloysius McCormick, '88-'93.	Samuel K. Wilson, '00-'01.
Thomas A. McCourt, '92-'97.	

CALIFORNIA-ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION.

James J. Kiely, '95-'98.	John Hayes, '94-'00.
Timothy A. Driscoll, '96-'98.	Joseph M. Georgen, '97-'03.
John H. McCummisky, A. B., '96-'02.	Joseph A. P. Corrigan, '99-'02.
	Michael M. A. Brady, '00-'02.

DENVER MISSION.

David J. Guthrie, '94-'03.



Society Notes.

THE CHRYSOSTOMIAN SOCIETY.

On the evening of April 28th the Senior Debating Society assembled in the Students' Library for the last discussion of the Academic year. A cash prize of ten dollars offered for the best speeches had aroused considerable interest on the part of the members. Even the Seniors turned out in force to cheer on their representative, Mr. Arthur Kettles. Mr. Ralph Sullivan wielded the gavel and announced that five dollars would be awarded to the best speech, and a similar sum would be divided among the speakers on the winning side. The question at issue: Resolved, That a College Education is the best General Preparation for a Business Career, was argued affirmatively by Messrs. Kettles and Bowe, and negatively by Messrs. Roederer and Graham.

Mr. Kettles' speech was masterly, logical and exhaustive; Mr. Roederer, by a dramatic manner, enforced the attention of his audience; Mr. Bowe showed marked excellence in the natural gifts of voice and interpretation; while Mr. Graham enlisted the interest of his audience by an earnest and straightforward address. Taking all the excellence of speech and delivery into consideration, the judges awarded the prize for the best speech to Mr. Kettles, and the verdict of the debate to the Affirmative side.

LAWRENCE J. WALSH, '10.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society closed a very successful year on May 18, when, in the presence of Father Rector, Father Cassilly, and the two classes of third year high, it held its semi-public debate.

The question, "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished," was very thoroughly discussed by Messrs. A. Zamiara, L. McMahan and T. Zamiara for the affirmative, and by Messrs. R. Berghoff, W. Higgins and E. Scott for the negative. The speeches of Messrs. McMahan and Berghoff deserve special commendation. After a very well spoken declamation by Mr. W. Carmody and a short address by Reverend Father Rector, it was found that the negative side had won by a few points.

SYDNEY E. GLENN, '12.



With vacation close at hand, and the schedule drawing rapidly to its end, the baseball team of 1908 can look back with no little satisfaction on what has been a decidedly successful season. Of thirteen difficult games the Collegians were able to capture ten, and in the majority of cases the scores showed decisive victories. In consideration of the fact that owing to the severity of the weather it was almost impossible to obtain any satisfactory amount of early practice, and that in several games the team was hampered by the absence of Captain O'Connor and Second Baseman Howard, on account of illness, the consistent winning of the team was little short of marvelous.

The team, without exception, played stellar ball, and especially did they shine with the bat. When one considers that for thirteen games the team averaged .337, it is not difficult to account for the successful record. O'Connor, as usual, led the batsmen with .412, and the other players ranged close behind. It is interesting to note the individual batting of the team:

O'Connor412	Croake366	Prindiville313
Roberts409	Heckinger359	Hanks194
Chouinard395	Herman348	Kevin184
Fox372	Mooney346			

The greater part of the box work diverted upon Roberts, the hero of two former seasons, and never has he appeared to better advantage. Always noted for being one of the "headiest" pitchers the college has ever known, he more than lived up to his reputation for pitching craft, and kept the rival batsmen guessing with his fancy shoots and breaks. Prindiville, the other twirler, appeared in three and a half games, and had the distinction of coming off

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM—1908.



Chouinard	Shea	Prendiville	Anderson	Heckinger	Hanks	Fox
Croake	Mooney	Roberts	O'Connor	O'Connor	Kevin	Herman

without a single defeat. At first, Croake fielded in splendid style and hit the ball with a vengeance. At second, Kevin danced about and played his usual tricky, fast fielding game, while working the opposing pitchers for his usual number of bases. Third, of course, was guarded by our famous captain, O'Connor; and never before in his college career did "Chick" hit the ball with more consistency or field with more accuracy than during the past season. At short, Chouinard and Herman alternated; Chouinard slamming the sphere with his accustomed regularity, and Herman astonishing the spectators with his inside work and clever fielding. In the outer gardens, Hanks, Fox and Chouinard gathered in the lofty flies and pounded out the long drives in professional style. Behind the bat in the majority of the games was the peerless Heckinger, who received the fastest curves without a miscue, and nipped the aspiring base-stealers in a faultless manner. Alternating between the outfield and catcher was Mooney, who played both positions in a manner calculated to win the hearts of the bleachers.

In two successive practice games, the college devoured two teams of minor leaguers as a sort of appetizer for the first game, which occurred on April 9, with the Wendell Phillips High School. Prindy put in his first regular appearance of the year and allowed only four hits, besides striking out seven of the opposing batsmen. Opposed to him were three pitchers, whom the college hammered one after another to the tune of twelve runs. The slaughter ended: S. I. C., 12; W. P. H. S., 1.

* * *

Two days later the Rivals, a team of local semi-professionals, sailed onto the campus and proceeded to frighten the small boys with their air of professional skill. But they weren't quite professional enough to defeat our boys, though until the game ended with a brilliant double play by the college the score hung in a wavering balance. Roberts pitched a splendid game, and needed to to defeat the brilliant pitching of Doyle, his rival.

S. I. C., 4; Rivals, 2.

* * *

On the 16th, the team journeyed out to the West End Park to meet the second of the high school teams, which hailed from far Oak Park. For six innings the score was fairly close, but then the Collegians began to connect with Rogers' curves, and for the last three innings hammered him all over the diamond.

S. I. C., 9; O. P. H. S., 3.

Easter Saturday, in keeping with the sentiments of the season, the college presented the Austin High School with a large-sized Easter egg, while it incidentally busied itself by gathering in everything in sight. After seven innings the game was called, but not until the students had been introduced to a new pitcher, one Hanks, who, together with Prindiville, held the Austinites to two hits. S. I. C., 10; A. H. S., 0.

* * *

April 18, flushed with the successes of the season, the team journeyed out to the Ogden Field to cross bats with the champion Armour Institute team. But unfortunately the college was forced to present a patched-up lineup, for, owing to the illness of O'Connor, almost all the infield were playing out of their position. Consequently, though Roberts held the Institute players to only seven scattered hits, while the College gathered in eight, the Armourites were the victors. Even at that the College led during the early innings, and save for the lack of confidence on the part of the shifted players would undoubtedly have won. S. I. C., 3; A. I., 6.

* * *

The big game of the season occurred when the College met the Chicago "U" team out on Marshall Field, April 23. The Collegians went out expecting to be forced to beard the lion in his den, but found that it was a very tame lion indeed, and quite ready and willing to eat out of their hands. Latham, the University pitcher, was kind enough to allow the S. I. C. team ten hits, which, combined with the generous sprinkling of errors by Staggs' pupils, netted the College a total of ten runs. Roberts pitched an unusually fine game and was located by the big fellows for only three hits. The rest of the runs counted on errors, which seemed to be prevalent on both sides. S. I. C., 10; C. "U." 5.

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With bat bags in one hand and their courage in the other, the team boarded the train for the annual game with the invincible St. Viateur's. And, true to precedent, the College returned with another Viatorian defeat chalked up behind their name. Every pitcher has his off day, and this was Roberts', who had been pitching brilliant ball in all his former games. Prindiville, who succeeded him, held the victors to two runs in seven innings. Stack and Shiel, the opposing pitchers, held the College down to four hits, which counted

three runs, but the team did not become acquainted with their assortment of curves until too late in the game to do any serious damage. The game, from a fielding standpoint, was remarkably clean and clear cut. S. I. C., 3; S. V. C., 9.

* * *

May 2 found the Chicago "U" Freshmen at the College grounds, and the S. I. C. team found them even less difficult to solve than their older brothers. Chouinard, who has not been seen on the rubber for a long time, undertook to feed the teasers to the Freshies and permitted them to gather in six hits while the College was bombarding Preston and Hruda to the tune of eighteen swats. The game was somewhat of a joke from start to finish, for the College had scarcely a man playing in his regular position, and even at that found it difficult not to take the runs that were handed them. S. I. C., 11; C "U," F, 3.

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After three games, with the Logan Squares, McKinley High and St. Cyril's, had been called off on account of the rain, the sun once more shone again long enough for the College to meet and trim a team of those baseball enthusiasts from the Board of Trade. It took only seven innings for the College to demonstrate that though the Board of Traders may appreciate good ball playing when they see it, they know little about the game from a scientific standpoint. A notable feature of the game was the fact that Heckinger pilfered three bases. S. I. C., 8; B. of T., 2.

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Once again the team went traveling, and this time they met the St. Joseph's College team out at Rensselaer, Ind., on the 20th of May. In a game conspicuous chiefly for its lack of interesting features the College boys were beaten by a rather large score. The defeat could be accounted for by unacquaintance with the field, by the weariness occasioned by the journey, or by a number of other reasons; but let it suffice to say that it was our off day, and we had it handed to us. S. I. C., 3; S. J. C., 11.

* * *

May 23 brought back to many the days of the past, when a team composed of Alumni crossed bats with their present-day successors. For seven innings they battled, but they found that it was only when they were playing for Maroon and Gold that they were successful. But just to demonstrate that they had lost none of their

old-time suppleness, the old boys stole five bases and clouted the ball for ten hits. S. I. C., 12; S. I. C. A., 5.

* * *

The postponed game with the McKinley High School was played off on May 26, and, led by Prindiville and Roberts, the Collegians won without much difficulty. The game was filled with free hitting and conspicuous for its lack of errors, both of which features made it interesting and worth the notice.

S. I. C., 9; M. H. S., 3.

* * *

As a grand climax for the season, Marquette University, of Milwaukee, came down to Chicago on Decoration Day to meet old S. I. C. out at the National League park. And when they met the College they incidentally met defeat. The Collegians took kindly to Schober's and Ablor's curves, while the opposing batsmen failed to make the acquaintance of Roberts' delivery until the last few innings. By a skillful manipulating of the hit and run game and the squeeze play the College team managed to force four runs across the pan before the visitors were fully awake. But even then the College players continued to locate the rival pitcher's curves, every man on the team gathering at least one hit, and O'Connor swatting the ball for three safe ones. The fielding feature of the game was the star playing of Mooney in right field, who was credited with two assists, one to third and the other at home. On the bases the College team ran rings about the visitors, stealing seven bases. S. I. C., 9; M. "U," 6.





“Farewell, a short farewell,
To our Exchanges.”

Misquoted from Shakespeare.

It devolves upon us in this issue, before the season of 1907-08 casts about the COLLEGIAN the enveloping mantle of history, to bid adieu to our numerous contemporaries. As it is not meet to carp and criticize on the eve of farewells, neither shall we take it upon ourselves to find fault on this occasion. Even were we so disposed, we would encounter very little to give us cause for so inconsiderate an action.

We are exceedingly pleased to remark that in the past year a decided improvement has been evinced by most of our exchanges in their verse and essays, and especially in the latter. The editorials we can safely say have become more pointed, stronger in their grasp of the various subjects, and are now chiefly aimed at instructing and benefiting the readers. Taken all in all, save for a universal lack of—but “*Nil nisi Bonum.*”

Greatly, indeed, shall we feel the absence of the various publications, even for so short a period, and we shall look forward with eagerness and expectation to the time when our many friends, after recuperative rest and relaxation, shall again favor us with the fruits of their genius.

* * *

Why have we neglected the ladies? Are we not as worthy of recognition as others? Such are the questions confronting us. Choice epithets, as “ungallant,” “rude,” “partial,” and the like, are continually hurled at our inoffensive person. Pray, calm yourselves, ladies, we had not the remotest idea of slighting your dainty offerings; on the contrary, it has ever been our intention to re-

serve the last issue for "Ladies' Day," and, you know, "The last is the best of all the game."

It is with a feeling of awe and trepidation that we mention "*The Young Eagle*." When we read that dum-founding article on the "Rhodophyceae" (wouldn't that make Solomon take notice?), we imagined we had picked up, by mistake, "*The Scientific American*," or some kindred magazine. No doubt the prim authoress will consider us exceedingly ignorant, but we are deeply thankful to her for letting us into the secret of her able article by stating, near the beginning, that she was treating of sea-weed. She seems to have culled the choicest blooms from the well-stocked garden of a Botanical dictionary, and arranged them in a manner profoundly mysterious and invincible. "Saved" is somewhat exciting, but if we may be permitted to express our humble opinion we should suggest stories with more novel plots in the future.

* * *

We must compliment the "*Agnesian Monthly*" on the excellent offerings of verse in the April number, and especially on "Not Understood" and "Memory." The paper on "Ruskin as an artist and art lover," together with that excellently composed treatise on "Lady Georgiana Fullerton," are striking examples that bear out our statement concerning college essays. There is but one blot, ladies, upon the escutcheon of your otherwise capable journal—the lack of Readable Fiction.

* * *

We of THE COLLEGIAN think it a great deal merely to write manuscript for our paper, but such a thing as printing our own matter for publications has never entered our thoughts. Consequently we deem it but just that some praise be extended the printing staff of the "*Loretto Magazine*" for their neat and efficient work. In this magazine from Kentucky we find a serial entitled "Face to Face." Though this particular story is thus far satisfactory, we are not in favor of continued fiction in high school or college journals, and much prefer the short variety. The acrostic, "Loretto Academy," is really clever, but surely, ladies, you are capable of furnishing us with more verse, and where, oh where, is your exchange department?

* * *

In the May number of the "*Villa Shield*" there appears a beautiful poem, "A Picture," the superior of which we have at

no time this year received. We regret exceedingly that this gem is signed merely "X," for the author is due no small measure of commendation. "Jane's Confession" is sadly lacking in originality of plot, but "Bob's Idea of a Cure" is, on the contrary, cleverly conceived. By a queer coincidence, not, however, exactly out of place, a plea for help, embodied in "A Sigh," immediately precedes a short skit on the "Merry Widow Hat." Aside from several sketches on Shakespeare, which might have been conveniently excluded, we should say that the "*Villa Shield*" is one of our foremost ladies' journals this quarter.

* * *

"You can never tell by the label." When we beheld the cover of the "*Loretto Pioneer*" we were not exactly prepossessed in its favor, but upon a closer examination of the contents we were agreeably suprised at the treasures within.

The defense of our own times is ably and strikingly undertaken in "A Younger Day." "The Making of a Lady," and "The Lily Maid," are both interesting, but a more novel setting would scarcely detract from the excellence of either. In "Easter Morn," which graces the initial page, the author seems to have caught the spirit but neglected the meter.

EDMUND F. CURDA, '09.

Best Things From Our Exchanges.

MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS.

"The carriage waits without, my lord."

"Without what, gentle sir?"

"Without the left-hand running board,

Without the French chauffeur,

Without a drop of gasoline,

Six nuts, a can of oil,

Four pinions and the limousine,

The spark plug and the coil;

Without the break, the horn, the clutch,

Without the running gear,

One cylinder—it beats the Dutch

How much there isn't here!

The car has been repaired, in fact,
 And you may be right glad
 To find there is so much intact
 Of what your lordship had.
 The garage sent it back, my lord,
 In perfect shape throughout,
 And so you'll understand, my lord,
 Your carriage waits without."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A true friend is a man who knows you're no good and is willing to forget it.—Ex.

A maid from the state styled Palmetto
 Sang songs in a mode allegretto.
 When asked to "sing faster,"
 She answered, "Nay, master,
 I can't, for my teeth are falsetto."

—*Notre Dame Scholastic.*

Math. Prof.: "The three men in the front seats were the only ones to get correct answers to the exam."

Voice from the Rear: "Good team work."

—Ex.

A COLLEGE COURSE IN FOUR ACTS.

Act I: Cram.
 Act II: Exam.
 Act III: Flunk.
 Act IV: Trunk.

—Ex.



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